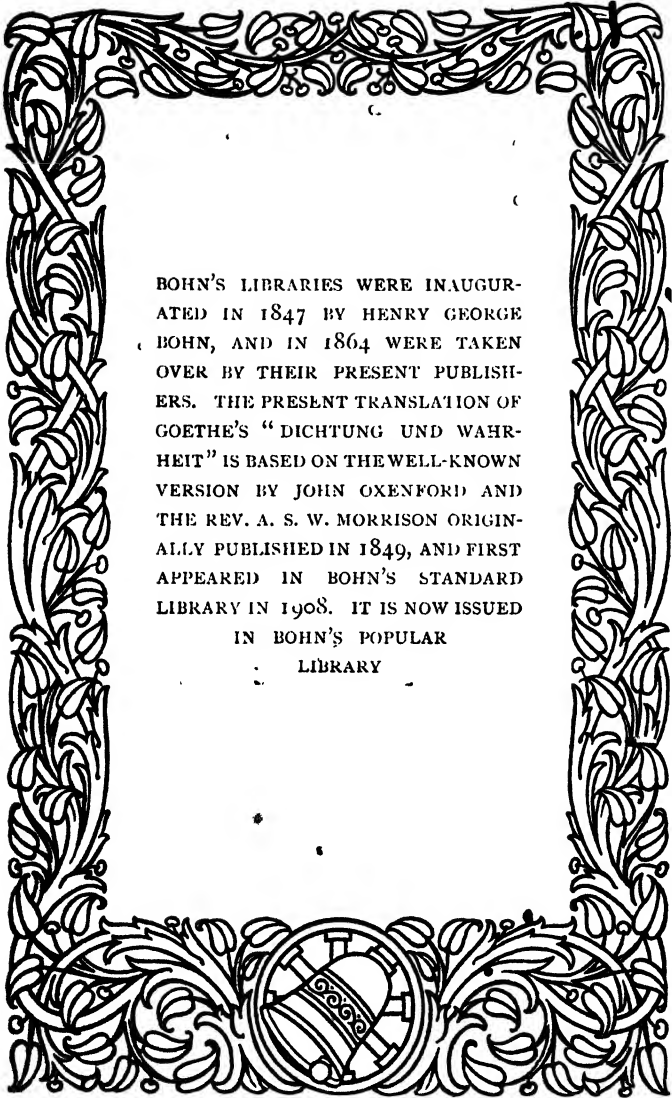


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POETRY & TRUTH

FROM MY OWN LIFE

BY

J. W. VON GOETHE

A REVISED TRANSLATION BY

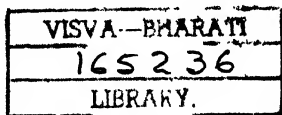
MINNA STEELE SMITH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND

BIBLIOGRAPHY BY

KARL BREUL, M.A., LITT.D., PH.D.

VOL. I



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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

THE present translation is based on the well-known version by John Oxenford and the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, which was originally published in 1849. The editions of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* which have been mainly used in making the revision are *Heinemann's* edition of *Goethes Werke*, vols. 13 and 14, and *Cotta's Jubiläums Ausgabe*, with notes by Richard M. Meyer. The Clarendon Press edition of the first four books, with notes by C. A. Buchheim, has also been found useful.

If the revised translation is compared with that on which it is based, it will be found that scarcely a sentence has been left unchanged. The result is, perhaps, not as finished a piece of English as a new translation might have been, but it is hoped that at least an accurate rendering of the original has been given.

In making the revision I have received much assistance from my friend Miss A. R. Piggott.

M. S. S.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

October, 1907.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY KARL BREUL, M.A., LITT.D., PH.D.

Alles geben die Gotter, die unendlichen,
Ihren Lieblingen ganz
Alle Freuden, die unendlichen,
Alle Schmerzen, die unendlichen, ganz.

Goethe to Auguste von Stolberg (July 17, 1777).

GOETHE'S *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, a carefully revised translation of which is now offered to the English public, is the greatest German autobiography. In it we have an authoritative record of Goethe's development as an artist during the first twenty-six years of his life ; it furnishes us with a model of the philosophic treatment of biography, and at the same time is a great work of art. A knowledge of Goethe's life is indispensable for a thorough understanding of his works. In 'Poetry and Truth' he undertook, on the threshold of old age, the task of showing his friends the development of his own genius—and, by looking upon his own case as typical, of genius generally. In this autobiography the greatest poetic genius of Germany undertook to explain himself to the world and to point out the manifold influences which had made him what he was.)

• *Origin.*

We are particularly well informed about the origin of 'Poetry and Truth.' Its growth can be followed, sometimes day by day, in Goethe's diaries as they are published in the Weimar edition.⁸² We learn from them that he worked at this sketch of his early life for more than twenty-four years with

• 1—

many interruptions and one great pause of seventeen years (1813-1830).

Goethe took an early interest in autobiographies, and this interest remained undiminished during his whole life. His enthusiasm in reading, in 1771, the autobiography of the robber-knight Goetz von Berlichingen, led him to write his first famous drama. In 1774 he studied with absorbing interest the touching autobiography of his Strassburg friend Jung-Stilling, and published it himself in 1777. He was delighted with 'Anton Reiser,' the interesting autobiography of his Italian friend Moritz, which appeared between 1785 and 1790. He took a special interest in the autobiography of the great Italian artist Benvenuto Cellini, which (in 1796) he translated and annotated himself for Schiller's 'Horen.' In 1805 he contributed a valuable chapter on 'Winckelmann und sein Jahrhundert' to the volume of Winckelmann's letters, in which he expresses his high conception of the task of the biographer, whose aim should be to make the figure of his hero stand out from the carefully sketched background of his own times, ideas which evidently influenced him in planning the narrative of his own life. And when, after the death of his old Italian friend, the painter Philip Hackert, he endeavoured to carry out his dying request, and was busy editing his papers and making up from them an account of his life (published in 1811), he expressed his resolve to do for himself what hitherto he had only done for others.

But a stronger impulse than his work on Hackert's memoirs was given to Goethe by Cotta's publication of the first edition of his collected works. Between 1806 and 1808 twelve volumes were brought out, to which, in 1810, a thirteenth supplementary volume was added. Thus in 1808 Goethe saw before him the chief productions of his life, arranged in artistic but not chronological order—'fragments,' as he called them, 'of a great confession.' But it was clear that these fragments could not be understood and rightly appreciated by the general reader without some explanations as to their personal and literary origin. Thus it was natural that Goethe, who, after the death of Schiller (1805) and the disruption of old Germany (1806), had begun to look upon himself and his works historically and almost impartially, should conceive the idea of

furnishing the necessary explanations of his works and of supplementing them by an account of his life, and so completing the great confession. The term 'confession,' which Goethe at this time is so fond of applying to his writings, was obviously suggested by the titles of the two greatest autobiographical works the world had seen before his own—the confessions of St. Augustine and the confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The latter work had produced a great impression on Goethe, and he was influenced by it in more ways than one. An interesting comparison of the three great autobiographies appears in Meyer's 'Life of Goethe' (p. 593).⁴⁸

The idea of writing his autobiography was conceived by Goethe at Karlsbad on August 27, 1808. This is the date given by Riemer in his diary, but in his 'Mittheilungen'⁸⁶ he mentions August 28, Goethe's birthday, as the day on which he resolved 'seine Confessionen zu schreiben.' This resolution could not, however, be immediately carried out, as two works then on hand, viz. the novel 'Die Wahlverwandtschaften' (1809) and the treatise on 'Die Farbenlehre' (1810), had first to be finished, and also the autobiographical papers of his friend Philipp Hackert had to be prepared for press (1811). Nevertheless, after the completion of his sixtieth year, Goethe began on October 11, 1809, to pen a first 'Schema einer Biographie,' at which he worked occasionally until May, 1810. It is now easily accessible in the Weimar edition (xxvi. 349-64).¹ This sketch became the basis of all his future autobiographical work. It was followed in course of time by other outlines and drafts, very varied in extent and value, which can now be consulted in the Weimar edition, and have recently been critically examined and discussed by Alt.²⁰ At the same time Goethe began to prepare himself for his task by re-reading old letters, consulting his own books, borrowing books from the Ducal Library, and obtaining information from various personal friends. In January, 1811, he was at last able to give more time to his work, and before April he had written a first rough sketch of his life as far as his student days at Strassburg. As early as February 12 he began to read some finished portions to a circle of intimate friends. Between April, 1811, and January, 1814, he completed the first three parts (Books 1-15) as we now have them, giving three years entirely to this work, his

great gift to his nation, then just entering on its life and death struggle with Napoleon.

Goethe did not at first write his sketches in strict chronological order, but worked as the spirit moved him. He first selected certain chapters for treatment, then added others, then made a survey of what had been done and of what remained to be written, bridged over gaps, transposed or cut out certain portions, constructed with the greatest care appropriate beginnings, endings, and transitions, and finally assigned definite portions to definite books, particular care being taken to provide for each book a suitable beginning and an effective ending, and to give it an individuality of its own. It is interesting to observe, from a comparison of the finished work with the original sketches, how up to the last Goethe took care to file away all rough edges in character-drawing and to harmonize any discordant sections. A few slight inconsistencies resulting from this method of work have nevertheless remained, but they are barely noticeable. Between the years 1811 and 1813 Goethe finished the first fifteen books, of which Part I. (1-5) was published in 1811, Part II. (6-10) in 1812, Part III. (11-15), which was delayed on account of the war, in 1814. After this came a long pause. Part IV. (16-20), the last that we possess, stands apart from the first three. It is true that some portions of it were written in 1812 and 1813, but the work was not definitely resumed till 1830, and finished in October, 1831. Goethe died in March, 1832, and Part IV. was published by his secretary Eckermann in 1833 among the posthumous works. Part III. had carried the story of Goethe's youth down to May, 1774, when Goethe had finished Werther and Clavigo. Part IV. contains his account of the last year and a half at Frankfort, includes his first Swiss journey, and ends with his resolve to go to Weimar in the late autumn of 1775. This part caused Goethe greater difficulties than the preceding ones. Most of the people mentioned in the earlier portions were dead when Parts I.-III. were published; but not a few persons who play an important part in the concluding books, such as Lili (the name given to his *fiancée*, the charming Elisabeth Schoenemann), Karl August, and others, were still living, and this fact rendered it impossible for Goethe to speak of them with the same freedom as in the case of Friederike,

Merck, Herder, and others. Thus it happened that—like the later portions of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*—the concluding books (16–20) making up Part IV. were continued at long intervals (between 1812 and 1831), and were left at the poet's death without the last finishing touches.

At first Goethe seems to have intended to carry his autobiography down to the year 1809, when he was sixty years of age. But this idea, if he ever entertained it seriously, was no doubt soon abandoned. Only the very first 'Schema' of 1809 extends from 1742 to 1809. But for many years Goethe proposed to carry on the story of his life till September, 1786, when he set out on his Italian travels, in which case the account of his life would have been continued naturally by his 'Italienische Reise.'⁷⁸ As late as March 1, 1826, Goethe announced his intention of writing two more parts of 'Poetry and Truth' following the first three already published, and of these the latter (Part V.) would have contained the account of his first ten years at Weimar. Unfortunately for us this plan was not carried out, and so there remains a great gap in Goethe's autobiographical confessions between the end of 'Poetry and Truth' (1775) and the beginning of his 'Italian Journey' (1786).

Thus it is clear that 'Poetry and Truth' cannot rightly be called 'Goethe's autobiography,' as it gives an account of only a small portion of his long life, of twenty-six out of eighty-two years, but should be called 'the story of Goethe's early life,' being the account of the development of the youthful artist.

Contents of 'Poetry and Truth.'

The twenty books of 'Poetry and Truth' contain a sketch of Goethe's outward life between 1749 and 1775, the period that is usually called 'Der junge Goethe'—they bring vividly before our eyes the boy, the youth, and the beginnings of the man. They also contain a full and trustworthy account of his development as a poet. We are made acquainted with his likes and dislikes, with his faults and his foibles; nothing is concealed from the reader, and the various books are rich in wise maxims and weighty general observations. We have the picture of a sunny and stormy youth drawn by a mature and wise man.)

His family²⁴ and relatives²⁶ are carefully described—though too little is said of Goethe's charming mother.²⁵ This is due to the fact that he originally intended to devote a special chapter to her 'Aristeia.' The various love episodes are especially successful—a delightful gallery of charming girls is painted by the poet who has given us Gretchen and Klärchen, Iphigenie and Dorothea. In this series we can observe a certain gradation—Gretchen, Ännchen (now usually called Kätschen), Friederike, Lotte, Lili,²⁷ are all attractive, but each successive girl is somewhat superior in education and social status to the preceding one. Lotte Buff is treated very briefly on account of the extraordinary curiosity shown by the German public about the heroine of Werther, while the portions dealing fully with the idyll of Sesenheim and the charming Friederike Brion are particularly attractive. No less interesting is the account given of some of the places. Goethe's native town, Frankfurt,⁰ the old free city where the Emperor was crowned, is treated with special care and in great detail; it still appears medieval to a great extent; Leipzig^{30 31} is elegant and progressive, 'ein klein Paris,' as he calls it in *Faust*; while Strassburg^{33 35} figures as a French university at which Goethe and his friends rarely realized the fact that they were not in Germany. In spite of belonging to France, Strassburg was up to the first French revolution still essentially German. The work contains a splendid gallery of interesting sketches of friends²⁸ and contemporaries; men like Oeser, Heider, Lenz, Merck, Jacobi, Lavater, Basedow, and others, are graphically described. Throughout the whole of the work we are given a valuable series of literary portraits drawn by the patriarch of Weimar, with his wonderful insight, experience, and knowledge of men and events. These portraits are invaluable to students of literature, they are true and just; but it is obvious that in his youth Goethe could never have seen the men quite in that light in which the sage on the banks of the Ilm has brought them before us. Great literary events are not neglected; the work contains (especially in books 7 and 10) a masterly sketch of the German literature of the time, the result of the widest possible outlook, but in every detail based on most careful study. Foreign literatures are not lost sight of, and in particular the various English, French and classical influences on his poetry

are carefully traced. Nor are the other arts, such as painting, etching, sculpture, and architecture, neglected by him.

Finally, 'Poetry and Truth' contains the genesis of many works of Goethe's youth, and accounts of others that were planned but not written, or that were incomplete and still unpublished, or lost, in the years 1811-1813. The lyrics of the so-called Leipzig Song Book,³² the Sesenheim and Frankfurt love-songs, the poems in the old German style of Hans Sachs and in the free metres inspired by the study of the Pindaric odes, the collection and imitation of popular songs and ballads,⁷⁶ are fully treated. With regard to prose fiction, a full account is given of the genesis of Werther,³⁰⁻³⁸ and of Goethe's plans in connection with an epic the hero of which was to be 'Der ewige Jude' (Der junge Goethe, iii.).⁷⁴ Among his early dramas detailed treatment is accorded to 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' 'Clavigo,' and 'Egmont,' and minor or unfinished plays such as 'Satyros,' 'Mahomed,' and 'Prometheus.' Of 'Faust' only a short account of the first beginnings is given, and the characteristic 'Stella,' 'a play for lovers,' as Goethe called it in his youth, is, for an obvious reason, passed over altogether. Among his critical writings some reviews for the 'Frankfurter gelehrte Anzeigen'⁷⁶ are mentioned.

'Poetry and Truth' as a reliable authority for Goethe's early life.

Goethe gave to his work the title 'Aus meinem Leben : Dichtung und Wahrheit.' By the first word (*aus*) he indicates that he intends to give such 'selected portions' from his life as seemed to his retrospective glance to be of importance for his development as a poet. Of this higher life of his he no doubt remembered every stage, and was able to form a right estimate of the importance of the surroundings in which his early life was passed, and the various influences which helped to shape his poetic genius till, as the author of 'Goetz' and 'Werther,' he became, at the age of 25, the greatest writer of his nation and of his time.) His development as an artist had reached a certain completion at the end of 1775, while the subsequent decade at Weimar, the years between 1776 and 1786, did really more for the man than for the author. With his visit to Italy a new stage of development began for Goethe,

and for this reason he intended to call his Italian journey, 'From my Life—Second Part.'

The sub-title, 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,'²¹ was a transposition, for euphonic reasons (in order to avoid the clashing of a final and an initial *d*), of 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' which was the title of a weekly paper that was at that time published at Jena for the entertainment of the town and country. The adoption of this sub-title had been suggested to Goethe by his secretary Riemer as giving a suitable description of the nature of the proposed 'confessions.' In all the editions published during Goethe's lifetime, and also in the posthumous issue of Part IV. (1833), the original title 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' was adhered to. In the later editions, brought out by Goethe's secretaries Riemer and Eckermann, the original title was, however, changed to 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' partly, it seems, in order to emphasize the fact that the account was in all essential parts based upon actual truth; partly, perhaps, in order to avoid the sequence of two unaccented syllables containing the dull vowel *u*. As a matter of fact, Goethe himself occasionally used the form 'Wahrheit und Dichtung' in other writings. Mr. Oxenford's translation into English¹³ has likewise 'Truth and Poetry.' All modern German editions,¹⁻⁶ beginning with Loeper's,² have, however, rightly re-instated Goethe's own title,²¹ and this amended title is also given, for the first time in English, in the present revised rendering of Goethe's work.

(What does 'Poetry and Truth' signify? By using this title Goethe has expressly admitted that the attainment of truth in the ordinary sense of the word or accuracy was not his sole and not even his principal object in writing. He was anxious to give more than the bare matter-of-fact truth which the mere chronicler of facts conscientiously strives after. His 'Poetry' is really more true than the commonplace reality that never rises above a mere chronological enumeration of occurrences. Thus 'Poetry and Truth' means 'Truth artistically represented and looked at from a higher point of view,' especially with regard to his own artistic development. The element of 'Poetry' in this sense imparts to 'Truth' its higher scientific character, and the composition of 'Poetry and Truth' in this sense was a great philosophical achievement. By elevating his 'confessions' to this high level Goethe proved himself to be

an historian of the highest order. The work is undoubtedly a very reliable source of information with regard to Goethe's life and times. We have abundant evidence that he was most careful as to facts—even in the case of minor details—and that he took great pains to state everything correctly. At all events there is no doubt that he always meant to be truthful, and he certainly never stooped to self-flattery or to embellishing his own thoughts and actions.

As far back as January, 1797, Schiller had asked Goethe in a letter for a chronological table of his writings. In the prefixed fictitious 'letter by a friend' (p. xxv.), which, according to Goethe's diary, was composed by himself on September 8, 1811, a similar request is made by the imaginary friend, a request that very probably had been addressed to Goethe by more than one of his admirers. In the case of this particular letter it is clear that, although in reality it was not addressed to Goethe in this form, it yet is typical and thus not at variance with truth in the highest sense.

The material at Goethe's disposal when he began to write his memoirs was very insufficient (see Alt²⁰), and most of the incidents narrated had to be supplied from his own excellent memory. In 1810, the facts of the sexagenarian writer's early life were separated from him by a lapse of 35 to 55 years. In 1797 he had, unfortunately for the biography, burned all the letters that had so far been addressed to him, and he possessed in 1811 neither the originals nor copies of most of the letters written by him to others. He had received back his Leipzig letters to Cornelia and Behrisch (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, VII.),⁴⁵ but he made little use of them. The death of his mother (in 1808) was a great loss for the early books—her vivid accounts of his boyhood would have been a source of information of the greatest importance. Instead of these, he only had Bettina Brentano's letters,⁷⁷ which contained stories of his childhood as Bettina had heard them from his mother. On October 25, 1810, he had asked this young friend for her notes, and gives as his reason: 'Ich will Dir nemlich bekennen, dass ich im Begriff bin meine Bekenntnisse zu schreiben, daraus mag nun ein Roman oder eine Geschichte werden. . . .' A few friends and relatives, such as his old aunt Melber, young Schlosser, Knebel, Jacobi, and others, sent him contributions, but even these could not be fully utilized, and

certain matters he had to treat discreetly, or to dismiss with a few words, in order to avoid giving offence. He also used a large number of printed sources—as has been shown by Duntzer,^{3 and 18} Loeper,² and Alt²⁰—looked through old books and magazines dating from his youth, and verified the statements as far as he could. It is difficult to realize what an enormous amount of hard work and conscientious study is hidden under the easy flow of the interesting narrative. Everything that had proved of importance for his development as an artist was singled out for specially careful treatment. On the other hand, he had no wish to satisfy mere indiscreet curiosity, as appears in his purposely meagre account of Werther's Lotte.

There are abundant means at our disposal of supplementing or correcting the accounts given in 'Poetry and Truth.' We now possess many of Goethe's early letters and works which had been lost for a time and have only come to light since his death. Many of them are easily accessible in the three volumes of 'Der junge Goethe,'⁷⁴ which form a delightful illustration of 'Poetry and Truth.' The letters are printed more critically in the great Weimar edition.^{80 81} Goethe's account of Wilhelm Meister's early life (in the 'Lehrjahre') should also be compared with these early records. Beside Goethe's own works, letters⁸⁰⁻⁸¹ and conversations,⁸³ we have at our disposal numerous letters and utterances of Goethe's contemporaries, and finally research in archives and libraries has brought to light a certain amount of more or less important information. The discovery of the real name of the 'Königsleutnant'²⁰—who was chosen by K. Gutzkow as the hero of a play in memory of young Goethe—is a good instance. We should also not forget Jacobi's novel 'Eduard Allwill's Papiere' (1775), the hero of which presents a picture of Goethe as he appeared to his enthusiastic friend (Jacobi) in 1774, while in Jung-Stilling's life we have a portrait of the Strassburg Goethe of 1770.

It is only natural that now (in 1907), after a lapse of nearly a hundred years, we should have much more reliable material to draw upon than Goethe had when he wrote his memoirs. It is easy to know a great deal more about facts, dates, and the chronological order of events than Goethe himself could know. Much has been published in the way both of facts and

criticism by zealous Goethe students,²⁴⁻⁵⁸ and all available information has been carefully utilized in the latest and best Goethe biographies,⁴⁶⁻⁵⁰ which are as reliable as such works can possibly be. They reveal a number of discrepancies when earlier lives, and among them 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' are compared with them. But all these minor discrepancies do not appreciably detract from the truth of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit'; its real value is not in the least diminished by slight deviations—mostly unintentional—from actual fact or chronology. On the contrary, the more thoroughly one investigates the autobiographical sources and examines the new facts that are being gradually brought to light by Goethe scholars, the more one is constrained to admire the poet's wonderful memory, the truthfulness of his statements, and the correctness of his judgments concerning his own early life and literary development.

'Poetry and Truth' as a work of art.

Goethe's 'Poetry and Truth' surpasses all his other autobiographical writings as a work of art. Especially Parts I.-III. show in every book the great artist who came to this work fresh from the completion of his last great novel, 'Die Wahlverwandtschaften.' The language ranks with the best specimens of Goethe's prose. Some portions remind us of the old Chronicles, in particular early parts of the work; others, especially the charming love episodes, are written in the exquisite manner of the experienced novelist. The language is easy and fluent, nowhere monotonous, the sentences beautifully balanced and rounded off, and the variety of style always in accordance with the subject treated.

By the artistic arrangement of the facts of his life Goethe intended in the first three parts (Books 1-15) to represent his intellectual and poetic development as analogous to that of a plant, and so make it appear perfectly organic, in fact typical. In the draft of a Preface to Parts I.-III. which was subsequently suppressed he describes the chief characteristics of these parts in the following way: 'In dem ersten [Bande von "Dichtung und Wahrheit"] sollte das Kind nach allen Seiten zarte Wurzeln treiben und nur wenig Keimblätter entwickeln. Im zweyten der

Knabe mit lebhafterem Grun stufenweis mannigfaltiger gebildete Zweige treiben, und dieser belebte Stengel sollte nun im dritten Beete ahren- und rispenweis zur Blute hineilen und den hoffnungsvollen Jungling darstellen' (Weimar ed., xxviii. 356). In this way the laws of causation and organic development was to be shown in its application to genius and to himself. In 'Poetry and Truth' Goethe intended to give not merely a faithful account of the development of his own genius, but he wished at the same time to paint in bold outlines a comprehensive picture of the peculiar conditions of the time of his youth, the time of the *ancien régime*, which was left undisturbed, or but slightly stirred, by the first faint and distant rumblings of the approaching storm of the French Revolution—the time of the 'Aufklärung,' of the enlightened autocrats Frederick II. and Joseph II., and of writers such as Lessing, Winckelmann, Wieland, and young Herder. He was anxious to show how as a man and as an artist he was affected by the times, and conversely what effect his own early work had on his own times. Thus 'Poetry and Truth' brings before us an account masterly in conception and artistic in execution, by the greatest German writer and at the same time one of the greatest men of his time, drawn upon a carefully elaborated background that truthfully reflected the political, social, religious, and artistic conditions of Germany in the second half of the eighteenth century. All great autobiographies that had appeared before Goethe's had depicted merely the personal development of the writer * ; Goethe is the only great author who attempted to show the individual in his relation to the universal, and thus not merely to narrate, but to understand and explain his development from a philosophic and scientific point of view. This task is obviously the greater one and far more difficult of achievement; by its higher aim 'Poetry and Truth' rises above mere reality to higher and more vital truth.

Hence in 'Poetry and Truth' we have not merely 'Memoirs,' but, what is far more valuable, a great work of art giving a historical description of the development of genius. As in a Greek statue, the merely accidental is disregarded and the typical worked out, by which method the structure of the whole becomes simpler, nobler, and more artistic. The fourth part of

* Wordsworth's 'Prelude,' though written in 1805, was not published till 1850.

‘Poetry and Truth,’ with its unfinished arrangement of certain portions of the material (part of which had been written in the poet’s best years), may be compared with portions of the second part of ‘Faust’ and of the second part of ‘Wilhelm Meister’ (‘Wilhelm Meister’s Wanderjahre’), in which likewise the last finishing touches are wanting.

The best appreciations of ‘Poetry and Truth’ are those by Loeper,² Grimm,⁴⁶ Heinemann,⁵ Meyer,^{4 and 48} and Roethe.²³ Among the points characteristic of Goethe’s *technique* in ‘Poetry and Truth’ the following call for special mention: the forecast of future events in earlier books, the first introduction of places and things in the moment when they become of importance for the hero, the skilful use made of contrasting figures (Liscow and Rabener, Lavater and Basedow, etc.). As a work of art ‘Poetry and Truth’ ranks far above the autobiography of any modern German author such as Gutzkow, Freytag, Ebers, Spielhagen, and others.

Reception by contemporaries.

The reception of his work by his contemporaries was not at first what Goethe had hoped and was entitled to expect. Outside a small circle of intimate friends and intelligent readers its great superiority to all other German memoirs was not immediately recognized. Religious and moral considerations stood in the way of its true appreciation in Germany,⁷¹ and also in England.⁷² In the latter country a very unfair criticism appeared in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ (1816), but it was subsequently contradicted in the ‘Westminster Review’ (1824) and by Thomas Carlyle.

‘Poetry and Truth’ and Goethe’s other autobiographical writings.

‘Dichtung und Wahrheit’ is the most important among Goethe’s numerous autobiographical writings which either continue or supplement it. In their entirety the autobiographical works form an important portion of Goethe’s collected writings. The chief of them are his ‘Annals’ (*Tag- und Jahreshefte*),⁷³ his ‘Italian Journey’ and his several ‘Swiss Journeys,’ his ‘Campaign in France,’ and his ‘Siege of Mainz.’⁷⁸ In his book on

the 'Theory of Colours,' the production of which immediately preceded 'Poetry and Truth,' he gave an account of his study of Botany. But none of these interesting supplementary accounts, not even his famous 'Travels in Italy,' are as brilliant and as artistic as 'Poetry and Truth.' A parallel to some of the early books of 'Poetry and Truth' may be seen in the early portions of 'Wilhelm Meister's Years of Apprenticeship' (translated by Carlyle), where Goethe's own youth is clearly reflected in much that we learn about Wilhelm's early life and his artistic and literary interests. In all the autobiographical writings of Goethe we notice the same tendency, viz. to collect for himself and to supply for his friends materials for an explanation of the development of his genius. His memoirs, annals, and accounts of travels are either elaborated from short sketches or worked out from diaries or from letters, and the difference in their artistic form is due to their different origin.

Editions and Illustrations.

The best German and English editions with notes or illustrations have been enumerated in the Bibliography.¹⁻¹¹ We possess authentic portraits of almost every important person mentioned in 'Poetry and Truth' except of Gretchen and, perhaps, of Friederike Brion. All the more important portraits are reproduced in Wulker's excellent illustrated edition.⁶ Some fine, but imaginary, sketches of women who were loved by Goethe are contained in Wilhelm Kaulbach's 'Goethe Gallerie' (with text by Friedrich Spielhagen).⁴⁰ A splendid statue of young Goethe—the only one of the kind—was erected at Strassburg in 1904. It is now proposed to erect a statue of the author of 'Werther' in Wetzlar. The best places for a detailed study of 'Poetry and Truth,' where original manuscripts, sketches, busts, portraits, and old printed books can be seen and freely consulted, are Weimar (Goethe-Schiller Archiv, Goethe National-Museum, Grand Ducal Library), Frankfurt-on-the-Main (Library of the 'Freies Deutsches Hochstift' in the Goethe house), Leipzig (University Library 'Hirzel Collection'), and Hanover (Kestner Museum).

Translations.

Like the first translation of 'Werther,' which was not made from the German original but from a French translation of it (see Brandl in the Goethe-Jahrbuch, iii.), the earliest translation of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' into English¹² is a very poor rendering of the French translation by M. Aubert de Vitry.⁷³ Mistakes corrected by Vitry at the end of his translation were left uncorrected by the careless and ignorant English translator. The chief English and American translations have been enumerated and briefly discussed in the Bibliography.¹²⁻¹⁷ The translation usually read in England is that by John Oxenford and the Rev. A. J. Morrison,¹³ the first half (books 1-10) of which was based on an anonymous American version. The translation given in the following pages, for which Miss Minna Steele Smith, head lecturer in modern languages at Newnham College, Cambridge, is responsible, is based on Mr. Oxenford's rendering; but the scholarly translator has throughout referred to the latest German editions and commentaries, and has improved the English text, not merely in style, but in clearness and correctness.

The present necessarily brief introduction will, it is hoped, be found to contain the answers to all the legitimate questions which a serious student of 'Poetry and Truth' will be anxious to have solved. The detailed bibliography following this introduction, although it is intentionally far from being complete, will not only serve to substantiate any statement made in the Introduction, but will at the same time be a safe first guide for any intending Goethe student till he has learned to find his way in the maze of literature that has gradually grown up round Goethe's life and work. The legitimate desire for direction that is so often felt by the solitary student and the youthful scholar is frequently neglected in Introductions prefixed to translations of masterpieces in foreign languages. The chief aim has been to give the *most recent* literature—for all more detailed information as to older books of reference students should consult Goedeke⁶⁰ and the other bibliographical aids enumerated in the Bibliography.⁶⁰⁻⁶⁷ For new publications reference should be made to the annual bibliographies of the 'Goethe-Jahrbuch'⁶⁶

and the 'Jahresberichte für Neuere Deutsche Litteraturgeschichte.'⁶³

Only the fuller and more recent accounts of Goethe's life could be mentioned in the present Introduction; for this reason, the works of Lewes, Schäfer, Sime, Atkins, and others are not included under D in the Bibliography.

Goethe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' and Goethe's 'Faust' are both confessions of the poet—Goethe, like his Faust, "strove forward with unswerving will," and to a ripe old age worked unceasingly for the spiritual enlightenment and elevation of his fellow-men. Most fitly may we apply to him and to his own narrative of his early life the concluding lines of his poem, 'Kunstlers Apotheose' (Cotta, Jub. ed., vii. 159)—

"Drum lebt er auch nach seinem Tode fort
Und ist so wirksam als er lebte,
Die gute Tat, das schöne Wort,
Es strebt unsterblich, wie er sterblich strebte."

KARL BREUL.

CAMBRIDGE, May 9, 1907.

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Godwin?]; books 14-20 by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison (who also translated Goethe's Letters from Switzerland and Travels in Italy). This translation ran through several editions, the last being a revised edition in 2 volumes (London, 1881), in which no mention is made of the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison's share in the work. A translation of the 'Annals,' by Charles Nisbet, was added to Vol. ii., while the Letters from Switzerland, etc., were removed to another volume in Bohn's Series. Some portions of the translations were published separately, e.g. 'Goethe's Boyhood' (books 1-9) in Bohn's Shilling Library (London, 1888), and 'The Early Life of Goethe' (books 1-9) in the 'Library of Standard Biographies,' vol. ii. London. 1904. In this edition a short introduction and some notes were added by W. v. Knoblauch.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

As a preface to the present work, which, perhaps, more than another requires one, I should like to quote the letter of a friend, which led me to embark on what could not fail to be a serious undertaking.

“ We have now, my dear friend, the twelve parts of your poetical works before us, and on reading them through, find much already known to us, much that is new ; while much that we had forgotten is revived by this collection. As these twelve uniform volumes stand before us, we cannot refrain from regarding them as a whole, and one would fain sketch from it the portrait of the author and his characteristics. But it cannot be denied, in view of the vigour with which he began his literary career, and the length of time which has since elapsed, that a dozen small volumes must appear inadequate. Nor can one fail to recognize, in considering individual works, that they were for the most part called forth by special occasions, and reflect particular external facts, as well as distinct stages of mental development ; while it is equally clear that ephemeral moral and æsthetic axioms and convictions prevail in them. Nevertheless, as a whole, these productions remain without connection ; nay, it is often difficult to believe that they emanated from one and the same writer.

“ Your friends, in the meantime, have not relinquished the inquiry, and are endeavouring by the light derived from their intimate acquaintance with your mode of life and thought, to guess many a riddle, to solve many a problem ;

indeed, their old affection and a friendship of many years' standing cause them to find a charm even in the difficulties which present themselves. Yet a little assistance here and there would not be unacceptable, and this help you cannot well refuse to our claims of friendship.

"The first request we make, is that you should give us a list of your poetical works in chronological order, whereas in this new edition they are arranged according to certain inner affinities; and that you should provide us with a more or less connected account of the circumstances of your life and feeling which furnished the subject-matter, as well as the examples that influenced you, and the theoretical principles by which you were governed. Should you bestow this labour for the gratification of a limited circle, possibly the result will furnish pleasure and profit to a wider public. The author, to his latest day, should not resign his privilege of holding converse, even at a distance, with those whom affection binds to him; and if it is not granted to every one at a certain stage of life to appear anew before the public with unexpected works of rare power, yet just in those years when knowledge is becoming more complete, and consciousness more distinct, it must be a very interesting and re-vivifying task to treat former productions as fresh material for a final achievement, which may once again aid the inner development of those who in past years developed by the side of the poet and with his help."

This desire, so kindly expressed, immediately awakened within me an inclination to comply with it. For, if in earlier years we pursue our own path with passionate earnestness, and impatiently repudiate the claims of others, lest they should cause us to stray from it, in our later days, on the other hand, we gladly welcome any sympathy which rouses and stirs us to fresh endeavour by its kindness. I therefore instantly set to work on the preliminary task of collecting all the poems, long and short, in my twelve volumes, and of arranging them according to

years. I strove to recall the times and circumstances under which each had been produced. But the task soon grew more difficult, as full explanatory notes and illustrations were necessary to fill up the gaps in what had already been published. Nor, in the first place, all my earliest experiments had been omitted, as well as much that had been begun and never finished; again, the original form of much that was complete had entirely disappeared in the process of a thorough revision and remodelling. I had, furthermore, to call to mind the work I had done in science and in the other arts, and the results I had achieved in these apparently alien subjects by my own exertion or in conjunction with friends, whether privately or for publication.

All these particulars I wished to introduce by degrees for the satisfaction of my kindly-disposed readers; but my efforts and reflections led me ever further and further. For in my anxiety to comply with that very considerate request, and in my endeavours to present in due order the inner motives, the external influences, and the stages of my progress in theory and practice, I was carried out of my narrow private sphere into the wide world. The figures of scores of eminent men, who either directly or indirectly had influenced me, rose up before me; and even the vast movements of the great political world, which had exercised the greatest influence upon me, as well as upon the great mass of my contemporaries, claimed particular attention. (For the main function of biography seems to be, to exhibit the man in relation to his times, and to show to what extent this environment was inimical or propitious to him; how he evolved from it a philosophy of the world and of men, and in what way he, in his turn, if an artist, poet, or author, reproduced this philosophy in concrete form. Anyone attempting to write his own biography in this sense requires—what is hardly attainable—a knowledge of himself and of his age: of himself as the factor which has persisted under all the variations of circumstances; of the

age as the force which hurries him, whether willing or unwilling, along with it, guiding him, moulding him ; so that one may venture to pronounce, that the fact of being born ten years earlier or later would have made a man an entirely different person, as regards his own development and his influence on others.)

In this manner, from considerations and endeavours, from recollections and meditations such as these, the sketch before us took shape ; and it is when viewed in the light which this account of its origin suggests that it will prove most pleasing and profitable, and may be criticized most justly. Any further remarks that might be added, especially with regard to the half poetic, half historical mode of treatment, may be left for future occasions, such as cannot fail to occur frequently in the course of the narrative.

POETRY AND TRUTH

FROM MY OWN LIFE

PART THE FIRST

‘Ο μὴ δαρὲς ἄνθρωπος οὐ παιδεύεται.

FIRST BOOK

ON the 28th of August, 1749, at mid-day, as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The aspect of the stars was propitious: the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely; the attitude of Saturn and Mars was neutral; the Moon alone, just full, exerted her power of opposition, all the more as she had just reached her planetary hour. She therefore resisted my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed.

These auspicious aspects, which the astrologers subsequently interpreted very favourably for me, may have been the causes of my preservation; for, through the unskilfulness of the midwife, I came into the world apparently lifeless, and only after various expedients had been tried was I made to open my eyes. This circumstance, which had caused my relatives great anxiety, turned out to the advantage of my fellow-citizens, inasmuch as my grandfather, the *Schultheiss*,* Johann Wolfgang Textor, was induced by it to appoint an accoucheur, and to introduce or revive the professional training of nurses, by which changes many who were born after me are likely to have profited.

* A chief judge or magistrate of the town.

When we attempt to recall what befell us in the earliest period of youth, we are apt to confound what we have been told by others with what we remember from our own experience. Without, therefore, attempting an exact investigation of the sources of my recollections—in any case a profitless task—I know as a fact that we lived in an old house, which really consisted of two adjoining houses that had been thrown into one. A turret-like staircase led to rooms on different levels, and the unevenness of the storeys was remedied by steps. For us children, a younger sister and myself, the favourite resort was the spacious entrance-hall, where, by the side of the front door, was a large wooden lattice, through which we had direct communication with the street and open air. A bird-cage of this sort, with which many houses were provided, was called a *Frame* (*Geräms*). The women sat in it to sew and knit, the cook picked her salad, there they carried on conversations with their neighbours: hence in summer the streets acquired somewhat of a southern aspect. This familiarity with the outer world brought with it a sense of freedom. We children, too, by means of these Frames, were brought into contact with our neighbours. Of these three brothers von Ochsenstein, the surviving sons of the deceased Schultheiss, lived opposite us; they became fond of me, and frequently showed their interest by playing with me or poking fun at me.

My relatives were fond of narrating all sorts of pranks which these solitary and otherwise sober-minded men put into my head. I will give only one instance. A crockery fair had just been held, and not only had the immediate needs of the kitchen been supplied, but miniature articles of the same ware had been purchased as playthings for us children. One fine afternoon, when everything was quiet in the house, I was amusing myself with my pots and dishes in the Frame, and not knowing what to do next, I hurled one of my toys into the street. The von Ochsensteins, who saw my delight at the fine crash it made, and how I clapped my hands for joy, cried out, "Another." Without delay I flung out a pot, and as they went on calling for more, by degrees the whole collection, platters, pipkins, mugs and all, were dashed upon the pavement. My neighbours continued to express their approbation, and I was highly delighted to

give them pleasure. But my stock was exhausted, and still they shouted, "More." I ran, therefore, straight to the kitchen, and brought thence the earthenware plates, which as they smashed naturally afforded a still more lively spectacle; and so I kept running backwards and forwards, fetching all the plates I could reach from where they stood in rows on the dresser. But as that did not satisfy my audience, I devoted all the ware that I could lay hands on to similar destruction. Not till later did any one appear to hinder and restrain. The mischief was done, and to compensate for much broken crockery, there was at any rate an amusing story, in which the mischievous authors took special delight to the end of their days.

My father's mother, to whom the house in which we lived really belonged, passed her days in a large back-room directly adjoining the hall, and we were accustomed to carry on our games close to her chair, and when she was ill, even by her bedside. She lives in my memory like a spirit,—a beautiful, emaciated woman, always dressed neatly and in white. She has ever remained mild, gentle, and kind in my recollection of her.

The street in which our house was situated passed by the name of Hirschgraben (lit. "Stag-moat"); but as neither stags nor moats were to be seen, we asked for an explanation of the expression. We were told that our house stood on a spot that was once outside the city, and that where the street now ran had formerly been a moat, in which a number of stags were kept. These stags had been preserved and fed here, because every year the senate, according to an ancient custom, feasted publicly on a stag, which was consequently always ready to hand for such a festival, even when princes or knights curtailed and interfered with the city's right of chase outside, or the walls were surrounded or besieged by an enemy. This story pleased us greatly, and we wished that such a preserve of tame deer had been still in existence in our days.

The back of the house, particularly the second storey, commanded a very pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable extent of neighbouring gardens, stretching to the very walls of the city. But, alas! in the process of transforming what were once public grounds into private gardens,

our house and some others lying near the corner of the street had been much stinted, since the houses between us and the *Rossmarkt* had appropriated spacious out-buildings and large gardens, while a fairly high wall round our property shut us out from these paradises, lying so near.

On the second floor was a room which was called the garden-room, because of an attempt to supply the want of a garden by the aid of a few plants in the window. As I grew older, this became my favourite retreat, one that was not exactly melancholy, but somewhat sentimental. Beyond these gardens, across the walls and ramparts of the city, might be seen a beautiful and fertile plain ; the one which stretches towards Hochst. In the summer season I commonly learned my lessons there, and watched the thunderstorms, but could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my windows. But, at the same time, when I saw the neighbours wandering about in their gardens and tending their flowers, the children playing, parties of friends enjoying themselves, and could hear the skittle-balls rolling and the nine-pins dropping, there would awake within me a feeling of solitude, and thence a vague sense of longing, which accorded with a certain seriousness and undefined foreboding implanted in me by nature, and so exerted its influence at an early age, and showed itself more distinctly in after years.

The old house, with its many corners and gloomy recesses, was moreover calculated to awaken dread and terror in childish minds. Unfortunately, too, the disciplinary maxim that young people should at an early age be made to lose all fear of the awful and invisible, and accustomed to horrors, was still generally accepted. It was, therefore, a rule that we children should sleep alone, and when we found this impossible, and softly slipped from our beds to seek the society of the servants, our father, with his dressing-gown turned inside out, which disguised him sufficiently for the purpose, would stop our way, and frighten us back to our beds. The evil results will be obvious to everyone. How is anyone to be emancipated from fear so long as he is beset with a double terror? My mother, always cheerful and gay, and desirous of making others so, discovered a better pedagogical expedient. She managed to gain her

end by rewards. It was the season for peaches, and she promised us a plentiful supply every morning if we overcame our fears during the night. In this way she succeeded, and both parties were satisfied.

In the interior of the house my eyes were chiefly attracted by a series of Roman views, with which my father had ornamented an ante-room. They were engravings by some of the accomplished predecessors of Piranesi, who understood perspective and architecture, and whose style was clear and excellent. There I saw every day, the *Piazza del Popolo*, the *Colosseum*, the *Piazza of St. Peter's*, and the interior and the exterior of St. Peter's Church, the *Castel San Angelo*, and many other places. These pictures impressed themselves deeply upon me, and my father, usually so laconic, often had the kindness to describe the subjects of the engravings. His partiality for the Italian language, and for everything pertaining to Italy, was very pronounced. He often showed us a small collection of marbles and natural curiosities, which he had brought with him from Italy; and he devoted a great part of his time to a description of his travels, written in Italian, the copying and revision of which he completed with his own hand, slowly and carefully, book by book. A lively old teacher of Italian, called Giovinazzi, assisted him in this work. Moreover, the old man sang rather well, and every day my mother must needs accompany him and herself upon the clavichord, and thus I early made acquaintance with the *Solitario bosco ombroso*, and knew it by heart before I understood it.

My father was naturally fond of teaching, and, being free from business engagements, he liked to communicate to others any knowledge and accomplishments of which he was possessed. Thus, during the first years of their marriage, he had kept my mother busily engaged in writing, playing the clavichord, and singing; at the same time she had found it necessary to acquire some knowledge of Italian and some slight facility in speaking it.

Generally we passed all our leisure hours with my grandmother, in whose spacious apartment we found plenty of room for our games. She knew how to amuse us with various trifles, and to regale us with all sorts of delicacies. But one Christmas evening, she crowned all her kind deeds

by having a puppet-show exhibited before us, and thus unfolded a new world in the old house. This unexpected performance had a powerful attraction for our young minds ; upon the boy particularly it made a very strong impression, which affected him deeply and permanently.

The little stage with its mute personages, which at the outset had only been exhibited to us, but was afterwards given over to us to use and endow with dramatic life, was prized all the more highly by us children, inasmuch as it was the last bequest of our dear grandmother, who soon afterwards was withdrawn from our sight by increasing sickness, and then carried off by death for ever. Her death was the more momentous for our family, seeing that it involved a complete change in our circumstances.

As long as my grandmother lived, my father had refrained from altering or renovating the house in the slightest degree, though it was known that he had made plans for extensive building operations, which were begun at once. In Frankfurt, as in many other old towns, when anybody put up a wooden structure, it was usual, in order to gain space, to make not only the first, but each successive storey project over the lower one, by which means especially narrow streets acquired a somewhat gloomy and depressing aspect. At last a law was passed, that everyone erecting a new house should confine his projections to the first storey, and carry the others up perpendicularly. My father, anxious not to lose the projecting space in the second storey, and having small regard for the outward architectural appearance, made the convenient arrangement of the interior his sole aim. To this end he resorted to the expedient which others had employed before him, of under-propping the upper part of the house, until one part after another had been removed, from the bottom upwards, and a new structure inserted, as it were, in its place. Thus, while practically none of the old structure remained, the new one might still pass as an alteration. As the pulling down and building up was thus done gradually, my father determined not to quit the house, in order the better to direct and supervise the work—as he possessed a good knowledge of the technicalities of building. At the same time he would not suffer his family to leave him. This new epoch seemed very strange and surprising

to the children. To see the rooms in which they had so often been confined and tormented with wearisome lessons and tasks, the passages they had played in, the walls which had always been so carefully kept clean, all falling beneath the mason's pick-axe and the carpenter's hatchet—and moreover from the base upwards; meanwhile to be suspended as it were in the air, propped up by beams, and yet be kept at a particular lesson, or a definite task—all this produced a ferment in their young heads that was not easily allayed. But the young people felt the inconvenience less, because they had somewhat more space for play than before, and there were many opportunities of swinging on beams, and playing at see-saw with the boards.

At first my father obstinately persisted in carrying out his plan; but when eventually the roof was partially removed, and when in spite of the oil-cloth wall-hangings which had been taken down and used as tarpaulins, the rain yet reached our beds, he determined, though reluctantly, that the children should be entrusted for a time to some kind friends, who had already expressed their willingness to take charge of them, and that they should be sent to a public school.

This transition was rather unpleasant; for when children, who had hitherto been carefully guarded at home, under the purest and best moral influence, were thrown among a rough crowd of young creatures, they were suddenly brought into cruel contact with what was vulgar, bad, and even base, since they lacked both weapons and skill to protect themselves.

It was about this period that I first became acquainted with my native city, through which I strolled with increasing freedom and opportunity, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the company of light-hearted companions. To convey to some degree the impression made upon me by these grave and revered spots, I must here introduce a description of my birth-place, as it gradually became known to me, bit by bit. Best of all I loved to walk along the great bridge over the Maine. Its length, its strength, and its fine appearance, rendered it a notable structure, and it was, besides, almost the only memorial left from ancient times of the protective care which civil government owes to its citizens. The beautiful stream above and below the

bridge attracted my eye, and when the gilt cock on the old cross near the middle of the bridge glittered in the sunshine, I was filled with pleasant feelings. Generally I extended my walk through Sachsenhausen, and for a farthing was ferried pleasantly across the river. I was then on this side of the stream, and would stroll along to the wine-market, and admire the mechanism of the cranes when goods were unloaded. But it was particularly entertaining to watch the arrival of the market-boats, from which such various cargoes and sometimes such extraordinary figures were seen to disembark. On entering the city, the Saalhof, which at least stood on the spot where the castle of the Emperor Charlemagne and his successors was reported to have been, was invariably greeted with profound reverence. It was pleasant to lose oneself in the old trading town, particularly on market-days, among the crowd collected about the Church of St. Bartholomew. From the earliest times, throngs of buyers and sellers had gathered there, and the place being thus occupied, it was not easy in later days to bring about a more roomy and cheerful arrangement. The booths of the so-called *Pfarreisen* were very important places for us children, and many a copper found its way thither to purchase sheets of coloured paper stamped with gold animals. Only rarely, however, did we care to make our way through the narrow, crowded, and dirty market-place. I call to mind, also, that I always fled with horror from the disgusting slaughter-houses, standing close together, abutting on the market-place. On the other hand, the *Romerberg* was a most delightful place for walking. The way to the new town, along by the new shops, was always cheering and pleasant; yet we regretted that a street did not lead into the *Zeil* past the Church of Our Lady, and that we always had to go a long way round by the *Hasengasse*, or the Catherine Gate. But what chiefly attracted the child's attention, were the many little towns within the town, the fortresses within the fortress; viz. the walled monastic enclosures, and several other buildings, dating from earlier times, and more or less like castles—such as the Nuremberg Court, the Compostella, the Braunfels, the ancestral house of the family of Stallburg, and several strongholds, transformed in modern times into dwellings and warehouses. Nothing of striking architectural beauty was

to be seen in Frankfort, and everything pointed to a period long past and full of disturbances, both for the town and its surroundings. Gates and towers, defining the bounds of the old city,—then farther off, other gates, towers, walls, bridges, ramparts, moats, with which the new city was encompassed,—all indicated, only too plainly, that the necessity for safeguarding the common weal in disastrous times had induced these arrangements, and that all the squares and streets, even the newest, broadest, and best laid out, owed their origin to chance and caprice, and not to any regulating mind. A certain love of antiquity was thus implanted in the boy, and was specially fostered and encouraged by old chronicles and wood-cuts, as, for instance, those of Grave portraying the siege of Frankfort. At the same time there developed in him a delight in observing the purely human conditions of life in their variety and simplicity, apart from any other pretensions to interest or beauty. It was, therefore, one of our favourite walks, which we endeavoured to take several times a year, to follow the course of the path which ran along the inside of the city walls. Gardens, courts, and out-buildings extend to the ramparts; a glimpse is afforded into the humble and secluded domestic life of thousands of human beings. Passing from the ornamental pleasure-gardens of the rich to the orchards of the citizen, kept for the sake of their produce—thence to the factories, bleaching-grounds, and similar industries, and even to the churchyard—for a little world lay within the limits of the city—we saw before us at every step a strange and varied spectacle, which our childish curiosity could never sufficiently enjoy. In fact, the celebrated Devil-upon-two-sticks, when he lifted the roofs of Madrid at night to please his friend, scarcely did more for him than was here done for us under the open sky in bright sunshine. The keys that were needed on this journey to gain us admission to many a tower, stair, and postern, were in the hands of the magistrates responsible for the arsenal, and we never omitted to cajole their subordinates.

But a more important, and in one sense more profitable place for us, was the Town Hall, called the *Römer*. In its lower vault-like halls we loved to lose ourselves. We obtained an entrance to the large, extremely plain Council

Chamber. The walls as well as the vaulted ceiling were white, though panelled to a certain height, and the whole was without a trace of painting, or any kind of statuary; only, high up on the middle wall, might be read this brief inscription:

“One man’s word is no man’s word,
Justice needs that both be heard.”

After genuine ancient fashion, benches were ranged around the wainscot, and raised one step above the floor for the accommodation of the members of the Council. This arrangement of the room made us realize why the various grades in the Senate were designated by benches. To the left of the door, as far as the opposite corner, sat the *Schöffen* on the first bench; in the corner itself the *Schultheiss*, the only member who had a small table before him; to his left as far as the window side of the hall sat the members of the second bench; while along the windows ran the third bench, occupied by the artisans. In the midst of the hall stood a table for the town-clerk.

Once within the *Romer*, we often mingled with the crowd at the audiences of the burgomaster. But whatever related to the election and coronation of the Emperors possessed a greater charm. We managed to gain the favour of the curators, and were allowed to mount the smart new imperial staircase, which was painted in fresco, and usually closed with a grating. The Election Hall, with its purple hangings and curiously ornamented gilt cornices, filled us with awe. The paintings over the door, in which little children or genii, clothed in robes of state and laden with the insignia of the German Empire, had a curious effect, were observed by us with great attention; and we hoped that we might some day live to see a coronation with our own eyes. It was very difficult to get us out of the great Imperial Hall, when we had once been fortunate enough to steal in; and while we looked at the half-length portraits of all the Emperors painted at a certain height round the walls, anyone who would tell us something of their doings was accounted a friend indeed.

We listened to many a legend of Charlemagne. But our interest in history did not begin till Rudolph of Hapsburg,

who by his heroism put an end to a time of such dire confusion. Charles IV. also attracted our notice. We had already heard of the Golden Bull, and the Code of Criminal Justice. We knew, too, that he had not made the Frankforters suffer for their adhesion to his noble rival, Emperor Gunther of Schwarzburg. We heard Maximilian praised as a friend both to mankind, and to the townsmen, his subjects, and were also told of the prophecy that he would be the last Emperor belonging to a German house; this unhappily came to pass, as after his death the choice lay between the King of Spain (afterwards) Charles V, and the King of France, Francis I. With some anxiety the narrator added that a similar prophecy, or rather omen, was again current; for it was obvious that there was room left for the portrait of only one more Emperor—a circumstance which, though seemingly accidental, filled the patriotic with concern.

Having once entered upon this round, we did not fail to repair to the Cathedral, and there visit the grave of the brave Gunther, so highly esteemed both by friend and foe. The famous stone which formerly covered it is set up in the choir. The door close by, leading into the conclave, long remained closed to us, until at last we managed, by appealing to superior authorities, to gain access to this celebrated place. But we should have done better had we continued merely to picture it to our imaginations; for we found this room, so notable in German history, in which the most powerful princes were accustomed to meet for so momentous an act, entirely without adequate decoration, and actually used as a store-house for beams, poles, scaffolding, and similar lumber. All the more were our imaginations fired and our hearts elated, when shortly afterwards we received permission to be present in the Town Hall at the exhibition of the Golden Bull to some distinguished strangers.

At that time the boy used to listen eagerly to the account of the last two coronations, which had followed close upon each other. His family, as well as older relatives and acquaintances, were very fond of telling and retelling the story; for there was no Frankforter who had attained a certain age who did not regard these two events, and their attendant circumstances, as the crowning glory of his life. After the splendour of the coronation of Charles VII., on

which occasion the French Ambassador, in particular, had given magnificent entertainments at great cost and with excellent taste, the subsequent events were all the more distressing for the good Emperor, who was forced to relinquish his capital of Munich, and throw himself more or less on the hospitality of the burghers of Frankfort.

If the coronation of Francis I. was not so strikingly splendid as the previous one, it was dignified by the presence of the Empress Maria Theresa, whose beauty appears to have made as great an impression on the men, as the grave and dignified figure and the blue eyes of Charles VII. made on the women. At any rate, both sexes vied with one another in giving to the attentive boy a highly favourable conception of both these personages. All these narratives and descriptions were given with a certain serenity and sense of security; for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had, for the moment, put an end to all feuds; and hence recent campaigns—the battle of Dettingen, for instance, and other remarkable events of by-gone years—were discussed with the same complacency as these festivities; and everything important and dangerous seemed, as generally happens after the conclusion of a peace, to have occurred solely for the diversion of the prosperous and light-hearted.

Scarcely would half a year have been spent in such patriotic exclusiveness when the Fairs came round, and never failed to produce an incredible ferment in the heads of all children. The erection, in so short a time, of so many booths, creating a new town within the old one, the restless activity, the unloading and unpacking of wares, excited from the very first dawn of consciousness an insatiable curiosity and a boundless desire for childish possessions, which the boy, as he grew older, endeavoured to gratify, now in this way, now in that, according to the resources of his little purse. At the same time he formed a notion of the various productions of the world, and began to understand what its needs are, and what the inhabitants of its different parts exchange with each other.

These great epochs, which came round regularly in spring and autumn, were announced by curious solemnities, which seemed all the more significant in that they brought

the old time vividly before us, and made us conscious of what we had inherited from it. On the Day of Escort, the whole population were on their legs, thronging to the *Fahrgasse*, to the bridge, and beyond Sachsenhausen; all the windows were occupied, though nothing unusual took place during the day-time, the crowd seeming to be there merely for the sake of jostling one another, and the spectators of looking at one another; for the real event of the day did not begin till nightfall, and was then rather taken upon trust than actually seen.

In those old, unquiet times, when every one did wrong according to his pleasure, or helped the right as his liking led him, traders on their way to the Fairs were beset and harassed at will by highwaymen, both of noble and ignoble birth, so that princes and other potentates caused their subjects to be accompanied to Frankfort by an armed escort. Now the burghers of the imperial city would not allow any rights pertaining to themselves or their territory to be infringed; they would go out to meet the advancing party; and thus altercations often arose as to how near the escort should approach, or whether it had a right to enter the city at all. But these difficulties occurred, not only where matters of trade and fairs were concerned, but also when persons of rank made their approach in times either of peace or of war, and especially on the days of imperial elections; and the meeting often ended in blows when a retinue which was forbidden the city strove to force its way in along with its lord. Hence negotiations had from time to time been carried on, and many agreements concluded, though always with reservations of rights on both sides, and the hope was still entertained of composing a quarrel that had already lasted for centuries, especially as the whole institution, for the sake of which such fierce contests had so long been waged, might almost be regarded as useless, or at least as superfluous.

Meanwhile, on those days, the city cavalry in several divisions, under their various commanders, rode forth from different gates to a pre-arranged spot. There they met the troopers or hussars of the persons entitled to an escort, who, as well as their leaders, were well received and entertained. They stayed till towards evening, and then rode back to the

city, scarcely visible to the expectant crowd; and by this time many a city knight was not in a condition to manage his horse, or to keep himself in the saddle. The most important processions returned by the bridge-gate, and there the concourse was consequently greatest. Last of all, just as night fell, the Nuremberg mail-coach arrived, escorted in the same way, and the story was current that, in pursuance of custom, it always contained an old woman. Its arrival, therefore, was a signal for all the urchins to break out into a deafening shout, though it was far too dark to distinguish any one of the passengers inside. The throng that pressed after the coach through the bridge-gate was beyond belief, and quite bewildering to the senses. The houses nearest the bridge were, therefore, most in demand among spectators.

Another yet far more singular ceremony, which caused general excitement in broad daylight, was the Pipers' Court (*Pfeifergericht*). It was a survival from those early times when the larger trading-towns endeavoured to abolish, or at least to lighten, the customs which increased with the growth of trade and industry. The Emperor who needed their aid granted this exemption, whenever it was in his power to do so, but usually only for one year; so that it had to be renewed annually. This privilege was granted by means of symbolical gifts, which were presented before the opening of St. Bartholomew's Fair to the imperial magistrate (*Schultheiss*), who occasionally held the office of receiver-general of the customs; and, to add to the impressiveness of the ceremony, the gifts were offered when he was sitting in full court with the *Schöffen*. Even at a later date, when the chief magistrate was no longer appointed by the Emperor, but was elected by the city itself, he still retained these privileges; and thus both the immunities of the cities from toll, and the ceremonies by which the representatives from Worms, Nuremberg, and Old Bamberg acknowledged the ancient concession, had come down to our times. The day before the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, an open court was proclaimed. In an enclosed space in the great Imperial Hall, the *Schöffen* took their raised seats; a step higher, sat the *Schultheiss* in the midst of them; while below on the right hand were the attorneys invested by either party with plenary powers. The registrar begins to read aloud the weighty sentences

reserved for this day; the attorneys apply for documents, present appeals, or do whatever else the occasion requires.

All at once sounds of strange music seem to announce the advent of former centuries. They proceed from three pipers, one of whom plays an old shawm, another a bassoon, and the third a bombard, or oboe. They wear blue cloaks trimmed with gold, having the notes fastened to their sleeves, and their heads covered. In this guise they had left their inn punctually at ten o'clock, with the deputies and their attendants in their wake, stared at by residents and strangers, and thus they enter the hall. The legal proceedings are stopped—the pipers and their train halt before the barrier—the deputy passes through it and stations himself in front of the *Schultheiss*. The emblematic presents, which were required to accord precisely with ancient precedent, usually consisted of the staple commodities of the city offering them. Pepper passed, as it were, for all wares; and so, on this occasion, the deputy brought a handsomely turned wooden goblet filled with pepper. Upon it lay a pair of gloves, curiously slashed, stitched, and tasselled with silk—such as the Emperor himself might use on certain occasions in token of a favour conferred and accepted. Along with these was a white staff, which in former times was rarely absent in legal and judicial proceedings. Some small silver coins were added; and the city of Worms brought an old felt hat, which was invariably redeemed, so that the same one had been a witness of these ceremonies for many years.

After the deputy had delivered his speech, handed over his present, and received from the *Schultheiss* the assurance of the continuance of the privilege, he quitted the enclosed circle, the pipers blew their pipes, the procession departed as it had come, the court pursued its business, until the second and at length the third deputy had been introduced. For the deputies appeared at considerable intervals; partly that the pleasure of the public might be prolonged, and partly because they were always the same antiquated performers whom Nuremberg had undertaken to maintain and produce annually, at the appointed place, as representatives of itself and the other cities concerned.

We children were particularly interested in this festival,

because we were not a little flattered to see our grandfather in a place of so much honour ; and because we used generally to visit him, very modestly, on the self-same day, in the hope that, after my grandmother had emptied the pepper into her spice boxes, we might pick up a goblet, some little staves, a pair of gloves or an old *Rader Albus*.* An explanation of these symbolical ceremonies, calling up antiquity as if by magic, could not fail to transport us to past times and to awaken in us an interest in the manners, customs, and feelings of our ancestors, who were brought before us in so strange a way by pipers and deputies, seemingly risen from the past, and by tangible gifts, which we might ourselves possess.

These venerable solemnities were followed, in summer weather, by many festivals more amusing for us children, which took place in the open air, outside the city. On the right bank of the Maine, below the town, about half an hour's walk from the gate, rises a sulphur-spring, carefully enclosed and surrounded by aged lime-trees. Not far from it stands the *Good-People's-Court*, once a hospital, erected for the sake of the waters. On the common pasture-land around, the herds of cattle from the neighbourhood used to be collected on a certain day of the year ; and the herdsmen, together with their sweethearts, celebrated a rural festival, with dancing and singing, and every kind of gaiety and rude merry-making. On the opposite side of the city lay a similar but larger common, likewise adorned with a spring and still finer lime-trees. Thither, at Whitsuntide, the flocks of sheep were driven ; and, at the same time, the poor, pale-faced children were allowed to come outside the walls of their orphanage into the open air. Not until later did the thought occur to anyone that these destitute creatures, who must some day make their way in the world, ought to be brought into contact with it at an early age ; that instead of being kept in dreary confinement, they ought rather to be trained from the first to service and endurance ; and that there was every reason for strengthening them physically and morally from their infancy. The nurses and maids, always glad of an excuse for a walk, used to carry or lead us to such places, even in our earliest years ; so

* An old silver coin.

that these rural festivals are among the first impressions that I can recall.

Meanwhile, our house had been finished, and that too in a tolerably short space of time, because everything had been carefully considered and arranged for, and the needful money provided. We now found ourselves all together again, with general satisfaction: for, when once a carefully devised plan has been carried out, the various inconveniences incidental to its accomplishment are forgotten. The building, for a private residence, was roomy enough; light and cheerful throughout, with broad staircases, pleasant vestibules, and a view of the gardens from several of the windows. The decoration and fitting up of the inside were gradually accomplished, and served at the same time for occupation and amusement.

The first thing to be reduced to order was my father's collection of books, the best of which, in calf and half-calf bindings, were to ornament the walls of his office and study. He possessed the beautiful Dutch editions of the Latin classics, all of which he had endeavoured to procure in quarto for the sake of outward uniformity; and also many other works relating to Roman antiquities, and the less technical parts of jurisprudence. The most eminent Italian poets were included, and for Tasso he showed a great predilection. There were also the best and most recent books of travels; and he took great delight in correcting and completing Keyssler and Nemeiz from them. Nor had he omitted to surround himself with the most essential aids to learning, such as dictionaries of various languages, and encyclopedias, which might be consulted at will, together with much else tending to pleasure and profit.

The other half of this collection, in neat parchment bindings, with very beautifully written titles, was placed in a special attic. He attended to the addition of new books, as well as to their binding and arrangement, with great deliberation and orderliness: and he was much influenced in his opinion by critical notices that ascribed particular merit to any work. His collection of legal treatises was increased annually by several volumes.

Next, the pictures, which used to hang promiscuously about the old house, were collected and arranged symmetrically

on the walls of a cheerful room near the study, all in black frames, ornamented with gilt mouldings. It was one of my father's principles, expressed frequently and even passionately, that one ought to employ living artists, and to spend less upon dead ones, whose reputation often depended upon prejudice. He had the notion that it was precisely the same with pictures as with Rhenish wines, which, though age may impart to them a high value, can be produced in each successive year of an excellence equal to that of past years. After the lapse of some time, the new wine would become old, quite as valuable, and perhaps yet more delicious. This opinion he supported mainly by the observation that many old pictures seemed to derive their chief value for lovers of art from the fact that they had become darker and browner, and that the harmony of tone in such pictures was frequently the subject of praise. My father protested that, on the other hand, he had no fear that the new pictures would not also turn black in time, but he would not admit that this constituted an improvement.

In pursuance of these principles, he employed for many years all the Frankfort artists:—the painter HIRT, who excelled in introducing cattle in oak and beech woods, and other so-called rural scenes; TRAUTMANN, who had adopted Rembrandt as his model, and had attained great perfection in illuminated interiors and reflections, as well as in effective conflagrations, so that he was once ordered to paint a companion-piece to a Rembrandt; SCHÜTZ, a diligent painter of the Rhine country, in the manner of SACHTLEBEN; and JUNCKER, who executed flower and fruit pieces, still-life and quietly occupied figures with great clearness, after the model of the Dutch School. But now, by the change in our life, by more convenient accommodation, and still more by acquaintance with a skilful artist, my father's hobby was revived and encouraged. This artist was SEEKATZ, a pupil of BRINCKMANN, court-painter at Darmstadt, whose talents and character will be described in greater detail hereafter.

In the mean time progress was made in the completion of the remaining rooms, according to their several purposes. Cleanliness and order prevailed throughout. Above all, the large panes of plate-glass contributed towards perfect lighting, which had been wanting in the old house from various

causes, but chiefly on account of the predominance of round windows. My father was cheerful on account of the success of his undertaking; and if his good humour had not been often disturbed because the diligence and care of the workmen did not satisfy his demands, a happier life than ours could not have been conceived, since much that contributed to this happiness originated within the family itself, or came to it from external sources.

But an extraordinary event, affecting the whole world, deeply disturbed the boy's peace of mind, for the first time. On the 1st of November, 1755, the earthquake at Lisbon occurred, and spread a mighty terror over the world, long accustomed to peace and quiet. A great and magnificent capital, at the same time a trading and maritime city, is smitten, without warning, by a most fearful calamity. The earth trembles and totters, the sea rages, ships are dashed together, houses collapse, churches and towers on the top of them, the royal palace is in part swallowed by the waters, the cleft earth seems to vomit flames, since smoke and fire are seen everywhere amid the ruins. Sixty thousand persons, a moment before in ease and comfort, are annihilated at once, and he is to be deemed most fortunate who was not allowed time for thought or consciousness of the disaster. The flames rage on, and with them rage a troop of desperadoes, who usually lurk in concealment, and who were set at large by this event. The wretched survivors are exposed to pillage, massacre, and every outrage: and thus, on all sides, Nature asserts her boundless caprice.

Vague intimations of this event had spread far and wide more quickly than the authentic reports: slight shocks had been felt in many places: many springs, particularly those with medicinal properties, were seen to be much less full than usual; all the greater was the effect of the accounts themselves, which were rapidly circulated, at first in general terms, but finally with shocking details. Hereupon, the religious were ready with reflections, the philosophic with grounds for consolation, and the clergy with warnings. All this combined to turn the attention of the world for a time in this direction; and, as additional and more detailed accounts of the far-reaching effects of this explosion came from every quarter, people whose minds were already

perturbed by the misfortunes of others, began to be more and more anxious about themselves and their friends. Perhaps at no other time has the demon of terror sent his tremors through the earth so rapidly and overwhelmingly.

The boy, who had to listen to frequent repetitions of these events, was not a little shocked. God, the Creator and Preserver of Heaven and Earth, whom the explanation of the first article of the creed represented as so wise and benignant, had, by giving both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain his young mind strove to resist these impressions. It was the more impossible, as the wise and devout could not themselves agree as to the light in which such a phenomenon should be regarded.

The next summer gave a further opportunity of direct cognizance of that wrathful God, of whom the Old Testament records so much. A sudden hail-storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, burst with terrific violence and broke the new panes of plate-glass at the back of our house, which faced towards the west, damaged the new furniture, injured some highly prized books and other valuables. The storm seemed the more terrible to the children because the servants, quite beside themselves, dragged them into a dark passage, and there, falling on their knees, thought to conciliate the wrathful Deity by their frightful groans and cries. Meanwhile, my father, who alone retained his self-possession, forced open and lifted out the window-frames, and so saved many panes of glass, but opened a freer course to the torrent of rain that followed the hail, so that when at last we recovered ourselves, the passages and staircases were found to be swimming with streams of water.

These events, startling as they were on the whole, did not greatly interrupt the systematic course of instruction which my father himself had undertaken to give us children. In his youth he had attended the Coburg Gymnasium, which occupied a leading position among German educational institutions. He had there been well grounded in languages, and other subjects reckoned part of a learned education, had subsequently applied himself to jurisprudence at Leipzig, and finally had taken his degree at Giessen. His dissertation,

“*Electa de aditione hereditatis*,” thoughtfully and carefully written, still receives honorable mention from jurists.

It is a pious wish of all fathers to see what they have themselves failed to attain, realized in their sons, as if they were in a manner living their lives over again, and could at last turn their early experience to account. Conscious of his acquirements, certain of unfailing perseverance, and distrusting the teachers of the day, my father undertook to instruct his children himself, only allowing them such special lessons from professional masters as seemed absolutely necessary. An educational *dilettantism* was already beginning to appear very generally. The pedantry and dreariness of the regular masters in the public schools was probably its source. There was a desire for something better, but no account was taken of the necessary imperfection of all instruction which is not given by trained teachers.

My father had succeeded in his own career very much as he had wished: I was to follow the same course, only the way was to be easier and go further. He prized my natural endowments the more, because he was himself wanting in them; for all his attainments were the result of incredible diligence, pertinacity, and repetition. He often assured me, early and late, in jest and in earnest, that with my talents he would have behaved very differently, and would not have wasted them so prodigally.

By rapidly apprehending, assimilating, and retaining what I was taught, I very soon outgrew the instructions which my father and the other teachers were able to give, without being thoroughly grounded in anything. Grammar displeased me, because I regarded it as a mere arbitrary law; the rules seemed to me ridiculous, because they were invalidated by so many exceptions, which had all to be learned by themselves. And but for the Latin primer in rhyme, I should have fared badly; but as it was, I enjoyed humming and singing it to myself. We had, too, a geography in mnemonic verses, in which the most wretched doggerel best served to fix in our minds what we had to learn: *e.g.*:

Upper-Yssel—many a fen,
Makes it hateful to all men.

For linguistic forms and usages I had a ready perception;

and I also quickly realised what was involved in the conception of a thing. In rhetorical exercises, set compositions, and similar tasks, no one excelled me, although I was often made to take a low place for faults of grammar. It was essays such as these that gave my father particular pleasure, and for which he often rewarded me with presents of money, considerable for such a lad.

My father taught my sister Italian in the same room in which I had to commit Cellarius to memory. As I had soon ended my task, and yet was obliged to sit quiet, I listened with my book before me, and very readily picked up Italian, which struck me as an amusing variation of Latin.

Other precocities, as regards memory and the power of connecting things, I possessed in common with other children who have attracted attention in early years by their powers. For that reason my father could scarcely await the time for me to go to college. He very soon declared, that I too must go to Leipzig, for which university he retained a strong predilection, and there study law as he had done, and I was afterwards to visit some other university and take my degree. With regard to this second university he was indifferent which I should choose, except that he had for some reason a disinclination to Gottingen, to my great disappointment; for it was precisely Gottingen which had inspired me with confidence and raised high hopes within me.

He told me further, that I was to go to Wetzlar and Ratisbon as well as to Vienna, and thence to Italy, although he repeatedly affirmed that Paris must be seen first, because on coming from Italy nothing after it could give pleasure.

I loved to hear these tales of my future youthful career repeated, especially as they always ended in an account of Italy, and finally in a description of Naples. His usual gravity and dryness seemed on these occasions to be dispelled and to give place to animation, and thus a passionate wish awoke in us children that we might be admitted into the paradises he described.

Private lessons, which gradually multiplied, were shared with the children of the neighbours. This learning in common did not help me on; the teachers followed their accustomed routine; and the naughtiness, sometimes the ill-nature, of my companions, brought friction, annoyance, and

interruptions into the brief hours of study. Chrestomathies, by which learning is made pleasant and varied, had not yet reached us. Neither Cornelius Nepos, so stiff for young people, nor the New Testament, which was too easy, and made almost common-place by sermons and scripture lessons, nor Cellarius and Pasor could awake any interest in us; on the other hand, a kind of rage for rhyme and versification, in consequence of reading contemporary German poets, took complete possession of us. I had been seized by it at an early date, when I had found amusement in discarding the rhetorical treatment of subjects for a poetical one.

We boys used to hold Sunday meetings at which each of us had to produce original verses. And here a strange thing happened to me which long caused me uneasiness. My poems, of whatever kind, always seemed to me the best. But I soon noticed that my fellow-competitors, whose efforts were extremely lame, were in the same case, and were equally pleased with themselves. Nay, what appeared yet more suspicious, a good lad (though absolutely without capacity for such trials of skill), to whom I was attached, had his rhymes made by his tutor, and still not only regarded these as the very best, but was thoroughly persuaded he had made them himself, as he always maintained to me in all sincerity, in spite of the more intimate footing in which we stood to one another. Now, when I saw this obvious illusion and error before me, one day the question forced itself upon me, whether I myself might not be in the same case, whether those poems were not really better than mine, and whether I might not justly appear to those boys as mad as they to me? This disturbed me much and long; for it was altogether impossible for me to find any external criterion of the truth; even my productions came to a standstill, until at length I was reassured by my natural lightheartedness and the consciousness of my own powers, and lastly by a trial of skill—improvised by our teachers and parents whose attention had been drawn to our pastime—in which I acquitted myself well and won general praise.

No libraries for children had at that time been established. Their elders still had childish ideas, and did not trouble themselves to do more than impart their own

education to their successors. Except the *Orbis Pictus* of Amos Comenius, no book of its kind fell into our hands ; but we often turned over the leaves of the large folio Bible, with engravings by Merian ; Gottfried's *Chronicles*, with plates by the same master, instructed us in the most notable events of universal history ; the *Acerra Philologica* added all sorts of fables, mythologies and wonders : and as I soon discovered Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the first books of which in particular I studied carefully, my young brain was comparatively early furnished with a mass of pictures and events, of significant and wonderful figures and occurrences, and I never felt time hang heavy on my hands, as I always occupied myself in assimilating, repeating, and reproducing what I had acquired.

A more moral and elevating effect than that of these somewhat coarse and questionable antiquities, was produced by Fénelon's *Télémaque*, with which I first became acquainted in Neukirch's translation, and which, in spite of its imperfect rendering, had a sweet and beneficent influence on my mind. That *Robinson Crusoe* was added betimes, follows in the nature of things ; and it may be imagined that the *Island of Felsenberg* was not omitted. Lord Anson's *Voyage round the World* combined the dignity of truth with the imaginativeness of a fairy tale, and while accompanying this excellent seaman in thought, we were conducted over all the world, and endeavoured to follow him with our fingers on the globe. But a still richer harvest lay before me when I lighted on a mass of writings, which cannot, it is true, be called excellent in their present state, but by their contents show us, in an innocent way, much that is admirable in former times.

The publication, or rather the manufacture, of those books which at a later day became so well known and celebrated under the name of *Volksschriften*, *Volksbücher* (popular works or chap-books), was carried on in Frankfort itself. The immense demand for them led to their being printed from stereotypes on the most hideous absorbent paper, so that they were barely legible. We children were lucky to find these precious survivals from the Middle Ages every day on a little table at the door of a vendor of old books, and to make them our own for a few *kreutzer*. The *Eulenspiegel*, the Four Sons of Aymon, the Fair Melusina, the

Emperor Octavian, the Beautiful Magelone, Fortunatus, and all the rest of them down to the Wandering Jew, were at our service, whenever we coveted such works in preference to sweet-meats. One great advantage was, that when we had read, worn out, or otherwise damaged such a sheet, it could easily be procured again and devoured anew.

As a sudden thunderstorm proves a disastrous interruption to a family picnic in summer, transforming everyone's enjoyment into the very reverse, so childish ailments break in unexpectedly upon the most beautiful season of early life. Nor was it otherwise with me. I had just purchased Fortunatus with his Purse and Wishing-Cap, when I was attacked by discomfort and feverishness, the forerunners of small-pox. Inoculation was still considered with us a very doubtful expedient, and although it had already been intelligibly and urgently recommended by popular writers, the German physicians hesitated to perform an operation that seemed to forestall nature. Speculative Englishmen, therefore, had come to the continent, and for a considerable fee had vaccinated the children of such persons as were well-to-do and free from prejudice. Still, the majority were exposed to the old disease; the infection raged through whole families, killed or disfigured many children; and few parents dared to avail themselves of the new remedy, although its probable efficacy had been confirmed in many cases by the result. The disease now invaded our house and attacked me with unusual severity. My whole body was covered with spots, and my face irreconisable, and for several days I lay unable to see and in great pain. They tried all possible alleviations, and promised me mountains of gold if I would keep quiet and not increase the mischief by rubbing and scratching. I controlled myself, while, according to the prevailing prejudice, we were kept as warm as possible, which only made our suffering more acute. At last, after a woeful time, there fell a kind of mask from my face. The blotches had left no visible mark upon the skin, but the features were noticeably altered. Personally, I was only too thankful to see the light of day again, and to gradually lose my spotted skin; but others were so unkind as to remind me often of my previous condition; especially a very lively aunt, who had formerly idolized me, but who even in after

years could seldom look at me without exclaiming—"Fie, nephew! what a fright you've grown!" Then she would tell me circumstantially how I had once been her delight, and what attention she had attracted when she carried me about; and thus I early learned that people very often make us pay dearly for the pleasure which we have afforded them.

I escaped neither measles, nor chicken-pox, nor whatever the other torments of childhood may be; and I was assured each time that it was a good thing that this malady was now done with once for all. But, alas! another was already threatening me in the background, and attacked me. All these things increased my propensity to reflection; and as I had often practised endurance, in order to overcome the torture of impatience, the virtues which I had heard praised in the Stoics appeared to me highly worthy of imitation, all the more as they resembled the Christian virtue of patience.

While on the subject of family illnesses, I will mention a brother about three years younger than myself, who was likewise attacked by the same infection, and suffered greatly from it. He was naturally delicate, quiet and self-willed, and we were never great friends. Besides, he hardly lived beyond infancy. Of several younger children, who like him did not live long, I only remember a very pretty and attractive little girl, who also soon passed away; so that, after the lapse of some years, my sister and I were left alone, and were all the more deeply and affectionately attached to each other.

These maladies and other unpleasant interruptions were doubly irksome in their consequences; for my father, who seemed to have drawn up a kind of calendar of education and instruction, was anxious to make up every omission immediately, and imposed double lessons upon the young convalescents. It is true I did not find them hard, but they were unwelcome in so far as they retarded and to some extent repressed my natural development, which had begun to follow independent lines.

From these didactic and pedagogic inflictions, we usually escaped to my grandfather and grandmother. Their house stood in the *Friedberg* Street, and appeared to have once

been a fortress; for, on approaching it, nothing was seen but a large battlemented gate, flanked on either side by neighbours' houses. After entering, a narrow passage led eventually into a fair-sized courtyard, surrounded by irregular buildings, which were now joined together to form one dwelling. We usually hastened at once into the garden, which covered a considerable area behind the buildings, and was very well kept. Most of the walks were bordered by vine trellises; one part of the garden was used for vegetables, and another devoted to flowers which bloomed in rich succession from spring till autumn in the borders as well as in the beds. The long wall facing south was used for well-trained espalier peach-trees, on which forbidden fruit ripened temptingly under our eyes through the summer. But we preferred to avoid this side, because we could not satisfy our greediness there, and to turn to the opposite side, where an interminable row of currant and gooseberry bushes furnished our hungry mouths with a succession of fruit till autumn. No less prized by us was a tall wide-spreading old mulberry-tree, both on account of its fruit, and because we were told that silk-worms were fed upon its leaves. In this peaceful region my grandfather was to be found every evening, busy and happy amidst the fruit and flowers, performing the more delicate gardening operations with his own hands, whilst the rougher work was left to a gardener. He never wearied of the various processes necessary for keeping up and improving a fine bed of carnations. The branches of the peach-trees were carefully trained along the espaliers with his own hands in fan-shape, in order to encourage the abundant and convenient growth of the fruit. The sorting of the bulbs of tulips, hyacinths, and kindred plants, as well as their storage, he would entrust to no one; and I still recall with pleasure how busily he occupied himself with grafting the different varieties of roses. As a protection against the thorns, he put on a pair of those ancient leather-gloves, of which three pair were given him annually at the Pipers' Court, so that he was always well supplied with them. He also wore a toga-like dressing-gown, and an ample black velvet cap upon his head, so that he looked like a combination of Alcinous and Laertes.

All these gardening pursuits were carried on by my

grandfather as regularly and punctiliously as his official business; for, before he came down, he had always made out the list of causes for the next day, and read up the documents relating to the cases. Then he always drove in the morning to the Town Hall, dined on his return, afterwards nodded in his easy-chair, and thus each day was like the next. He spoke little, never showed any sign of passion, and I do not remember ever to have seen him angry. All his surroundings were old-fashioned. I never perceived any innovation in his wainscotted room. His library contained, besides law works, only the earliest books of travel, sea voyages, and discoveries of countries. Altogether I can call to mind no manner of life so apt to awaken a feeling of inviolable peace and endless duration.

But the reverence which we entertained for this venerable old man was immensely increased by the conviction that he possessed the gift of prophecy, especially in matters that pertained to himself and his destiny. It is true he made no definite and explicit statements to any one except my grandmother; yet we were all aware that he was informed of what was going to happen by significant dreams. He assured his wife, for instance, at a time when he was still a junior Councillor, that when the next vacancy occurred on the bench of the *Schöffen*, he would be elected to fill it; and soon afterwards when, as a matter of fact, one of these officials died of apoplexy, my grandfather gave orders, on the day of selection and final balloting, that his house should be quietly got ready to receive his guests and congratulators. Sure enough, the decisive gold ball was drawn in his favour. The simple dream by which he had learned this was, he confided to his wife, as follows: he had seen himself in an ordinary meeting of the whole Council, where all went on just as usual. Suddenly, the *Schöff*, who had since died, rose from his seat, descended the steps, and with a most polite bow invited him to take the place he had vacated, and then departed by the door.

A similar incident occurred on the death of the *Schultheiss*. It is usual to fill this office without delay, for fear the Emperor should some day resume his ancient right of nominating the *Schultheiss*. On this occasion, the messenger of the Council came at midnight to summon an

extraordinary session for the next morning; and as the light in his lantern was almost out, he asked for a candle-end to enable him to continue his way. "Give him a whole one," said my grandfather to the womenfolk, "he is working on my behalf." The subsequent event accorded with this statement—he was made *Schultheiss*; and what rendered the circumstance particularly remarkable was, that although his representative was the third and last to draw at the balloting, the two silver balls were drawn first, leaving the golden ball at the bottom of the bag for him.

Perfectly prosaic, simple, and without a trace of the fantastic or miraculous, were, too, the other dreams, of which we heard. Further, I remember that once, as a boy, I was rummaging among his books and memoranda, and found among other notes which had to do with gardening, such sentences as these: "To-night N. N. came to me and said——" the name and revelation being written in cipher; or "This night I saw——" all the rest being again in cipher except the conjunctions and similar words from which nothing could be inferred.

It is worthy of note, also, that persons who at other times showed no trace of prophetic insight acquired under his direct influence a momentary power of receiving premonitions, by the evidence of their senses, of sickness or deaths which were then occurring at a distance. But no such gift has been transmitted to any of his children or grandchildren; rather have they been for the most part robust people, enjoying life, and concerned solely with realities.

In alluding to them, I recall with gratitude many kindnesses I received from them in my youth. Thus, for example, we were provided with various occupations and amusements when we visited the second daughter, married to the grocer Melber, whose house and shop stood near the market in the midst of the busiest and most crowded part of the town. There we enjoyed looking down from the windows upon the hurly-burly in which we were afraid to mingle; and though, at first, among all the goods in the shop, we were only deeply interested in the liquorice, and the little brown stamped tablets made from it, in course of time we became acquainted with the multitude of articles

bought and sold in a business of the kind. This aunt was the most vivacious of all the family. While my mother, in her early years, took pleasure in sitting neatly dressed over some delicate fancy-work, or in reading a book, my aunt, on the contrary, would drive about the neighbourhood picking up neglected children, caring for them, brushing and combing them, and carrying them about, as indeed she had done with me for a good while. On the occasion of any public festivity, such as a coronation, it was impossible to keep her at home. Even as a little child, she had scrambled for the money scattered on such occasions; and it was related of her, that once when she had got a goodly number of coins together, and was looking at them with great delight in the palm of her hand, some one pushed against her, and all her dearly acquired booty vanished at a blow. There was another incident of which she was very proud. Once, while standing on a kerbstone as the Emperor Charles VII. was passing, at a moment when all the people were silent, she shouted a vigorous "Vivat!" into the coach, which made him take off his hat to her, and thank her very graciously for her bold salutation.

In her house, too, everything around her was full of movement, life, and gaiety, and we children owed many a happy hour to her.

A more peaceful life, which, however, accorded with her disposition, was led by a second aunt, married to Pastor Starck, pastor of St. Catherine's Church. He lived much alone, in conformity with his temperament and vocation, and possessed a fine library. Here I first made acquaintance with Homer, in a prose translation given in the seventh part of Herr Von Loen's *New Collection of the most notable Travels*, under the title *Homer's Description of the Conquest of the Kingdom of Troy*, ornamented with copper-plates in the style of the French stage. These pictures perverted my imagination to such an extent, that for a long time I could only picture the Homeric heroes in these forms. The incidents themselves gave me unspeakable delight; though I found great fault with the work for giving no account of the taking of Troy, and for ending so abruptly with the death of Hector. My uncle, to whom I mentioned this defect, referred me to Virgil, who satisfied my demands perfectly.

It goes without saying that we children received among other lessons, regular and progressive instruction in religion. But the Church-Protestantism imparted to us was, properly speaking, nothing but a kind of dry morality: no one dreamt of presenting it in an interesting form; and the doctrines failed to satisfy either soul or heart. Hence there were various secessions from the Established Church. Separatists, Pietists, Moravians, and whatever else their names and titles might be, sprang into being, all animated by the common desire of drawing nearer to the Deity, especially through Christ, than seemed to them possible under the forms of the established religion.

The boy heard these opinions and sentiments constantly spoken of; for the clergy as well as the laity took sides for and against. Those who dissented more or less widely were always in the minority, but their mode of thought was attractive from its originality, sincerity, constancy, and independence. All sorts of stories were told of their virtues and of the way in which they were manifested. The reply of a pious master-tinman was especially well-known, who, when one of his fellow-craftsmen thought to put him to shame by asking him who was his father confessor, answered cheerfully, confident in the goodness of his cause—"A very distinguished one—no less a person than the confessor of King David."

Things of this sort naturally made an impression on the boy, and encouraged him in similar ways of thinking. In fact, the idea occurred to him of directly approaching the great God of Nature, the Creator and Preserver of Heaven and Earth, whose earlier manifestations of wrath had been long forgotten in the beauty of the world and the manifold blessings granted us in it. The way he took to attain this end was very curious.

The boy had chiefly concentrated his attention upon the first article of the creed. The God who stands in immediate connection with nature, and recognizes and loves it as His handiwork, seemed to him the real God, who might enter into closer relationship with man, as with everything else, and who would make him His care, as well as the motion of the stars, times and seasons, plants and animals. There were passages in the Gospels which explicitly stated

this. The boy could ascribe no form to this Being; he therefore sought Him in His works, and desired to build Him an altar in true Old Testament fashion. Natural productions were to represent the world symbolically; above these a flame was to burn, signifying the aspiration of man's heart towards his Maker. From his natural history museum, gradually stocked as opportunity occurred, the boy brought out his best samples of ore and other specimens; but now came the difficulty—how to arrange them and build them up into a pile. His father possessed a beautiful red lacquered music-stand, ornamented with gilt flowers, in the form of a four-sided pyramid with ledges at various heights, which had proved convenient for quartets, but had been little used latterly. The boy possessed himself of this stand, and built up his representatives of Nature one above the other in tiers, so that the result was pleasing, and at the same time impressive. The first act of worship was to take place at early sunrise, but the young priest had not yet made up his mind how to produce a flame which should at the same time emit an agreeable odour. A method of attaining these two ends at last occurred to him, for he possessed a few fumi-gating tapers, which if they did not make a flame, yet diffused a pleasant fragrance as they smouldered. Indeed, this gentle burning and exhalation seemed a more fitting symbol of what passes in the soul than an actual flame. The sun had risen long before, but the neighbouring houses shut out the east. At last it rose above the roofs; forthwith a burning-glass was applied and kindled the tapers, which were placed at the top of his erection in a beautiful china saucer. Everything succeeded according to his heart's desire, and his religious service was complete. The altar was left standing as a special ornament in the room which had been assigned him in the new house. Every one regarded it as merely an ornamental collection of natural curiosities. The boy knew better, but concealed his knowledge. He longed for a repetition of the ceremony. But unfortunately, just as the sun rose most favourably, the porcelain saucer was not at hand; he placed the tapers directly on the upper surface of the stand; they were kindled, and so great was the devotion of the priest, that he did not observe, until it was too late, the mischief his sacrifice was doing. The tapers had burned

mercilessly into the red lacquer and beautiful gold flowers, as if some evil spirit had been there, and left black, ineffaceable footprints. This disaster caused the young priest extreme embarrassment. The damage could be concealed, it was true, by the larger specimens, but he had lost heart for new offerings, and the accident might almost be considered an indication and warning as to the danger which subsists in attempting to approach the Deity in such a way.

SECOND BOOK

ALL that has been hitherto recorded indicates that happy and comfortable state of things in which nations exist during a long peace. But nowhere probably is a delightful time of this sort enjoyed with greater satisfaction than in cities living under their own laws, large enough to contain a considerable number of citizens, and so conveniently situated as to enrich them by trade and commerce. Strangers find it to their advantage to come and go, and are under a necessity of conferring benefits in order to receive others in return. Even if such cities have but limited territory at their command, they are the better qualified to advance their internal prosperity, as their external relations do not pledge them to costly undertakings or alliances.

Thus, the Frankforters passed a series of prosperous years during my childhood ; but scarcely had I completed my seventh year, on the 28th of August, 1756, than the war of world-wide interest broke out, which was destined to exert a great influence upon the next seven years of my life. Frederick II., King of Prussia, had invaded Saxony with sixty thousand men ; and instead of prefacing his invasion by a declaration of war, he followed it up with a manifesto, said to be composed by himself, which stated the motives for and the justification of so tremendous a step. The world, which felt itself called upon to be judge as well as spectator, immediately split into two parties, and our family did but reflect the attitude of the larger whole.

My grandfather, who, as *Schöff* of Frankfort, had carried the coronation canopy over Francis I., and had received from the Empress a heavy gold chain with her likeness, took the Austrian side, along with several sons-in-law and daughters. My father having been nominated to the Imperial Council by Charles VII., and sympathizing sincerely

in the fate of that unhappy monarch, had Prussian leanings, with the other and smaller half of the family. The gatherings which had taken place on Sundays for many years without a break, were very soon disturbed. The misunderstandings, so common among relatives by marriage, for the first time took definite form and found expression. There were contentions, discord, silence, and outbursts of anger. My grandfather, otherwise a serene, quiet, and easy man, became impatient. The women vainly endeavoured to smother the flames; and after some unpleasant scenes my father was the first to withdraw from the company of the others. We were now free at home to rejoice in the Prussian victories, which were usually announced with great jubilation by our excitable aunt. Every other interest had to give way to this, and we passed the rest of the year in constant agitation. The occupation of Dresden, the King's moderation at the outset, his slow but sure progress, the victory at Lowositz, the capture of the Saxons, were but so many triumphs for our party. Whatever was adduced to the advantage of our opponents was contradicted or belittled; and as the opposite faction did the like, it was impossible to meet in the streets without disputes arising, as in *Romeo and Juliet*.

So it was that my sympathies were on the side of Prussia, or more accurately, of Fritz; for what cared we for Prussia? It was the personality of the great King that impressed everyone. I rejoiced with my father in our conquests, willingly copied the songs of victory, and perhaps yet more willingly the lampoons directed against the other side, poor as the rhymes might be.

As the eldest grandson and godchild, I had dined every Sunday since my infancy with my grandparents, and the hours so spent were the happiest ones of the whole week. But now I could not enjoy a single morsel, because I was compelled to listen to the most horrible slanders on my hero. The whole atmosphere and tone of the place was different from that of my own home. My affection and even my respect for my grandfather and grandmother diminished. I could say nothing about it to my parents, partly because of my own feelings, and also because my mother had warned me not to do so. In this way I was

thrown back upon myself; and as in my sixth year, after¹ the earthquake at Lisbon, my faith in the goodness of God had been shaken, in the same way I now began, *à propos* of Frederick II., to doubt the justice of the public. My heart was naturally inclined to reverence, and it required a great shock to shatter my faith in anything that was venerable. Unfortunately, good manners and proper behaviour had been held up before us, not for their own sake, but for the sake of other people. What would people say? was always the cry, and I thought that people must be really good people, and would know the right and wrong of everything. But my experience was all the other way. The greatest and most signal services were defamed and attacked; the noblest deeds, if not denied, were at least misrepresented and depreciated; and this base injustice was done to the one man who was manifestly superior to all his contemporaries, and who was daily proving and demonstrating his powers,—and not by the populace, but by distinguished men, as I took my grandfather and uncles to be. Of the existence of parties, and that he himself belonged to a party, the boy had no conception. His belief in the justness of his position and the superiority of his opinions was strengthened by the fact that he and those of like mind appreciated the beauty and other good qualities of Maria Theresa, and bore no grudge against the Emperor Francis for his love of jewelry and money. That Count Daun was often called an old dozer, they thought justifiable.

But now that I consider the matter more closely, I can discover here the germ of that disregard and even contempt for the public, which clung to me for a whole period of my life, and only in later days was corrected by insight and culture. Suffice it to say, that even at this early date the consciousness of party injustice had a very unpleasant, even an injurious effect upon the boy, by causing him to keep away from those he loved and honoured. The quick succession of military exploits and other events did not allow either party any peace or quiet. We took a malicious delight in reviving and embittering those imaginary wrongs and capricious disputes; and thus we continued to make ourselves unhappy, until a few years later the occupation

of Frankfort by the French brought real inconvenience into our homes.

Although to most of us the important events occurring at a distance served only for topics of passionate discussion, there were others who perceived the gravity of the times, and feared that in the case of France joining in the hostilities, our own neighbourhood might become the scene of war. We children were kept at home more than before, and various means for occupying and amusing us were devised. To this end, the puppet-show bequeathed by our grandmother was set up again, and so arranged that the spectators could sit in my gable-room, while the actors and managers of the plays, as well as the stage including the proscenium, were placed in an adjoining room. We were allowed, as a special favour, to invite first one and then another of the neighbours' children as spectators, and thus at the outset I gained many friends; but the restlessness inherent in children, made it impossible for them to remain passive spectators for long. They interrupted the play, and we were compelled to seek a younger audience, which could at any rate be kept in order by the nurses and maids. The original drama, for which the marionettes had been specially designed, we had learned by heart, and at first this was the only play we performed. However, we soon wearied of it, we changed the dresses and decorations, and ventured upon various other pieces, on too grand a scale for so small a stage it is true. Although by our ambitiousness we weakened and in the end quite spoiled the effect of our performances, these childish amusements nevertheless developed my powers of invention and representation in various ways, and called my imagination and a certain technical skill into play, to a degree which could not perhaps have been attained in any other way in so short a time, in so confined a space, and at so little expense.

I had early learned to use compasses and ruler in making immediate practical application of all instruction given me in geometry, and pasteboard-work was an unfailing source of occupation. I was not content with geometrical figures, little boxes, and such things, but invented pretty summer-houses, adorned with pilasters, flights of steps, and flat roofs. However, but few of them were completed.

On the other hand, I was far more persevering[•] in arranging an armoury with the help of our man-servant (a tailor by trade), for the use of our plays and tragedies, which we delighted in performing ourselves when we had outgrown the puppets. My playfellows, too, manufactured similar suits of armour for themselves, which they considered quite as splendid and as good as mine; but I had not been satisfied with providing for the wants of one person only, and could furnish several of the little band with every requisite, and had thus made myself more and more indispensable to our little circle. That such games led to factions, disputes, and blows, and usually came to a sad end with quarrelling and anger, may easily be supposed. In such cases there were some of my companions who generally took my part and others the opposite side; though changes of party frequently occurred. One particular boy, whom I will call Pylades, only once left my party, at the instigation of the others, and then with difficulty remained in opposition to me for a moment. We were reconciled amid many tears, and for a long time remained faithful friends.

To him, as well as other well-disposed comrades, I could give great pleasure by telling tales, which they liked especially when I was the hero of my own story. It pleased them very much to think that such wonderful things could befall one of their own playfellows; the difficulty I must have in finding time and opportunity for such adventures did not rouse their suspicions, although they must have been pretty well aware of all my comings and goings, and how I spent my time. The scenes, too, of these doings, had to be laid, if not in another world, at least in another locality; and yet all was said to have taken place only to-day or yesterday. Thus they were the victims of their own self-deception rather than of my guile. If I had not gradually learned, in accordance with the instincts of my nature, to work up these visionary shapes and idle fancies into artistic form, such braggadocio beginnings could not have been without ill effects for me.

If we consider this story-telling impulse carefully, we may recognize in it the same arrogance which we find in the poet who, when he presents even the greatest improbabilities,

will not allow his authority to be questioned or the reality of anything doubted that he, the inventor, regards as true under any aspect.

These general statements, introduced as a reflection by the way, will perhaps become plainer and more interesting if an example is given. I subjoin, therefore, one of these tales, which, as I often had to repeat it to my comrades, still lives clearly in my imagination and memory.

THE NEW PARIS

A BOY'S FAIRY TALE

NOT long since, the night before Whit Sunday, I dreamed I was standing before a mirror, busy with the new summer clothes which my dear parents had given me for the holiday. The dress consisted, as you know, of shoes of polished leather, with large silver buckles, fine cotton stockings, breeches of black serge, and a coat of green baracan with gold buttons. The waistcoat of gold cloth was cut out of my father's wedding waistcoat. My hair had been dressed and powdered, and my curls stuck out from my head like little wings; but I could not finish dressing myself, because I kept confusing the different articles, and because the first always dropped off just as I was about to put on the second. In this dilemma, a handsome young man came to me, and greeted me in the most cordial manner. "O! you are welcome!" said I, "I am very glad to see you here." "Do you know me, then?" replied he, smiling. "Why not?" was my no less smiling answer; "you are Mercury—I have seen you often enough in pictures." "I am, indeed," replied he; "and am sent to you by the gods on an important errand. Do you see these three apples?"—he stretched out his hand, and showed me three apples which he could scarcely hold, and which were as remarkably beautiful as they were large, the one red, the second yellow, the third green in colour. One could not help

thinking they were precious stones made in the form of fruit. I would have snatched them, but he drew back, and said, "You must know, in the first place, that they are not for you. You are to give them to the three handsomest youths of the city, who will then each, according to his lot, find a wife after his own heart. Take them, and do your part well," said he as he departed, and placed the apples in my open hands. They appeared to me to have become still larger. I held them up at once against the light and found them quite transparent; but soon they expanded upwards, and became three beautiful, beautiful, little ladies, about the size of moderately large dolls, whose clothes were of the colours the apples had been. They glided gently upwards along my fingers, and when I was about to clutch at them, to make sure of one at least, they had already soared far away into the air, and all I could do was to gaze after them. I stood there dumbfounded with amazement, still holding up my hands and staring at my fingers, as if there were something to see on them. Suddenly I beheld, upon the very tips, a most lovely girl dancing, smaller than the other three, but very pretty and lively, and as she did not fly away like the others, but stayed and danced, stepping to and fro, now on one finger-tip, now on another, I watched her for a long while with admiration. As she pleased me so much, I thought I might catch her at last, and made as I fancied a very adroit attempt to grasp her. But the same moment I felt such a blow on my head, that I fell down stunned, and did not awake from my stupor till it was time to dress myself and go to church.

During the service I kept on recalling what I had seen in my dream; so too while I was eating my dinner at my grandfather's table. In the afternoon, I wished to visit some friends, partly to show myself in my new dress, with my hat under my arm and my sword by my side, and partly to return their visits. I found no one at home, and, as I heard that they were gone to the gardens, I resolved to follow them, and have a pleasant evening. My way led along the ramparts, and I came to the part which is rightly called the Bad Wall; for it is never quite canny there. I walked slowly, and thought of my three goddesses, but especially of the little nymph; and often held up my fingers, in hopes she

would be so kind as to balance herself on them again. As I went on my way with such thoughts, I noticed on my left hand a little gate in the wall, which I did not remember to have ever seen before. It looked low, but the pointed arch above it would have allowed the tallest man to enter. Arch and wall had been most delicately chiselled by mason and sculptor; but it was the door itself which particularly attracted my attention. The old brown wood, only slightly ornamented, was bound with broad bands of brass, wrought in relief and intaglio. I could not sufficiently admire the foliage on them, and the most natural birds sitting in it. But, what seemed to me most remarkable, no keyhole was to be seen, no latch, no knocker; and from this I conjectured that the door could be opened only from the inside. I was not mistaken, for when I went nearer, in order to feel the ornaments, it opened inwards, and there appeared a man, the style of whose dress was long, ample, and peculiar. A venerable beard enveloped his chin, so that I was inclined to think him a Jew. But he, as if he had divined my thoughts, made the sign of the Cross, by which he gave me to understand that he was a good Catholic. "Young gentleman, how came you here, and what are you doing?"—he said to me, with friendly voice and manner. "I am admiring," I replied, "the workmanship of this door; for I have never seen anything like it, except fragments in the collections of amateurs." "I am glad," he answered, "that you like such work. The door is much more beautiful inside. Come in, if you please." I was not without misgivings. The strange garb of the porter, the seclusion, and an indefinable something that seemed to be in the air, oppressed me. I paused, therefore, under the pretext of examining the outside still longer; and at the same time I cast stealthy glances into the garden, for a garden it was which had opened before me. Just inside the door I saw a large, shady enclosure. Old lime-trees, standing at regular intervals, entirely covered it with their thickly interwoven branches, so that the most numerous parties might have enjoyed its refreshing shade during the hottest part of the day. I was already on the threshold, and the old man contrived to lure me on step by step. Nor did I resist; for I had always heard that in such

cases a prince or sultan must never ask whether there be any danger. I had my sword by my side, too; and could I not quickly despatch the old man, if he were to show hostile intentions? I therefore entered without anxiety; the keeper closed the door, which fastened so softly that I scarcely heard it. He now showed me the ornamental work on the inside, which was in truth far more artistic than that on the outside, explained it, and at the same time manifested particular good-will towards me. Entirely reassured, I let him conduct me in the shaded enclosure along by the wall that formed a circle round it, and in which I found much to admire. From recesses, tastefully adorned with shells, corals, and pieces of ore, water poured plentifully out of the mouths of Tritons into marble basins. Between them were aviaries and other lattice-work cages, in which squirrels frisked about, guinea-pigs ran hither and thither, and whatever other pretty little creatures one would wish to see. The birds called and sang to us as we advanced; the starlings especially chattered the silliest stuff. One always cried, Paris! Paris! and the other Narcissus! Narcissus! as plainly as any schoolboy can say them. The old man seemed to look at me earnestly every time the birds called out these names, but I pretended not to notice it, and had in truth no time to attend to him; for I now saw that we were making a circuit, and that this shaded enclosure was in fact a great ring, which inclosed another much larger space. Indeed, we had actually reached the small door again, and it seemed as though the old man meant to let me out. But my eyes remained directed towards a golden railing, which seemed to fence in the middle of this wonderful garden, and which I had ample opportunity for observing during our walk, although the old man contrived to keep me always close to the wall, and therefore at some distance from the centre. So now, just as he was turning towards the door, I said to him, with a bow, "You have been so extremely kind to me that I would fain venture to make one more request before I leave you. Might I examine that golden railing more closely, which appears to inclose the interior of the garden with a very wide circle?" "Most certainly," he replied: "but in that case you must submit to certain conditions." "In what do

they consist?" I asked hastily. "You must leave your hat and sword here, and must not let go my hand while I accompany you." "Most willingly," I replied; and laid my hat and sword on the nearest stone bench. Immediately he grasped my left hand with his right, held it fast, and led me almost forcibly straight forwards. When we reached the railing, my wonder changed to amazement! I had never seen anything of the kind before. On a high socle of marble stood innumerable spears and partisans, ranged side by side, their strangely ornamented points fastened together, and forming a complete circle. I looked through the chinks, and saw just beyond them a gently flowing stream of water, bounded on both sides by marble, and displaying in its clear depths a multitude of gold and silver fish, moving to and fro, now slowly and now swiftly, now singly and now in shoals. I should have liked, also, to look beyond the stream, to see what there was in the heart of the garden. But I found, to my great sorrow, that the other side of the water was bordered by a similar railing, so cunningly contrived that a spear or partisan on the other side exactly corresponded to each space on this side. These and the other ornaments rendered it impossible for one to see through, stand as one would. Besides, the old man, who still held me fast, prevented me from moving freely. Meanwhile, my curiosity, after all that I had seen, increased more and more; and I summoned up courage to ask the old man whether it would not be possible to pass over. "Why not?" returned he, "but on new conditions." When I asked him what these were, he gave me to understand that I must put on other clothes. I was quite ready to do so; he led me back towards the wall, into a neat little room, on the walls of which hung many kinds of garments, all of which seemed to approach the oriental style. I had soon changed my dress. He confined my powdered hair under a many-coloured net, after having to my horror thoroughly brushed out the powder. However, standing before a great mirror, I thought myself quite handsome in my disguise, and liked myself better than in my formal Sunday clothes. I made gestures and cut capers as I had seen the dancers do in the theatre at the Fair. While so doing I looked in the glass,

and by chance caught sight of the reflection of a recess which was behind me. On a white background hung three green cords, each of them twisted up in a way which I could not make out from a distance. I therefore turned round rather hastily, and asked the old man about the recess as well as the cords. He very courteously took a cord down, and showed it to me. It was made of green silk, and of moderate thickness; the ends were passed through a piece of green leather slit twice, and made it look like an instrument for no very desirable purpose. The thing looked to me suspicious, and I asked the old man the meaning of it. He answered me quite calmly and kindly, that it was for those who abused the confidence shown them here. He hung the cord in its place again, and immediately desired me to follow him; for this time he did not hold me, and so I walked freely beside him.

My chief curiosity now was to find out where the gate through the railing and the bridge over the canal were; for as yet I had not been able to discover them. I therefore scrutinized the golden fence very narrowly as we hastened towards it. But in a moment my sight failed; for all at once lances, spears, halberds, and partisans, began to rattle and quiver, and this strange movement ended in all the points on either side sinking towards each other, just as if two armies of olden times, armed with pikes, were about to charge. The confusion to the eyes, the clatter to the ears, was hardly to be borne; but most astonishing was the sight when they had all been let down into their places and covered the course of the canal, forming the most glorious bridge that one can imagine. For now the gayest garden met my sight. It was laid out in interlacing beds, which, looked at together, formed a labyrinth of richest tracery; all with green borders of a low downy plant which I had never seen before; all filled with flowers, each division of a different colour, also growing low and close to the ground, which made it easy to follow the outlines of the design. This enchanting sight, which lay before me in the sunshine, quite riveted my eyes. But I hardly knew where to set my foot; for the meandering paths were most daintily laid down with blue sand, which seemed like a darker sky upon earth, or a sky green in water: and so I

walked for a while beside my conductor, with my eyes fixed upon the ground, until at last I perceived in the middle of this maze of beds and flowers a great circle of cypresses or poplar-like trees, through which one could not see, because the lowest branches seemed to spring out of the ground. My guide, without exactly hurrying me by the shortest way, led me, nevertheless, directly towards that centre: and what was my astonishment, when on entering the circle of high trees, I saw before me the peristyle of a magnificent garden-house, which seemed to have similar prospects and entrances on the other sides! The heavenly music which streamed from the building transported me still more than the perfection of its architecture. I fancied that I heard now a lute, now a harp, now a cithern, and then a tinkling sound which did not belong to any of these instruments. The door which we approached opened at a light touch by the old man. But how amazed was I to see that the portress, who came out, was exactly like the dainty maiden who had danced upon my fingers in my dream! She greeted me, too, as if we were already acquainted, and invited me to walk in. The old man remained behind, and I went with her, through a short vaulted and beautifully decorated passage, to the central hall, the splendid dome-like ceiling of which attracted my gaze as I entered, and filled me with astonishment. Yet my eyes could not linger on it long, for they were attracted by a more charming spectacle beneath. On a carpet, directly under the middle of the cupola, sat three women, in a triangle, clad in three different colours; the one in red, the other in yellow, the third in green. The seats were gilt, and the carpet was a perfect bed of flowers. In their hands were the three instruments which I had heard outside; for on my arrival, they had stopped their playing. "Welcome!" said the middle one, who sat with her face towards the door, in the red dress, and with the harp. "Sit down by Alerte, and listen, if you are a lover of music."

I now noticed for the first time that there was a rather long bench placed obliquely before them, on which lay a mandoline. The pretty girl took it up, sat down, and drew me to her side. Now, too, I looked at the second

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lady on my right. She wore the yellow dress, and had the cithern in her hand; and while the harp-player was dignified in form, grand in feature, and majestic in deportment, an easy grace and cheerfulness distinguished the cithern-player. She was a slender blonde—while her companion had beautiful dark-brown hair. The variety and harmony of their music could not prevent me from observing the third beauty, in the green dress, whose lute-playing seemed to me at once touching and striking. She was the one who seemed to notice me the most, and to address her music to me; only, I could not make up my mind about her; for she appeared to me now tender, now strange, now frank, now self-willed, according as she changed her expression and mode of playing. Sometimes she seemed to wish to move me, sometimes to tease me; but do what she would, she got little out of me; for my little neighbour, with whom I was sitting side by side, had entirely won my heart; and as I clearly perceived these three ladies to be the Sylphids of my dream, and recognized the colours of the apples, I realized that I had no cause to detain them. I would rather have captured the pretty little maiden, if I had not retained such lively recollections of the blow which she had given me in my dream. Hitherto she had remained quite quiet with her mandoline; but when her mistresses had ceased, they commanded her to perform some merry little pieces. Scarcely had she jingled off some dance melodies, in a most inspiring manner, than she sprang up; I did the same. She played and danced; I was irresistibly impelled to accompany her steps, and we executed a kind of little ballet, with which the ladies seemed well pleased; for as soon as we had done, they commanded the little girl to offer me some refreshment till supper-time came. I had indeed forgotten that there was anything in the world beyond this paradise. Alerte immediately led me back into the passage by which I had entered. On one side of it she had two well-arranged rooms. In the one in which she lived, she set before me oranges, figs, peaches, and grapes; and I enjoyed with keen relish both the fruits of foreign lands and those of our own not yet in season. Sweetmeats there were in profusion; she filled, too, a goblet of polished crystal with foaming wine; but I had no desire to drink, as

I had refreshed myself with the fruits. "Now we will play," said she, and led me into the other room. This looked just like a Christmas fair; but such costly and exquisite things were never seen in a Christmas booth. There were all kinds of dolls, dolls' clothes, and dolls' furniture; kitchens, parlours, and shops, and playthings innumerable. She led me round to all the glass cases, in which these ingenious articles were kept. But she soon closed the first cases, and said—"These will not interest you, I know. But here," she said, "we might find building materials, walls and towers, houses, palaces, churches, for putting together a great city. But this does not amuse me. We will turn to something else, which will be equally entertaining for both of us." Then she brought out some boxes in which I saw an army of little soldiers piled one upon the other, and I admitted at once that I had never seen anything so beautiful. She did not leave me time to examine them in detail, but took one box under her arm, while I seized the other.—"We will go to the golden bridge," she said. "That is the best place for playing with soldiers; the lances show the position in which the armies are to be placed opposite to one another." We had now reached the golden swaying floor; and below me I could hear the waters gurgling, and the fishes splash, while I knelt down to arrange my columns. They were, as I now saw, all cavalry. She boasted that she had the Queen of the Amazons as leader of her feminine host. I, on the contrary, found Achilles and an army of splendid Greek horsemen. The armies stood facing each other, and nothing more beautiful could have been seen. They were not flat leaden horsemen like ours, but man and horse were round and solid, and most finely wrought; it was difficult to understand how they kept their balance, for they stood of themselves, without a stand for their feet.

Each of us had inspected our hosts with much self-complacency, when she declared war upon me. We had found ordnance in our boxes, viz., little cardboard boxes full of tiny polished agate balls. With these we were to fight against each other from a certain distance, while, however, it was an express condition that we should not throw with more force than was necessary to knock down the

figures, as none of them were to be injured. Now the cannonade began on both sides, and at first it succeeded to the satisfaction of us both. But when my adversary observed that I aimed better than she, and was likely in the end to gain the victory, which depended on the number of pieces remaining upright, she came nearer, and her girlish way of throwing then had the desired result. She overthrew a number of my best troops, and the more I protested the more eagerly did she throw. At last this put me out, and I declared that I would do the same. In fact, I not only went nearer, but in my rage threw with much more violence, so that it was not long before several of her little centauresses flew in pieces. In her eagerness she did not immediately notice it, but I stood petrified when the broken figures joined together again of themselves; Amazon and horse again became one, and at the same time quite alive, galloped from the golden bridge to the lime-trees, and careering backwards and forwards, vanished somehow in the direction of the wall. No sooner had my fair opponent perceived this than she broke out into loud weeping and lamentation, and exclaimed that I had done her an irreparable loss which was far greater than could be expressed. But by this time I was thoroughly angry, and, glad to annoy her, blindly flung my few remaining agate balls violently into the midst of her army. Unhappily I hit the queen, who had hitherto, during our regular game, been excepted. She flew in pieces, and her nearest officers were also shivered. But they swiftly joined together again, and started off like the others, galloping about very merrily under the lime-trees, and disappearing in the direction of the wall.

My opponent scolded and abused me; but being now in full swing, I stooped to pick up some agate balls which were rolling about upon the golden lances. It was my fierce desire to destroy her whole army. She, on the other hand, with great agility, sprang at me, and gave me a box on the ears which made my head ring. Having always heard that a hearty kiss was the proper response to a girl's box on the ears, I took her by the ears, and kissed her repeatedly. But she gave such a piercing cry as frightened even me; I let her go, and it was fortunate that I did so;

for the next moment I did not know what was happening to me. The ground beneath me began to quake and rattle ; I became aware that the railings were again set in motion ; but I had no time to consider, nor could I get a footing so as to fly. I was in terror every instant of being transfixed, for the partisans and lances were rising, and were already slitting my clothes. Suffice it to say I know not what befell me, hearing and sight failed me, and I recovered from my swoon and terror at the foot of a lime-tree, against which the pikes had thrown me as they sprang back. On awakening, my anger revived also, and grew yet more violent when I heard across the water the gibes and laughter of my opponent, who had alighted on the other side, probably somewhat more gently than I. Thereupon I sprang up, and when I saw the little army, with its leader Achilles, scattered around me, having been jerked across by the railings when I was, I seized the hero first and threw him against a tree. His restoration and flight now pleased me doubly, for a malicious pleasure was added to the prettiest sight in the world ; and I was on the point of sending all the other Greeks after him, when suddenly hissing waters spurted at me from all sides, from the stones and walls, out of the ground and the branches ; and, turn as I might, I was lashed by streams of water from all directions.

My light attire was quickly wet through ; it was already rent, and I did not hesitate to tear it entirely off my body. I cast away my slippers, and one garment after another. Indeed, in the end I found it very pleasant to have a shower-bath playing over me on such a warm day. Then, when I was quite naked, I walked gravely along between these welcome waters, intending to enjoy myself there for some time. My anger cooled, and I wished for nothing more than a reconciliation with my little adversary. But, in a twinkling the water stopped, and I stood drenched upon the saturated ground. The presence of the old man, who appeared before me unexpectedly, was by no means welcome ; I could have wished, if not to hide, at least to clothe myself. Shame, shivering, the effort to cover myself in some degree, made me cut a most sorry figure. The old man took the opportunity of heaping the severest reproaches upon me. "What hinders me," he exclaimed,

"from taking one of the green cords, and applying it, if not to your neck, to your back?" This threat I took in very ill part. "Beware of uttering, nay, even of thinking such words," I cried, "for otherwise you and your mistresses are lost." "And who are you," he asked defiantly, "who dare speak thus?" "A favourite of the gods," I said, "on whom it depends whether those ladies shall find worthy husbands and lead happy lives, or be left to pine and wither in their magic cell." The old man drew back several paces. "Who has revealed this to you?" he inquired wonderingly and doubtfully. "Three apples," I said—"three jewels." "And what reward do you demand?" he exclaimed. "First of all, the little creature," I replied, "who has brought me into this accursed plight." The old man cast himself down before me, regardless of the wet and miry soil; then he arose without trace of moisture, took me kindly by the hand, led me into the hall, quickly clad me again, and I was soon arrayed once more in my Sunday clothes with my hair powdered as before. The porter did not speak another word; but before he let me pass the threshold, he stopped me, and directed my attention to some objects on the wall across the way, while, at the same time, he pointed backwards to the little door. I understood him; he wished to imprint the objects on my mind, that I might be the more certain to find the door, which unexpectedly closed behind me. I thereupon noticed carefully what was opposite to me. Above a high wall rose the boughs of some ancient nut-trees, and partly covered the cornice at the top. The branches reached down to a stone tablet, the ornamental border of which I could recognize perfectly, though I could not read the inscription. It was placed above the projecting stone over the recess in which a fountain poured water from cup to cup into a great basin, where it formed, as it were, a little pond, and flowed away into the earth. Fountain, inscription, nut-trees, all stood directly one above another; I could paint it as I saw it.

Now, it is easy to imagine how I spent the evening and many following days, and how often I repeated this story to myself, which even I could hardly believe. As soon as ever it was possible, I went again to the Bad Wall, if only to refresh my recollection of these signs, and to look at the

wonderful little door. But, to my great amazement, I found everything changed. Nut-trees, indeed, overtopped the wall, but they did not stand close together. A tablet also was inserted in the wall, but far to the right of the trees, without ornamentation, and with a legible inscription. There is a recess with a fountain some distance to the left, but with no resemblance whatever to the one which I had seen ; so that I am almost obliged to believe that the second adventure was, like the first, a dream ; for of the little door there is not the slightest trace. The only thing that consoles me is the observation that these three objects seem to be always changing their positions. For on repeated visits to the spot, I think I have noticed that the nut-trees have moved somewhat nearer together, and that the tablet and the fountain seem likewise to approach each other. Probably, when they are all together again, the door, too, will be visible once more ; and I shall do my best to take up the thread of the adventure. Whether I shall be able to tell you what further happens, or whether it will be expressly forbidden me, I cannot say.

This tale, of the truth of which my playfellows strove ardently to convince themselves, received great applause. Each of them visited the place described alone, without taking me or any of the others into his confidence, and discovered the nut-trees, the tablet, and the fountain, but always at a distance from each other ; as they at last confessed to me, because at that age it is not easy to keep a secret. But it was only now that the controversy began. One asserted that the objects did not stir from the spot and always remained the same distance apart ; a second averred that they did move, but away from one another ; a third agreed with him as to the first point, viz. that they did move, though, on the other hand, it seemed to him that the nut-tree, tablet, and fountain rather drew nearer together ; while a fourth had something still more wonderful to tell, which was that the nut-trees were in the middle, but that the tablet and the fountain were on opposite sides to those I had stated. As to the traces of the little door, they also varied. And thus they furnished me with an early

instance of the contradictory views people can have and maintain in regard to a quite simple question which it is perfectly easy to decide. As I obstinately refused to continue my tale, a repetition of the first part was frequently requested. I was on my guard, however, against altering the circumstances much, and by the uniformity of the narrative I transformed fiction into truth in the minds of my hearers.

At the same time I was averse to falsehood and dissimulation, and not at all frivolous. On the contrary, the natural seriousness, with which I had early begun to regard myself and the world, was apparent even in my exterior, and remarks were frequently addressed to me, often in kindness, and often in raillery, on the score of a certain dignity of bearing. For, although I certainly did not lack true and chosen friends, we were always in the minority beside those who took a mischievous delight in rudely molesting us and often roused us in no gentle fashion from those egotistic dreams of a world of romance in which we—I as inventor, and my companions as sympathizers—were only too fond of indulging. Here again we learned that instead of yielding to effeminacy and imaginary delights, there was reason rather for hardening ourselves, in order either to endure or to combat inevitable evils.

In the exercise of stoicism, which I therefore cultivated as seriously as it was possible for a lad, I included the endurance of bodily pain. Our teachers often treated us very unkindly and roughly, with blows and cuffs, against which we hardened ourselves all the more as insubordination or refractoriness was forbidden under the severest penalties. A great many of the amusements of boys, moreover, depend on a rivalry in endurance of this kind; as, for instance, when they strike each other, with two fingers or the whole fist, till the members are numbed; or when they suffer blows, incurred as a penalty in certain games, with greater or less fortitude; when in wrestling or tussling they do not let themselves be put out by the pinches of a half-conquered opponent; when they stifle the pain which others inflict in order to tease, and even treat with indifference the pinching and tickling which young people so frequently practise upon one another. What we thus gain is of

material advantage to ourselves, and it is not easy for others to rob us of it.

But as I made in some sort a business of this indifference to pain, the impertinences of the others increased; and, since wanton cruelty knows no bounds, I was finally driven beyond the limits of my endurance. Let one case suffice. On one occasion the master had not come for the usual lesson. So long as we children were all together, we amused ourselves very peaceably; but when my allies, after waiting long enough, went away, and I was left alone with three of my enemies, the latter took it into their heads to torment me, put me to shame, and drive me away. They left me in the room for an instant, and then came back with switches, which they had made by hastily cutting up a besom. I perceived their intention, and as I supposed the hour to be nearly up, I at once resolved to make no resistance till the clock struck. They began, therefore, remorselessly to lash my legs and calves in the cruellest fashion. I did not stir, but soon felt that I had made a mistake in my calculation, and that such pain lengthens out the minutes very considerably. My wrath grew with my endurance, and at the first stroke of the hour, I grasped the one who least expected it by the hair at the back of his head, hurled him to the ground in an instant, and pressed my knee upon his back; the second, a younger and weaker boy, who attacked me from behind, I clutched by the head, drew it under my arm, and almost throttled him by pressing it to my side. The last—and he not the weakest—still remained; and I had only my left hand with which to defend myself. However, I seized him by the clothes, and with a dexterous movement on my part, and an over precipitate one on his, I dragged him down and struck his face on the ground. They, of course, bit, scratched, and kicked, but my mind, as well as every limb, was set on vengeance. Profiting by the advantage which I had gained, I repeatedly knocked their heads together. At last they raised loud shouts for help, and we were soon surrounded by all the inmates of the house. The switches scattered around, and my legs, when I pulled off my stockings, soon bore witness for me. Punishment was deferred till another time, and I was allowed to leave the house; but

I declared that in future, if I were given the slightest provocation by any one of them, I would scratch out his eyes, tear off his ears, or even throttle him.

This event, though soon forgotten, and even laughed at, as is the way with childish concerns, nevertheless led to our having fewer of these lessons in common, and eventually to their discontinuance. Thus, I was again, as I had been before, kept chiefly at home, where I found in my sister Cornelia, who was only one year younger than myself, a more and more congenial companion.

But I will not pass on to a new topic without narrating one or two other stories, showing how much unpleasantness I had to suffer at the hands of my playfellows. For the only lesson that such narratives of conduct can teach is the knowledge of how others have fared, and of what we, therefore, may look for from life, as well as the reflection that whatever befalls us is our lot as human beings, and not as specially fortunate or unfortunate individuals. Though such knowledge may aid us but little in evading life's ills, it is, nevertheless, very valuable in helping us to adapt ourselves to circumstances, to be patient under them—nay more, to triumph over them.

Here, too, it will not be irrelevant to introduce another general observation on a very marked discrepancy which is noticeable as the children of the cultivated classes grow up. On the one hand, the children are admonished and trained by parents and teachers to behave with self-control, good sense, and even rationally, never to injure anybody wantonly or mischievously, and to suppress all evil passions; on the other hand, while the young things are trying hard to put these precepts into practice, they are made to suffer at the hands of others the very things which, in them, are reprimanded and strictly forbidden. In this way the poor things are in a sad dilemma between the state of nature and the state of civilisation, and after restraining themselves for a while, according to their natural disposition either become spiteful or fly into a passion.

Force is most easily put down by force; but a well-disposed child, by nature loving and warm-hearted, has little wherewith to oppose scorn and ill-will. Though I succeeded fairly well in keeping off the active assaults of

my companions, I was by no means their equal in taunts and gibes ; because in such cases the one on the defensive always has the worst of it. Attacks of this sort, consequently, when they went so far as to rouse my anger, were repelled with physical force, or excited strange reflections in me, which brought other consequences in their train. Among other advantages which my ill-wishers grudged me, was the pleasure I took in the social advantages that accrued to the family from my grandfather's position of *Schultheiss* ; for his importance, as first among his equals, was to some extent reflected upon those belonging to him. Once, after the holding of the Pipers' Court, when I appeared to pride myself on having seen my grandfather in the midst of the council, one step higher than the rest, enthroned, as it were, under the portrait of the Emperor, one of the boys said to me scoffingly, that if I were like the peacock that looked at his feet, I should remember my grandfather on the father's side, who had been innkeeper of the Weidenhof, and would never have aspired to thrones and coronets. I replied that I was in no wise ashamed of the fact, as it was a splendid and inspiring feature of our native city that all its citizens might consider themselves equal, and every man might attain to prosperity and honour by following his calling in his own way. I was only sorry that the good man had been so long dead ; for I had often longed to know him in person, I had many times studied his likeness, nay, had visited his tomb, and when I read the inscription on the simple monument, I had at any rate been thankful for his past life, to which I owed my own. Another of my adversaries, the most malicious of them all, took the speaker aside, and whispered something in his ear, while they both looked at me scornfully. My gall was rising, and I challenged them to speak out. "It is only this, if you will have it," said the first, "he thinks you might look about a long time before you could find your grandfather !" I now threatened them more violently, if they did not explain themselves more clearly. Thereupon they brought out a silly tale, which they pretended to have overheard from their parents, that my father was the son of some eminent man, and the simple burgher had been willing to act the part of father. They had the impudence to produce all

sorts of arguments; as, for example, that our property was derived exclusively from our grandmother, that the other collateral relations, who lived in Friedburg and elsewhere, were all equally without property, and other reasons of the sort, which could derive weight from malice alone. I listened to them more composedly than they expected, for they stood ready to fly upon the first intimation that I meant to seize them by the hair. But I replied quite calmly, "that I did not mind if this were so. Life was such a boon, that it was a matter of indifference to whom we owed it, for ultimately it was derived from God, before whom we were all equal." As they could not gain their end, they let the matter drop for the time being; we went on playing together as before, which among children is an approved mode of reconciliation.

Nevertheless, these spiteful words had inoculated me with a sort of moral disease, which spread in secret. I did not at all dislike the idea of being the grandson of some person of distinction, even if not in the most legitimate way. I followed up the scent with keenness—my imagination was stimulated, and my astuteness challenged. I began to investigate the statements of my companions, and discovered or invented new grounds of probability. I had heard little of my grandfather, except that his likeness, together with my grandmother's, had hung in a parlour of the old house; when the new house was built both portraits were kept in an upper chamber. My grandmother must have been a very handsome woman, and of the same age as her husband. I remembered, also, to have seen in her room the miniature of a handsome gentleman in uniform, decorated with star and order, which, after her death, and in the general confusion of building, had disappeared with many other small articles. This, and many other items, I pieced together in my childish head, and in these early years exercised that modern poetical talent, which succeeds in gaining the sympathies of the whole cultivated world by a fanciful combination of significant facts of human life.

Naturally, in a case like this, I did not venture to confide in any one, or to ask even the most remote questions about it, and therefore resorted to a stealthy diligence, in order to get, if possible, more information on the subject. I had

heard it explicitly maintained, that sons often bore a decided resemblance to their fathers or grandfathers. Several of our acquaintances, especially Councillor Schneider, a family friend, had business relations with all the princes and noblemen of the neighbourhood, many of whom, both heads of houses and younger members, had estates on the Rhine and Maine and in the intermediate country, and now and again, as a mark of special favour, would bestow their portraits on their loyal agents. I now regarded these likenesses, which from my infancy I had often seen on the walls, with redoubled attention, trying to detect some resemblance to my father or even to myself, but this happened too often to lead to any degree of certainty. For now it was the eyes of this man, now the nose of that, which seemed to indicate some relationship. These criteria led me hither and thither along false tracks; and though subsequently I came to regard the reproach as a purely idle tale, the impression remained, and I could not forbear now and then calling up before me all the gentlemen, whose portraits had remained distinct in my imagination, and silently scrutinizing them. So true is it that whatever confirms a man in his self-conceit, or flatters his secret vanity, is so extremely acceptable to him, that he does not wait to ask whether in any other respect it redounds to his honour or his disgrace.

But instead of introducing serious or even censorious reflections here, I will rather turn my eyes away from those beautiful times; for who is able to speak fittingly of the wealth of childhood? We cannot behold the little creatures which move about before us otherwise than with delight, nay, with admiration; for their promise is usually greater than its realization, and it seems as if nature, among other pranks that she plays us, had here especially designed to make fools of us. The first organs she bestows upon the child on its entry into the world are adapted to the first primary conditions of the little creature, which applies them in the most skilful fashion to its immediate ends, naturally and unassumingly. The child, considered in and for itself, among its equals, and in an environment suited to its powers, seems as intelligent and rational as you could wish, and at the same time so tractable, cheerful, and clever, that one would hardly desire further education for it. If children

continued to grow in accordance with early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses; but growth is not merely development; the various organic systems which go to make up a man, originate in one another, succeed one another, change into one another, supplant one another, and even destroy one another; so that after a time scarcely a trace is to be found of early capacities and indications of power. Even where natural gifts have on the whole a particular bent, it is difficult for the wisest and most experienced judge to foretell their future development with certainty, although afterwards it is easy to point to indications of subsequent greatness.

It is, therefore, not at all my intention in these first books to relate the stories of my childhood to their finish; but I mean rather at a later point to take up and carry on many a thread which ran through the early years unnoticed. Here, however, I must point out the growing influence which the incidents of the war came to exercise upon our sentiments and modes of life.

The relation of the peaceful citizen to the great events of the world is a curious one. Even from a distance they excite and perturb him, and without coming into actual contact with them, he can scarcely avoid forming an opinion and feeling sympathy. He soon takes the side to which character or external circumstances incline him. But when such large issues, such momentous changes, draw nearer home, then, in addition to many outward inconveniences, the same inward discomfort remains, doubling and intensifying the evil and destroying the good which was still possible. Then friends and foes cause him real grief, the former often more than the latter, and he is at a loss how to preserve his affections or safeguard his interests.

The year 1757, though spent in perfect civic tranquillity, nevertheless brought us great uneasiness of mind. Perhaps no other year was more fruitful in events. Victories, exploits, disasters, recoveries, followed in succession, one swallowing up the other and cancelling its effects; but ever the figure of Frederick, his name and glory, stood out clearly before all else. The enthusiasm of his admirers grew ever stronger and more animated, the hatred of his enemies more bitter, and the diversity of opinion, by which even

families were split up, contributed to the further disunion of the burghers who were already divided on various grounds. For in a city like Frankfort, where three religions divide the inhabitants into three unequal masses, where only a few men, even of the ruling faith, can attain to political power, there must be many wealthy and educated persons who are thrown back upon themselves, and, giving themselves up to their studies and hobbies, lead an independent and secluded life. It will be necessary to turn our attention to men of this stamp, both at this point and subsequently, if we wish to realize the characteristics of a Frankfort citizen of that time.

My father, on his return from his travels, wished to fit himself for municipal service, and had conceived the characteristic design of filling one of the subordinate offices and discharging its duties without emolument, if it were conferred upon him without balloting. Conscious of his good intentions, and his way of thinking and his opinion of himself being such as they were, he considered such a distinction—which, it is true, was without law or precedent—to be no more than his due. Consequently, when his suit was rejected, he was angry and mortified, vowed that he would never accept any post, and in order to render it impossible for him to do so, procured the title of Imperial Councillor, an honorary title borne by the *Schultheiss* and the senior *Schöffen*. He had thus put himself on an equality with the highest, which made it impossible for him to begin again at the bottom. The same motive led him also to woo the eldest daughter of the *Schultheiss*, so that he was excluded from the Council on this ground also. He was now of that number of recluses who never form a society among themselves. They are as much isolated in relation to each other as to the whole, and the more so as in this seclusion the idiosyncrasies of character become more and more pronounced. My father, on his travels and in the larger world which he had seen, may have had some idea of a more elegant and liberal mode of life than was, perhaps, common among his fellow-citizens. In this respect, however, he was not without predecessors and associates.

The name of UFFENBACH is well known. At that time there was a Schöff von Uffenbach, who was generally

respected. He had been in Italy, had interested himself particularly in music, had a pleasant tenor voice, and on the strength of a fine collection of music which he had brought back with him, gave concerts and oratorios at his house. But because he sang at these concerts himself and gave countenance to musicians, they were considered not altogether befitting his dignity, and his invited guests, as well as the rest of his neighbours, frequently indulged in witticisms on the subject.

I remember, too, a BARON VON HÄCKEL, a rich nobleman, who was married, but childless, and occupied a charming house in the Antonius Street, fitted up with all the conveniences of a comfortable manner of living. Also he possessed good paintings, engravings, antiques, and other accumulations which find their way into the hands of collectors and connoisseurs. From time to time he would invite distinguished guests to dinner, and practised philanthropy in a careful way of his own, by clothing the poor in his own house, retaining their old rags, and giving them a weekly alms, on condition that they should present themselves each time cleanly and neatly clad in the clothes bestowed on them. I remember him but indistinctly, as a kindly, handsome man ; but all the more clearly do I recall his auction, which I attended from beginning to end, and where, partly at the bidding of my father, partly of my own accord, I purchased many things that are still among my collections.

At an earlier date—so early that I can hardly have seen him—JOHANN MICHAEL VON LOEN attracted a good deal of attention in the literary world as well as at Frankfort. Though not a native of Frankfort, he had settled there, and married a sister of my grandmother Textor, whose maiden-name was Lindheim. Familiar with political and court life, and rejoicing in a renewed title of nobility, he had acquired reputation by daring to take part in the various contemporary movements in Church and State. He wrote the *Count of Rivera*, a didactic romance, the subject of which appears from the second title, “or, the Honest Man at Court.” This work was well received, because it insisted on morality even at court, which, for the most part, is the haunt of worldly wisdom only ; and thus his efforts brought him commendation and respect. A second work, on the other hand, exposed

him to all the greater danger. He wrote *The Only True Religion*, a book designed to advance tolerance, especially between Lutherans and Calvinists. This led to a controversy with the theologians: in particular, Dr. Benner, of Giessen, wrote against him. Von Loen replied; the controversy became violent and personal, and the unpleasantness which arose from it caused him to accept the office of President at Lingen, offered him by Frederick II., who saw in him an enlightened, unprejudiced man, not averse to the new views which had made much more rapid progress in France. His former countrymen, whom he had quitted in some displeasure, averred that he was not contented there, nay, could not be so, as a place like Lingen was not to be compared with Frankfort. My father also doubted whether the President were happy, and asserted that his good uncle would have done better to steer clear of the King, as it was, generally speaking, hazardous to come into contact with him, extraordinary sovereign as he undoubtedly was; for had it not been seen how disgracefully the famous Voltaire had been arrested in Frankfort, at the requisition of the Prussian Resident Freitag, though he had formerly stood so high in favour and had been regarded as the king's master in French poetry? Such occasions did not fail to produce various reflections and examples, full of warning against courts and the service of the great about which a native Frankforter was hardly in a position to judge.

An excellent man, Dr. ORTH, I will only mention by name, because it is not my business here to erect a monument to the deserving citizens of Frankfort, but rather to refer to them only in so far as they themselves or their reputation exercised an influence upon my earliest years. Dr. Orth was wealthy, and was also one of those men who never took any part in the government, although perfectly qualified to do so by his knowledge and judgment. German archæology, especially that of Frankfort, owes much to him; he published *Notes* on the so-called *Reformation of Frankfort*, a work in which the statutes of the city are collected. In my youth I carefully studied the historical portions of this book.

VON OCHSENSTEIN, the eldest of the three brothers whom I mentioned before as our neighbours, though not

remarkable during his lifetime, in consequence of his recluse habits, became the more remarkable after his death, by leaving directions that he should be carried to the grave by working-men, early in the morning, in perfect silence, without attendants or followers. This was done, and the proceedings attracted a great deal of attention in the town, where people were accustomed to the most magnificent funerals. All who discharged the customary offices on such occasions protested against the innovation. But the brave patrician found imitators in all classes, and though such ceremonies were derisively called ox-burials,* they gained ground, to the advantage of many of the less well-to-do families, and funeral displays became less and less fashionable. I cite this instance as one of the first symptoms of that attitude of humility and equality which showed itself in the second half of the last century in such various ways, beginning with the highest, and finding expression in such unexpected forms.

There were, too, many lovers of archæology. Cabinets of pictures, collections of engravings, were already in existence, but a special interest was taken in the search for and preservation of national antiquities. The older decrees and mandates of the imperial city, hitherto uncollected, were carefully sought out, whether in print or manuscript, arranged in chronological order, and reverently preserved as a treasury of national laws and customs. The portraits of Frankforters, too, which existed in great number, were collected, and placed in special cabinets.

It was apparently men such as these whom my father took as his models. He lacked none of the qualities of an upright and respectable citizen. So, after he had built his house, he put his possessions of all sorts in order. An excellent collection of maps by the Schencks and other eminent geographers of the time, the decrees and mandates alluded to above, the portraits, a chest of ancient weapons, a case of remarkable Venetian glasses, cups and goblets, natural curiosities, ivory work, bronzes, and a hundred other things, were classified and arranged, and whenever an auction occurred, I always begged to be allowed to purchase new additions to the collection.

* A pun upon the name of Ochsenstein. — *Trans.*

I have still to mention one notable family, concerning which I had heard many strange things from my earliest years, and afterwards had personal experience of the eccentricities of some of its members. I mean the SENKENBERGS. The father, of whom I have little to say, was an opulent man. He had three sons, who even in their youth had all made themselves conspicuous by their oddity. Such doings are not regarded favourably by the society of a town where no one is allowed to make himself conspicuous, either in good or evil. Nicknames and strange stories, remembered long afterwards, are generally the outcome of such singularity. The father lived at the corner of the *Hasengasse* (Hare Street), which took its name from the sign on the house, representing a hare, or it may have been three hares. Consequently the three brothers were invariably called The Three Hares, and the nickname stuck to them for a long while. Very often the presence of unusual gifts is announced in youth by eccentricity and unmannerliness, and so it was in this case. The eldest of the brothers was the *Reichshofrat* (Imperial Councillor) von Senkenberg, afterwards so justly celebrated. The second was admitted to the Municipal Council, and displayed eminent abilities, which, however, he subsequently abused by pettifoggery and even nefarious acts, to the injury of his colleagues at any rate, if not of his native town. The third brother, a physician and a man of great integrity, who, however, practised little, and only in aristocratic families, preserved to extreme old age a somewhat odd appearance. He was always very neatly dressed, and whenever he was seen in the street, always wore shoes and stockings, a well-powdered curled wig, and carried his hat under his arm. He moved along rapidly, but with a curious indecision, so that he was now on this and then on that side of the street, and made a zigzag as he went. The wags said that this irregular step was meant to avoid departed spirits who might follow him if he were to walk in a straight line, and that he was following the example of people who are afraid of a crocodile. But all these jests and many amusing reports finally changed into respect for him, when he left his handsome dwelling-house in Eschenheimer Street, with courtyard, garden, and all appurtenances, to found a medical institution. Thus, in addition to a hospital,

designed exclusively for the citizens of Frankfort, there were provided a botanic garden, an anatomical theatre, a chemical laboratory, a considerable library, and a house for the director, of which no university need have been ashamed.

Another eminent man, whose importance in the neighbourhood and whose writings, rather than his personality, had a very important influence upon me, was KARL FRIEDRICH VON MOSER, who was constantly referred to in our district on account of his activity in business. He also was a man of strong moral principle, and his consciousness of the frailty of human nature disposed him to sympathy with the Pietists. Thus, the efforts of von Loen to introduce greater conscientiousness into court-life were paralleled by Moser with regard to business-life. The great number of small German courts gave rise to a multitude of princes and officials, the former of whom required unconditional obedience, while the latter, for the most part, desired to act and serve only in accordance with their own convictions. Thus arose never-ending conflicts, rapid changes and upheavals, inasmuch as the effects of absolutism are much more patent and visibly injurious in a small state than in a large one. Many of the princely houses were in debt, and Imperial Commissions of Debts had been appointed: others were hastening more or less rapidly towards the same condition; and this state of affairs led the officials of these houses either to reap an unscrupulous profit, or, by acting conscientiously, to cover themselves with dislike and odium. Moser wished to act as a statesman and man of business, and here his hereditary talent, cultivated to professional perfection, was productive of happy results; but at the same time he wished to act as a man and a citizen, and to guard his moral dignity as jealously as possible. His *Prince and Servant*, his *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, his *Relics*, truthfully reproduce his own position, in which he felt himself not tortured indeed, yet always cramped. They all indicate impatience with a lot to which it is impossible to be reconciled, yet from which there is no escape. In consequence of this mode of thinking and feeling, he was, naturally, often compelled to seek other employment, and this his great versatility enabled him to find without difficulty. I remember

him as a pleasing, sprightly, and at the same time gentle man.

The name of KLOPSTOCK already exercised a great influence upon us, even at a distance. At the outset, people wondered how so excellent a man came by so odd a name ; but they soon got accustomed to it, and thought no more of the meaning of the syllables. I had hitherto found only the earlier poets in my father's library, especially those who had appeared in his day from time to time and acquired fame. All these had written in rhyme, and my father considered rhyme indispensable to poetical works. Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger, Gellert, Creuz, Haller, stood in a row, in handsome calf bindings. Then came Neukirch's *Telemachus*, Kopp's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and other translations. From childhood I had diligently read through all these volumes, and committed portions to memory, and hence I was often called upon to entertain visitors. A period of annoyance, on the other hand, opened for my father on the appearance of Klopstock's *Messiah*, when verses, which did not seem to him verses at all, became the object of general admiration.* He had taken good care not to buy this book ; but our family friend, Councillor Schneider, smuggled it in and slipped it into the hands of my mother and her children.

This active business-man, who read but little, had been greatly impressed by the *Messiah*, as soon as it appeared. The pious sentiments, so natural in their expression and yet so beautiful in their elevation, the graceful language, even if considered merely as harmonious prose, had so captivated the dry man of business that he regarded the first ten cantos—for it is with these that we are now concerned—as the sublimest book of devotion, and he was wont once a year in Passion week, when he withdrew from business, to read it through in private, and draw refreshment from it for the whole year. At first he had thoughts of communicating his impressions to his old friend ; but he was much shocked to find an incurable dislike to a book of such glorious contents on account of its external form, which to him seemed a matter of indifference. As may be supposed, their conversation

* The *Messiah* is written in hexameter verse.—*Trans.*

often reverted to this topic, but both disputants differed more and more from each other, violent scenes ensued, and the compliant Councillor had at last to make up his mind to say nothing about his favourite work, in order not to lose a friend of his youth and at the same time a good Sunday meal.

It is the most natural wish of everyone to make proselytes, and how well repaid did our friend secretly find himself, when he discovered in the rest of the family hearts so favourably disposed to his saint. The copy which he used only one week during the year, was placed at our disposal for the rest of the time. My mother kept it secretly, and we children took possession of it when we could, so that in our leisure hours, hidden away in some corner, we might learn the most striking passages by heart, and, in particular, might memorize the most tender as well as the most impassioned parts as quickly as possible.

We vied with one another in reciting Portia's dream, and divided between us the wild dialogue of despair between Satan and Adrammelech who had been cast into the Red Sea. The first part, as being the most forcible, had been assigned to me, and the second, as being slightly more pathetic, was undertaken by my sister. These reciprocated curses, horrible it is true, but at the same time well-sounding, fell lightly from our lips, and we seized every opportunity to accost each other with these infernal phrases.

It was a Saturday evening, in winter—my father always had himself shaved over night, so that on Sunday morning he might dress himself for church at his ease—we were sitting on a footstool behind the stove, and muttering our customary imprecations in fairly low voices, while the barber was applying his lather. But now came the moment for Adrammelech to seize Satan with iron hands; my sister gripped me violently, and recited, softly enough, but with rising passion :—

“Lend me thine aid, I implore, I will worship thee, if thou demand it,
Thee, thou monster abandoned, yea thee, thou swart evildoer;
Aid me, I suffer the tortures of death, which is vengeful, eternal,
Once, in the times gone by, with a hot fierce hate I could hate thee,
Now I can hate thee no more! E'en this is the sharpest of tortures.”

So far all had gone well ; but loudly, with a dreadful voice, she cried the following words :—

‘ ‘ O, how am I crushed ! ’ ’

The good surgeon was startled, and emptied the basin of soap-suds into my father's bosom. There was a great uproar, and a strict investigation was held, especially in view of the disaster which might have occurred if the shaving had been actually in process. In order to prove that we had meant no harm, we confessed our Satanic characters, and the mischief done by the hexameters was so apparent, that, naturally, they were again condemned and banished.

Thus children and common people are accustomed to transform the great and sublime into a sport, and even a jest ; and how else indeed could they endure it ?

THIRD BOOK

AT that time the general interchange of personal good wishes made the city very lively on New Year's day. People who as a rule found it difficult to leave home, donned their best clothes, that for the nonce they might show friendliness and civility to their friends and patrons. The festivities at my grandfather's house on this day were a particularly welcome treat to us children. Early dawn found the grandchildren already assembled there to hear the drums, oboes, clarionets, trumpets, and cornets played upon by the military, the town musicians, and whoever else contributed to the music. The New Year's gifts, sealed and addressed, were distributed by us children among the humbler congratulators, and, as the day advanced, the number of those of higher rank increased. The relations and intimate friends appeared first, then the subordinate officials; even the gentlemen of the Council did not fail to pay their respects to the *Schultheiss*, and a select number were entertained in the evening in rooms which were hardly ever opened throughout the year. The cakes, biscuits, marchpane, and sweet wine had the greatest charm for the children, and, besides, the *Schultheiss* and the two Burgomasters were annually presented by certain institutions with some silver plate, which was then bestowed upon the grandchildren and godchildren in regular order. In fine, this miniature festival was not without any of those attributes which usually glorify the greatest.

The New Year's day of 1759 approached, as welcome and delightful to us children as any preceding one, but full of anxiety and foreboding to older persons. It is true we had become accustomed to the marching through of French troops: it was a common occurrence, but had been most frequent in the last days of the past year. According to the ancient usage of an imperial town, the warder of

the chief tower sounded his trumpet whenever troops approached, and on this New Year's day he never left off at all, which was a sign that large bodies of men were in motion on several sides. They did, as a matter of fact, march through the city in great masses on this day, and the people ran to see them pass by. At other times we had been used to see them march through in small detachments, but now they gradually increased in size without anyone's being able or willing to hinder it. In short, on the 2nd of January, after a column had come through Sachsenhausen over the bridge, through the Fahrgasse, as far as the Police Guard House—it halted, overpowered the small detachment which escorted it, took possession of the Guard House just mentioned, marched down the Zeil, and, after a slight resistance, forced the main guard also to yield. In a moment the peaceful streets were transformed into a scene of war. The troops remained and bivouacked there, until quarters were assigned them by regular billeting.

This unexpected burden, unheard of for years past, weighed heavily upon the ease-loving citizens, and to none could it have been more irksome than to my father, who was obliged to take foreign soldiers into his barely finished house, to give up to them his well-furnished reception rooms, which were usually kept shut up, and to hand over to the tender mercies of strangers all that he had been accustomed to arrange and manage with such care. Siding as he did with the Prussians, he was now to find himself besieged in his own chambers by the French;—it was, according to his way of thinking, the greatest misfortune that could happen to him. If it had only been possible for him to take the matter more easily, he might have saved himself and us many sad hours, since he spoke French well and could deport himself with dignity and grace in daily life. For it was the King's Lieutenant who was quartered on us, and although he was a military official, it was only civil-matters, such as disputes between soldiers and citizens and questions of debt and quarrels that he had to settle. This was the Count Thorane, a native of Grasse in Provence, not far from Antibes; a tall, thin, grave figure, with a face much disfigured by the smallpox, black fiery eyes, and a dignified, self-contained demeanour. His

very first entrance was propitious for the inmates of the house. The various apartments were discussed, some of which were to be given up and others retained by the family; and when the Count heard a picture-room mentioned, although it was already dark, he immediately requested permission to give at least a hasty look at the pictures by candlelight. He took extreme pleasure in these things, behaved in the most courteous manner to my father who accompanied him, and when he heard that the majority of the artists were still living and resident in Frankfort and its neighbourhood, he assured us that he desired nothing more than to make their acquaintance as soon as possible, and to employ them.

But even this sympathy in respect to art could not change my father's feelings nor soften his inflexibility. He acquiesced in what he could not prevent, but remained aloof and inactive, and the unwonted state of things around him was intolerable to him, even to the veriest trifle.

Count Thorane, meanwhile, behaved in an exemplary manner. He would not even have his maps nailed on the walls, for fear of injuring the new hangings. His servants were capable, quiet, and orderly; but, seeing that he was never left in peace all day long and part of the night, one complainant quickly following another, persons under arrest being brought in and led out, and all officers and adjutants being admitted to his presence; seeing, furthermore, that the Count kept open table every day; naturally the moderate-sized house, planned only for a family, and with but one open staircase running from top to bottom, was pervaded with a movement and a buzzing like that in a beehive, although everything was under ordered, thoughtful, and strict control.

As mediator between the irritable master of the house—who became daily more of a hypochondriac and a burden to himself—and his well-meaning, but grave and precise military guest, there was, fortunately, an easy-going interpreter, a handsome, corpulent, cheerful man, who was a citizen of Frankfort, spoke French well, could adapt himself to all circumstances, and only made a jest of many little annoyances. Through him my mother had sent a representation to the Count of the situation in which she was

placed, owing to her husband's state of mind. He described the situation with great skill—explaining that the new house was still in some disorder, that the owner was naturally reserved and occupied with the education of his family, with much more to the same effect; and the Count, who on his part took the greatest pride in absolute justice, integrity, and honourable conduct, resolved here also to behave in an exemplary manner to those upon whom he was quartered, and, in fact, never swerved from this resolution in spite of changing circumstances during the several years he stayed with us.

My mother possessed some knowledge of Italian, a language not altogether unknown to any of the family; she therefore resolved to learn French immediately. Accordingly the interpreter, for whose child she had stood godmother during these stormy times, and who, in consequence of this family connection, took a redoubled interest in our house, devoted every spare moment to his child's godmother—for he lived directly opposite—and in particular, he taught her those phrases which she would be obliged to use in her personal intercourse with the Count. This succeeded admirably. The Count was flattered by the pains taken by the mistress of the house at her years, and as he had a cheerful, witty vein in his character, and liked to exhibit a certain dry gallantry, a most friendly relation arose between them, and when godmother and father made common cause, they could obtain whatever they wanted from him.

As I said before, if it had been possible to cheer up my father, this altered state of things would have troubled us but little. The Count practised the severest disinterestedness; he even declined gifts to which his position entitled him; he rejected angrily the most trifling present which might have looked like a bribe, and even punished the giver. His servants were most strictly forbidden to put the proprietor of the house to the least expense. On the other hand, we children were bountifully supplied from the dessert. To give an idea of the simplicity of those times, I must take this opportunity of mentioning that my mother grieved us excessively one day by throwing away the ices which had been sent us from the table, because she would not believe it possible for the stomach to bear real ice, however sugary.

Besides these dainties, which we gradually learned to enjoy and to digest quite well, it was very agreeable for us children to be in some measure released from fixed hours of study and strict discipline. My father's ill-humour increased, he could not resign himself to the inevitable. How he tormented himself, my mother, the interpreter, the Councillors, and all his friends, only to rid him of the Count! In vain they represented to him that under existing circumstances the presence of such a man in the house was an actual benefit, and that the removal of the Count would be followed by a constant succession of officers or of privates. None of these arguments had any effect. To him the present seemed so intolerable, that his indignation prevented his conceiving anything worse that might follow.

In this way his activity, which he had been used chiefly to expend upon us, was crippled. He no longer showed the same strictness in setting our tasks, and we tried to gratify our curiosity for military and other public proceedings as much as possible, not only at home, but also in the streets, which was the more easily done, as the front door, open day and night, was guarded by sentries who paid no attention to the running in and out of restless children.

The many affairs which were settled before the tribunal of the Royal Lieutenant had a charm of their own from his making it a point to give some witty, ingenious, or lively turn to his decisions. His verdict was strictly just, his manner of expressing it whimsical and piquant. He seemed to have taken the Duke of Ossuña as his model. Scarcely a day passed in which the interpreter did not tell some anecdote or other of this kind to amuse us and my mother. With his love of fun, he had made a little collection of such Solomonian decisions; but I only retain a general impression, and cannot recall any particular instance.

By degrees we became better acquainted with the unusual character of the Count. He was perfectly aware of his own peculiarities, and as there were times in which he was seized with a sort of dejection, hypochondria, or whatever we may call the evil demon, he used to retire into his room at such hours, which often lengthened into days, would see no one but his valet, and even in urgent cases could not be prevailed upon to admit anyone to his presence. But

as soon as the evil spirit had left him, he appeared as before, kind, cheerful, and busy. It might be inferred from the talk of his valet, St. Jean, a merry, good-natured, thin little man, that in his earlier years, while dominated by this mood, he had been the cause of great suffering: and that therefore he had formed a serious resolve to avoid similar aberrations in his present important position, exposed to the eyes of all the world.

During the very first days of the Count's residence with us, all the Frankfort artists, such as Hirt, Schütz, Trautmann, Nothnagel, and Juncker, were summoned by him. They showed their finished pictures, and the Count bought those that were for sale. My pretty, light gable-room in the roof was given up to him, and immediately turned into a cabinet and studio, for he intended to keep all the artists at work for a long time, especially Seekatz of Darmstadt, whose art greatly pleased him, particularly in the treatment of simple and natural subjects. He therefore sent to Grasse, where his elder brother apparently possessed a handsome house, for the dimensions of all the rooms and cabinets; then discussed with the artists the divisions of the walls, and fixed accordingly upon the size of the large oil-paintings, which were not to be framed but to be fastened upon the walls like pieces of tapestry. Forthwith the work began in earnest. Seekatz undertook country scenes, and succeeded admirably with his old men and children, who were copied directly from nature. His young men were not so successful, they were usually too thin, and his women erred in the opposite direction. For as his wife was a fat, good, but unpleasing little person, who presumably would not allow him to have any other model, the result was not attractive. He was also obliged to exceed the usual size of his figures. His trees were natural, but the foliage was too laboured. He was a pupil of Brinckmann, whose painting of easel pieces is not to be despised.

Schütz, the landscape painter, perhaps understood best what was required. He was thoroughly at home in the scenery of the Rhine, and could catch the sunny tone which lights it up at a favourable time of year. Besides, he had had experience of work on a large scale, and so was not obliged to sacrifice skilful handling of details and a due

proportion of light and shade. The pictures which he produced were of a cheerful cast.

Trautmann *Rembrandtized* some resurrection miracles from the New Testament, and alongside of them set fire to villages and mills. He had a cabinet to himself, as I found from the designs of the rooms. Hirt painted good oak and beech forests. His cattle were praiseworthy. Juncker, accustomed to imitate the most elaborate Dutch artists, was least able to accommodate himself to this tapestry-work, but he condescended to ornament many compartments with flowers and fruits for a handsome price.

As I had known all these men from my earliest youth and had often visited them in their studios, and as the Count besides liked to have me with him, I was present when suggestions were made, consultations held, and orders given, as well as when the pictures were sent home, and even ventured to speak my opinion freely when sketches and designs were handed in. Among amateurs, and still more at auctions, which I attended diligently, I had gained the reputation of being able to tell at once what any historical picture represented, whether taken from Biblical or profane history, or from mythology; and even if I did not always hit upon the meaning of allegorical pictures, there was seldom any one present who understood it better than I. I had often persuaded artists to represent this or that subject, and I now was delighted to make use of my advantages. I still remember writing an elaborate essay, in which I described twelve pictures representing the history of Joseph; some of them were executed.

After these achievements, which were certainly laudable in a boy, I will mention a slight disgrace which happened to me among this circle of artists. I was well acquainted with all the pictures which from time to time had been brought into that room. My youthful curiosity left nothing unseen or unexamined. One day I found a little black box behind the stove; I proceeded to investigate what was concealed in it, and slipped back the lid without long deliberation. The picture contained was certainly of a kind not usually exposed to view, and although I tried to shut it again immediately, I was not quick enough. The Count entered and caught me—"Who allowed you to open

that box?" he asked, with his Royal Lieutenant manner. I had not much to say for myself, and he immediately pronounced my sentence in a very stern manner. "For a week," said he, "you are not to enter this room." I bowed and walked out. This order I obeyed most punctiliously, so that the good Seekatz, who was then at work in the room, was much annoyed, for he liked to have me about him; and, out of spite, I carried my obedience so far as to put down Seekatz's coffee, which I generally brought him, upon the threshold. He was thus obliged to leave his work and fetch it, which he took in such ill part that he almost stopped being friends with me.

It now seems necessary to explain in greater detail how I managed to make my way, under these circumstances, more or less easily, with the French language, without having ever learned it. Here, again, I was helped by a natural aptitude which enabled me to catch easily the sound of a language, its movement, accent, tone, and all other outward peculiarities. I knew many words from the Latin; Italian supplied still more; and by listening to servants and soldiers, sentries and visitors, I soon picked up so much that, if I could not join in conversation, I could at any rate understand single questions and answer them. All this, however, was trifling compared to the profit I derived from the theatre. My grandfather had given me a free ticket, which I used daily, with my father's disapproval, but with my mother's support. There I sat in the pit, before a foreign stage, and watched the movements and the expression both of gesture and speech the more narrowly as I understood little or nothing of what was being said, and therefore could only derive entertainment from the action and the intonation. I understood least of comedy, because it was spoken rapidly, and related to matters of everyday life, the phrases of which were unknown to me. Tragedy was not played so often, and the measured flow and rhythm of the alexandrines, the generality of the sentiments expressed, made it more intelligible to me in every way. It was not long before I took up Racine, which I found in my father's library, and declaimed the plays to myself, in theatrical style, as my organs of hearing and speech, with their intimate connection, had assimilated them, and this I did with considerable

animation, without being able to understand a single connected speech. I even learned entire passages by rote, and repeated them like a parrot, which was the easier to me from having previously been in the habit of committing to memory passages from the Bible which are generally unintelligible to a child, and then reciting them in the tone of Protestant preachers. The versified French comedy was then much in vogue; the pieces of Destouches, Marivaux, and La Chaussée, were often produced, and I still remember distinctly many characteristic figures. Of those of Molière I recollect less. What made the greatest impression upon me was the *Hypermnestra* of Lemierre, which was a new piece, and therefore produced carefully and often repeated. The *Devu du Village*, *Rose et Colas*, *Annette et Lubin*, each left a very pleasing impression upon me. I can even now recall the youths and maidens decorated with ribands, and their movements. It was not long before the wish arose in me to explore the interior of the theatre, for which many opportunities were offered me. For as I did not always have patience to hear the whole of the plays, I often carried on all sorts of games with other children of my age in the corridors, and in warmer weather even outside the door. Often a handsome, lively boy joined us, who was connected with the stage, and whom I had seen in many small parts, though only incidentally. He could make himself understood better with me than with the rest, as I could turn my French to good account with him, and he attached himself to me the more readily because there was no boy of his age or his nationality at the theatre, or anywhere in the neighbourhood. We met at other times, as well as during the play, and even while the representations were going on he seldom left me in peace. He was a most delightful little braggart, chattered away charmingly and incessantly, and could tell so much of his adventures, quarrels, and other strange incidents, that he amused me extremely, and in four weeks I learned from him more of the language, and of the power of expressing myself in it, than would have been thought possible; so that no one knew how I had acquired the foreign tongue all at once, as if by inspiration.

In the very earliest days of our acquaintance he took me with him upon the stage, and in particular led me to the

foyers, where the actors and actresses remained during the intervals and dressed and undressed. The premises were neither suitable nor convenient, for they had squeezed the theatre into a concert-room, so that there were no separate chambers for the actors behind the stage. A tolerably large ante-room, which had formerly served for card-parties, was now generally used by both sexes in common, who appeared to feel as little ashamed before each other as before us children, even if the strictest propriety were not observed in putting on or changing articles of dress. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and yet from habit, after repeated visits, I soon found it quite natural.

It was not long before a very peculiar interest of my own arose. Young Derones, for so I will call the boy whose acquaintance I kept up, was, apart from his boasting, a properly conducted and well-mannered boy. He introduced me to his sister, who was a few years older than we were, and a very pleasant, well-grown girl, of good figure, with brown complexion, black hair and eyes; her whole bearing had something quiet, even sad, about it. I tried to make myself agreeable to her in every way, but I could not attract her notice. Young girls think themselves far in advance of younger boys, and while their glances are directed towards young men, they assume the manner of an aunt towards the boy whose first affection is expended upon them.—With a younger brother of his I had no acquaintance.

Often, when their mother had gone to rehearsals, or was out visiting, we met at her house to play and amuse ourselves. I never went there without presenting the fair one with a flower, fruit, or some other little gift, which she always received very kindly, and thanked me most politely, but I never saw her sad look brighten, and found no trace of her having given me a further thought. At last I fancied I had discovered her secret. The boy showed me a pastel drawing of a handsome man, behind his mother's bed, draped with elegant silk curtains, remarking at the same time, with a sly look, that this was not really papa, but just the same as papa; and as he glorified this man, and told me many things in his circumstantial and ostentatious manner, I thought I might infer that the daughter

belonged to the father, but the other two children to the intimate friend. I thus explained to myself her melancholy look, and only loved her all the more.

My liking for this girl helped me to put up with the extravagances of her brother, which sometimes surpassed all bounds. I had often to endure prolix accounts of his exploits, how he had already fought various duels, but without wishing to injure his opponent—all merely for the sake of honour. He had always contrived to disarm his adversary, and had then forgiven him; nay, he had such skill in knocking his opponent's arms out of his hands that he once caused himself great embarrassment by hitting the sword of his opponent into a high tree, so that it was not easy to recover it.

What much facilitated my visits to the theatre was that my free ticket, coming from the hands of the *Schultheiss*, gave me access to any of the seats, including those in the proscenium. This was very deep, after the French style, and had seats on either side. These seats were enclosed by a low railing, and were arranged in tiers behind one another in such a way that the front seats were but slightly raised above the stage. The whole was regarded as a place of special honour, and was generally used only by officers, although the nearness to the actors destroyed, I will not say all illusion, but, to a certain extent, all charm. I have even experienced and seen with my own eyes the usage, or abuse, of which Voltaire so much complains. It occurred when the house was very full, at such time as troops were passing through the town, and distinguished officers attempted to occupy this place of honour, which was generally already filled: then rows of benches and chairs would be placed in the proscenium on the stage itself, so that nothing remained for the heroes and heroines but to divulge their secret joys and sorrows in the very limited space between the uniforms and orders. I have even seen the *Hypermnestra* performed under such conditions.

The curtain did not fall between the acts; and another strange custom must be mentioned which struck me very much, as its inconsistency with art was to me, as a good German boy, quite intolerable. The theatre was considered the most sacred spot, and any disturbance occurring there

would have been instantly resented as the greatest outrage upon the majesty of the public. Therefore in all comedies, two grenadiers stood with their arms grounded, in full view, at the two sides of the curtain at the back of the stage, and were witnesses of all that occurred in the bosom of the family. Since, as I said before, the curtain did not fall between the acts, two others, to the sound of music, relieved guard, by coming from the wings directly in front of the first, who retired with the same measured tread. Since such a practice was calculated to do away with all so-called illusion, it is the more surprising that it should obtain at a time when, in accordance with Diderot's principles and examples, the most *natural naturalness* was demanded upon the stage, and an absolute imitation of life was proposed as the proper aim of theatrical art. Tragedy, however, was absolved from any such military police-regulations, and the heroes of antiquity had the right to guard themselves; nevertheless, the same grenadiers stood close at hand in the wings.

I will also mention that I saw Diderot's "Father of a Family," and "The Philosophers" of Palissot, and still perfectly remember the figure of the philosopher in the latter piece, going upon all fours, and biting a raw head of lettuce.

All this theatrical variety could not, however, keep us children always in the theatre. In fine weather we played in front of it and in the vicinity, and committed all manner of absurdities, which, especially on Sundays and festivals, by no means corresponded to our personal appearance; for I and my comrades then appeared dressed as I described myself in the fairy tale, with my hat under my arm, and a little sword, the hilt of which was ornamented with a large silk knot. One day when we had been playing about, and Derones had joined us, he took it into his head to assert that I had insulted him, and must give him satisfaction. It is true I had no conception what the provocation was; but I accepted his challenge, and prepared to draw my sword. He, however, assured me that in such cases it was customary to go to a secluded spot, so as to settle the matter more conveniently. We therefore withdrew behind some barns, and placed ourselves in the proper position.

The duel took place in a somewhat theatrical style, the blades clashed, and the thrusts fell wide of their mark; but in the heat of the combat the point of his sword became entangled in the ribbon knot at my hilt. This was pierced through, and he assured me that he had received the most complete satisfaction; then he embraced me, likewise theatrically, and we went to the nearest coffee-house to refresh ourselves with a glass of almond-milk after our mental agitation, and to knit all the more closely the former bond of friendship.

In this connection I will relate another adventure which also happened to me at the theatre, although at a later date. I was sitting very quietly in the pit with one of my playmates, watching with pleasure a *pas seul*, which was executed with much skill and grace by a pretty boy about our own age—the son of a French dancing-master who was passing through the city. After the fashion of dancers, he was dressed in a close-fitting doublet of red silk, which ended in a short full skirt, like a runner's tunic, reaching down to the knee. We had given our meed of applause to this young artist with the whole of the audience, when—I know not how—a moral reflection came into my head. I said to my companion, "How handsomely this boy is dressed, and how well he looks; who knows in how tattered a jacket he may sleep to-night!"—People were already on their feet, but the crowd prevented our moving. A woman who had sat beside me, and who was now standing close to me, chanced to be the mother of the young artist, and felt much hurt by my reflection. Unfortunately, she knew German enough to understand me, and spoke just as much as enabled her to scold. She abused me violently. Who was I, she would like to know, to have the right to doubt the family and respectability of this young man? At all events, she would be bound he was as good as I, and his talents might probably procure him a fortune, of which I could not even venture to dream. This moral lecture she read me in the crowd, and made those about me wonder whatever rudeness I could have committed. As I could neither excuse myself nor escape from her, I was really embarrassed, and when she paused for a moment, said without thinking, "Well! why make so much fuss?—here

to-day, gone to-morrow." * These words seemed to strike the woman dumb. She stared at me, and moved away from me as soon as it was in any degree possible. I thought no more of my words; it was only some time afterwards that they recurred to me, when the boy, instead of continuing to perform, fell ill of a very dangerous malady. Whether he died or not, I cannot say.

Such premonitions in the shape of inopportune, or even unsuitable words, were held in repute even by the ancients, and it is very remarkable that the forms of belief and of superstition have remained unchanged among all peoples and in all periods.

From the first day of the occupation of our city, incessant diversion might be had, especially for children and young people. Plays and balls, parades, and the marching through of troops, drew our attention hither and thither. The numbers passing through were always on the increase, and the soldiers' life seemed to us a merry and attractive one.

The residence of the King's Lieutenant in our house procured us the advantage of gradually seeing all the distinguished members of the French army, and especially of inspecting at close quarters the commanders, whose names were already known to us by reputation. It was quite easy for us to look down from staircases and landings, as though they had been galleries, upon the generals who passed by. In particular I remember the PRINCE SOUBISE as a handsome, affable gentleman, but most distinctly of all the MARÉCHAL DE BROGLIO, who was a younger man, not tall, but well-built, lively, and quick, with intelligent eyes for what was passing around him.

He came frequently to the King's Lieutenant, and it was obvious that weighty matters were discussed. By the end of the first three months we were just beginning to get accustomed to having strangers quartered upon us, when a vague rumour was circulated that the Allies were on the march, and that Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick was coming to drive the French from the Maine. A poor opinion was held of the latter, as they had not been particularly successful in the war, and after the battle of Rossbach there seemed reason for despising them. Duke Ferdinand enjoyed the greatest

* A German proverb, "Heute rot, morgen tot."

confidence, and all who were Prussian in their sympathies awaited with eagerness their deliverance from the yoke hitherto borne. My father was in somewhat better spirits—my mother was apprehensive. She was wise enough to see that a slight present discomfort might easily be exchanged for a great disaster ; for it was but too plain that the French would not advance to meet the Duke, but would wait to be attacked in the neighbourhood of the city. A defeat of the French, their flight, the defence of the city, if it were only to cover their retreat and to hold the bridge, a bombardment, a general pillage—all these possibilities presented themselves to the excited imagination, and were cause of anxiety to both parties. My mother, who could bear everything but suspense, imparted her fears to the Count through the interpreter. She received the usual answer in such cases : she might be quite easy, for there was nothing to fear, and should keep quiet and mention the matter to no one.

Many troops passed through the city ; we learned that they had halted at Bergen. The coming and going, the riding and running constantly increased, and our house was in an uproar day and night. At this time I often saw Maréchal de Broglio, always cheerful, always the same in look and manner, and I was afterwards pleased to find the man, whose appearance had made such a good and lasting impression upon me, honourably mentioned in history.

Thus, after an unquiet Passion week, the Good Friday of 1759 arrived. A profound stillness announced the approaching storm. We children were forbidden to quit the house : my father could not rest, and went out. The battle began : I went up into the garret, where, though I could not see the country round, I could plainly hear the thunder of cannons and the volleying of musketry. After some hours we saw the first evidences of the battle in a line of wagons, in which the wounded, sadly mutilated, and groaning with pain, were slowly driven past us, to be taken to the convent of St. Mary, now transformed into a hospital. The compassion of the citizens was instantly called forth. Beer, wine, bread, and money were distributed to such as were in a condition to receive them. But when shortly afterwards wounded and captive Germans were seen in the train, pity knew no limits, and it seemed as if everyone were anxious

to divest himself of all his goods and chattels to assist his suffering countrymen.

The prisoners, however, were an indication that the battle was going against the Allies. My father, whose party feelings made him quite certain that they would come off victorious, had the reckless temerity to go forth to meet the expected victors, without thinking that the defeated party must run over him in their flight. He first repaired to his garden outside the Friedberg Gate, where he found everything quiet and deserted; then he ventured on to the Bornheim Heath, where he soon descried various stragglers and camp followers, amusing themselves by shooting at the boundary-stones, so that the rebounding bullets whizzed about the head of the inquisitive wanderer. He therefore considered it more prudent to go back, and learned on enquiry—as the sound of firing might have convinced him—that all stood well for the French, and that there was no thought of retreating. Reaching home out of temper, the sight of his wounded and captured countrymen made him altogether lose his usual self-control. He, too, caused various donations to be given to the passers-by, but only Germans were to have them, which was not always practicable, as fate had packed together friend and foe in the same wagon.

My mother and we children, who had relied on the Count's word before this happened, and had therefore passed a tolerably quiet day, were highly rejoiced, and my mother was doubly reassured, for in the morning, when she consulted the oracle of her "Golden Treasury," by sticking a pin between the leaves, she had received a very consoling answer, both as regards the present and the future. We wished our father a similar faith and frame of mind; we flattered him as much as we could; we entreated him to have something to eat, as he had taken nothing all day; but he repulsed our caresses and all food, and betook himself to his chamber. Our joy, meanwhile, was untroubled; the encounter was at an end; the King's Lieutenant, who, contrary to his wont, had been on horseback to-day, at last returned home, where his presence was more necessary than ever. We sprang to meet him, kissed his hands, and testified our delight. This seemed to please him greatly. "Well," said he more kindly than usual, "I am glad also for your

sakes, my dear children." He immediately ordered sweet-meats, sweet wine, in short, the best of everything to be given us, and went to his room, already surrounded by a crowd of persons, importuning him with demands and petitions.

We now enjoyed a delicious feast, pitied our poor father who would not partake of it, and pressed our mother to go and call him; but she, wiser than we, well knew how distasteful such gifts would be to him. In the meantime she had prepared supper, and would have liked to send some up to his room, but he never permitted such irregularities even in the most extreme cases; and after the sweet things were removed, we endeavoured to persuade him to come down into the ordinary dining-room. At last he unwillingly allowed himself to be persuaded, and we had no notion of the mischief which we were preparing for him and ourselves. The staircase ran through the whole house, past all the corridors. My father on his way down had to go directly past the Count's apartment. The hall outside his room was so full of people, that the Count, with a view to transacting various businesses at once, resolved to come out, and unfortunately this happened at the moment when my father was coming downstairs. The Count went up to him cheerfully, greeted him, and remarked, "You must congratulate yourselves and us that this dangerous affair has terminated so happily." "By no means!" replied my father in great wrath; "I wish they had driven you to the devil, even if I had had to go too." The Count paused for a moment, and then broke out in a rage—"You shall suffer for this," cried he; "you will find that you have not insulted the good cause and myself in this way for nothing!"

My father, meanwhile, had come down calmly, seated himself with us, seemed more cheerful than before, and begun to eat. We were glad of this, unconscious of the dangerous method in which he had unburdened his heart. Soon afterwards my mother was called out, and we longed to chatter to our father about the good things the Count had given us. Our mother did not return. At last the interpreter came in. At a hint from him we were sent to bed; it was already late, and we obeyed willingly. After sleeping quietly all night, we heard of the violent commotion which

had perturbed the house the previous evening. The King's Lieutenant had instantly ordered my father to be taken to the guard-house. The subalterns knew very well that he was never to be contradicted; yet they had often earned thanks by delaying to execute his orders. The interpreter, whose presence of mind never forsook him, succeeded in impressing this point of view upon them. The tumult, moreover, was so great, that delay under the circumstances would be unnoticed and excusable. He had called out my mother, and put the aide-de-camp, as it were, into her hands, so that by prayers and representations she might effect a brief respite. He himself hurried to the Count, who with his great self-command had immediately retired into the inner room, and preferred that the most urgent business should wait a moment, rather than wreak the ill-humour that had been aroused in him on an innocent person, and give a decision derogatory to his dignity.

His own address to the Count, as well as the train of the whole conversation, were so often repeated to us by the fat interpreter, who prided himself not a little on the fortunate issue, that I can still reproduce it from memory.

The interpreter had ventured to open the cabinet and enter, an act which was strictly prohibited. "What do you want?" shouted the Count, angrily. "Out with you!—no one but St. Jean has a right to enter here."

"Well, suppose I am St. Jean for a moment," answered the interpreter.

"It would need a lively imagination to do that! Two of him would not make one such as you. Retire!"

"Count, you have received a great gift from heaven, and to that I appeal."

"You think to flatter me! Do not fancy you will succeed."

"You have the great gift, Count, of listening—even in moments of passion, in moments of anger—to the opinions of others."

"Well, well, it is precisely a question of opinions that we have before us—opinions to which I have listened too long. I know but too well that we are not liked here, and that these burghers look askance at us."

"Not all!"

"Very many. What ! Do these citizens call themselves citizens of the Empire ? They saw their Emperor elected and crowned, and when he is unjustly attacked and in danger of losing his dominions and surrendering to an usurper ; when he fortunately finds faithful allies who sacrifice their blood and their wealth in his behalf—they will not bear the slight burden that falls to their share, towards humbling the enemy !"

"But you have long known these sentiments, and have tolerated them like a wise man ; they are, besides, held only by a minority. A few, dazzled by the splendid qualities of the enemy, whom you yourself acknowledge to be an extraordinary man, a few only—as you are aware."

"Yes, indeed ! I have known and tolerated it too long ; otherwise this man would not have presumed to utter such insults to my face, at the most critical moment. Let them be as many as they please, they shall be punished in the person of this their audacious representative, and find out what they have to expect."

"Only delay, Count !"

"In some cases it is impossible to act too promptly."

"Only a slight delay, Count !"

"Neighbour, you think to lead me into a false step ; you shall not succeed."

"I would neither lead you into a false step nor keep you from one ; your resolution is just ; it becomes the Frenchman and the King's Lieutenant ; but consider that you are also Count Thorane !"

"He has nothing to say in this case."

"But the gallant man has a right to be heard."

"What would he say then ?"

"King's Lieutenant," he would begin, "you have so long had patience with so many insignificant, disobliging, bungling men, if they did not go too far. This man certainly went very far ; do but prevail upon yourself to be equally patient now, King's Lieutenant, and every one will praise and extol you for so doing."

"You know I can often endure your jests, but do not abuse my good-will. These people—are they completely blinded ? Suppose we had lost the battle, what would have been their fate at this moment ? We fight to the very

gates, we shut up the city, we halt, we defend ourselves to cover our retreat over the bridge. Think you, the enemy would have stood with his hands before him? He throws grenades, and whatever he has at hand, and they set fire wherever possible. This householder—what would he have? Here, in these rooms, a bomb might have burst this minute, and another have followed it;—in these rooms, where I spared the cursed China wall-papers and inconvenienced myself by not nailing up my maps! They ought to have spent the whole day on their knees.”

“How many have done so!”

“They ought to have prayed for a blessing on us, and to have gone out to meet the generals and officers with tokens of honour and joy, and the wearied soldiers with refreshments. Instead of this, the poison of party-spirit destroys the fairest and happiest moments of my life, won by so many anxieties and efforts.”

“It is party-spirit; but you will only increase it by punishing this man. Those who think with him will proclaim you a tyrant and a barbarian :—they will consider him a martyr, who has suffered for the good cause; and even those of the other opinion, who are now his opponents, will see in him only their fellow-citizen, will pity him, and while they confess your justice, will yet feel that you have proceeded too severely.”

“I have listened to you too long already,—now, away with you!”

“Only listen to this one word more! Remember this is the most unheard-of thing that could befall this man, this family. You have had no reason to be edified by the goodwill of the master of the house; but the mistress has anticipated all your wishes, and the children have regarded you as their uncle. With this single blow, you will for ever destroy the peace and happiness of this dwelling. Indeed, I may say, that a bomb falling into the house, would not have occasioned greater desolation. I have so often admired your self-command, Count; give me on this occasion reason to adore you. A warrior is worthy of honour who considers himself a guest in the house of an enemy; but here there is no enemy, only a mistaken man. Prevail upon yourself, and you will acquire everlasting fame.”

"That would be odd," replied the Count, with a smile.

"Merely natural," continued the interpreter; "I have not sent the wife and children to your feet, because I know you detest such scenes; but I will depict to you the gratitude of this wife and these children. I will depict them to you talking all their lives of the Battle of Bergen, and of your magnanimity on this day, relating it to their children, and children's children, and inspiring even strangers with their own interest for you: an act of this kind can never perish."

"But this does not appeal to my weak side, interpreter! About posthumous fame I am not in the habit of thinking; that is for others, not for me; but to do right at the moment, not to neglect my duty, not to prejudice my honour—that is my care. We have already had too many words; now go—and receive the thanks of the thankless, whom I spare."

The interpreter, surprised and moved by this unexpectedly favourable issue, could not restrain his tears, and would have kissed the Count's hands. The Count motioned him off, and said sternly and gravely, "You know I cannot bear such things." And with these words he went into the passage to attend to his pressing affairs, and hear the wants of the waiting crowd. So the matter was disposed of, and next morning we celebrated with the remnants of the yesterday's sweetmeats the passing of a disaster which had menaced us while we were happily asleep.

Whether the interpreter really spoke so wisely, or merely painted the scene in this way to himself, as one is apt to do after a virtuous and successful action, I will not decide; at least he never varied in repeating it. Suffice it to say, this day seemed to him both the most anxious and the most glorious in his life.

One little incident will show how the Count always rejected all false parade, never assumed a title which did not belong to him, and how witty he always was in his more cheerful moods.

A man of good family, who was one of the eccentric, solitary Frankforters, felt it necessary to complain of the quartering of the soldiers upon him. He came in person, and the interpreter proffered his services, but the other considered that he did not require them. He presented himself

to the Count with a most gentlemanly bow, and said, "Your Excellency!" The Count returned the bow, as well as the "Excellency." Surprised by this mark of honour, and inferring that the title was too humble, he bowed more deeply, and said, "Monseigneur." "Sir," said the Count, quite seriously, "we will go no further, or else we might easily arrive at 'Your Majesty.'" The gentleman was extremely confused, and had not a word to say. The interpreter, standing at some distance, and cognizant of the whole proceeding, was spiteful enough not to move, but the Count continued with great sprightliness, "Well now, for example, sir, what is your name?" "Spangenberg," replied the other. "And mine," said the Count, "is Thorane. Spangenberg, what is your business with Thorane? Now, then, let us sit down; the matter shall be settled at once."

And the matter was settled at once, to the great satisfaction of the person I have here called Spangenberg, and the very same evening, in our family circle, the story was not only related by the malicious interpreter, but was acted with all the details and gestures.

After such disturbances, turmoil, and troubles, we soon returned to the security and thoughtlessness in which young people, especially, live from day to day, if it be at all possible. My passion for the French theatre grew with every performance. I did not miss a single evening, although, when I sat down with the family to supper after the play—often satisfied with scanty remains—I had to endure the invariable reproaches of my father, that theatres were useless, and would lead to nothing. In these cases I adduced all and every available argument used by apologists of the stage when they find themselves in a difficulty such as mine. Vice in prosperity and virtue in misfortune are in the end set right by poetical justice. I laid stress on those beautiful examples of misdeeds punished, *Miss Sara Sampson*, and *The Merchant of London*; but, on the other hand, I often came off worst when *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and similar plays, appeared on the programme, and I was twitted with the delight taken by the public in the impostures of intriguing servants, and the successful escapades of dissolute youths. Neither side convinced the other, but my father was very soon reconciled

to the theatre when he saw with what incredible rapidity I was acquiring the French language.

Men are so constituted that everybody is anxious to try his own hand at whatever he sees others doing, whether he has aptitude for it or not. I had soon covered the whole range of the French stage; several pieces were being given for the second and third times; all had passed before my eyes and mind, from the stateliest tragedy to the most frivolous afterpiece; and just as when a child I had presumed to imitate Terence, so now as a boy I did not fail, on much greater incitement, to copy the French forms to the best of my ability and inability. At that time some half-mythological, half-allegorical pieces in the taste of Piron were being acted; they had something of the nature of parody about them, and were very popular. These representations had a particular attraction for me: the little gold wings of a sprightly Mercury, the thunderbolt of a disguised Jupiter, an amorous Danaë, or whatever the name of the fair one visited by the gods might be, if indeed it were not a shepherdess or huntress to whom they stooped. And as figures of this kind, from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, or the *Pantheon Mythicum* of Pomey, very often flitted through my head—I had soon put together a little play of the same kind in imagination, of which I only remember that the scene was rural, but at the same time king's daughters, princes, and gods appeared in it. Mercury, especially, was so vividly before my mind's eye, that I could almost swear to having actually seen him.

I presented my friend Derones with a very neat copy, made by myself, which he accepted very ceremoniously, and, with the manner of a real patron, glanced hastily over the manuscript, pointed out a few grammatical blunders, found some speeches too long, and finally promised to examine the work attentively and give his verdict when he had the requisite leisure. To my modest question, whether the piece could be performed, he assured me that it was not altogether impossible. In the theatre, he said, a great deal went by favour, and he would support me with all his heart: only the thing must be kept a secret; for he had himself once surprised the manager with a piece of his own, and it would certainly have been acted, if the authorship had not

been discovered too soon. I promised him all possible secrecy ; and already saw in my mind's eye the name of my piece posted up in large letters at the corners of the streets and squares.

Frivolous as my friend generally was, the opportunity of acting the part of master was only too attractive. He read the piece through with attention, and after sitting down with me to make some trivial alterations, in the course of the conversation turned the whole thing topsy-turvy, so that not one brick was left standing on another. He cancelled, added, took away one character, substituted another,—in short, proceeded with the wildest caprice in the world, so that my hair stood on end. My preconceived idea that he knew what he was talking about prevented my interfering ; for he had often talked so much to me about the Three Unities of Aristotle, the regularity of the French drama, dramatic probability, the harmony of the verse, and all cognate subjects, that I was fain to regard him, not merely as well-informed, but backed up by reason. He abused the English and scorned the Germans ; in short, he recited to me the same old dramatic theory which I have been obliged to hear repeated so often in my life.

Like the boy in the fable, I carried my mangled off-spring home, and strove to restore it to life, but in vain. As, however, I did not wish to abandon it altogether, I had a fair copy made by our clerk from my first manuscript, with a few alterations, and this copy I presented to my father, with the result that for some time afterwards he let me eat my supper in peace on returning from the play.

This unsuccessful attempt had made me reflective, and I resolved now to study the sources of these theories, these laws, to which everyone appealed, but the truth of which I had begun to suspect, especially after the unmannerly conduct of my arrogant master. It was not difficult for me to do so, but entailed some hard reading. First I read Corneille's *Treatise on the Three Unities*, and discovered from it the form of drama which people desired, but the reason why they desired this form was by no means clear to me, and, worst of all, I became involved in yet greater confusion when I made myself acquainted with the disputes on the *Cid*, and read the prefaces in which Corneille and Racine

are obliged to defend themselves against the critics and the public. Here at least I saw most plainly that no one knew what he was aiming at; that a piece like the *Cid*, which had achieved the noblest success, was actually to have been condemned at the command of an all-powerful cardinal; that Racine, the idol of the Frenchmen living in my day, who was now likewise my idol—(for I had come to know him well when Schöff von Olenschlager made us children act *Britannicus*, in which the part of Nero fell to me)—I saw that Racine, even in his own day, was unable to conciliate both amateurs and critics. Thus I became more perplexed than ever, and after tormenting myself a long time with these pros and cons, and the theoretical twaddle of the previous century, I cast away good and bad alike. I was the more resolute in throwing all this rubbish overboard, because I noticed that when authors of really excellent works began to discuss their own productions and to explain their methods, there was apt to be no little confusion in their attempts at self-defence, justification, or excuse. I hastened back again, therefore, to what the present day offered me, attended the theatre far more zealously, read more conscientiously and connectedly, so that I had the perseverance to work through the whole of Racine and Molière, and a great part of Corneille, at this time.

The King's Lieutenant still lived in our house. He had made no change in his behaviour, especially towards us; but it was observable, and the interpreter made it still more evident to us, that he no longer discharged his duties with the same cheerfulness and zeal as at the outset, though always with the same rectitude and fidelity. His character and habits, which showed the Spaniard rather than the Frenchman; his caprices, which probably now and then affected his business transactions; his refusal to accommodate himself to circumstances; his susceptibility to everything that touched his person or reputation—all this together may have sometimes brought him into conflict with his superiors. Added to this, he had been wounded in a duel, which had arisen in the theatre, and it was deemed wrong that the King's Lieutenant, himself chief of police, should have committed a punishable offence. All this, as has been

said, may have contributed to make him live in greater retirement, and now and then perhaps to act with less energy.

Meanwhile, a considerable number of the pictures he had ordered had been delivered. Count Thorane passed his leisure hours in examining them; he had them nailed up in the aforesaid gable-room, canvas after canvas, large and small, side by side, and, from lack of space, even one over another, and then taken down and rolled up. The works were constantly inspected ~~and~~^{now}; the parts that were considered the most successful were a source of ever fresh delight; but the wish that this or that had been differently done was also expressed.

This gave rise to a new and very singular operation. As one artist excelled in figure-painting, another in the management of perspective, a third in trees, a fourth in flowers, it occurred to the Count that these talents might be combined in the paintings, and perfect works produced by this method. A beginning was made at once; for instance, some beautiful flocks were painted into a finished landscape. But because there was not always an appropriate space, and a few sheep more or less was no great matter to the animal-painter, the most extensive landscape proved in the end too confined. Then the figure-painter had to introduce the shepherd, and some wayfarers; these, again, seemed to deprive each other of air; and it was a wonder that they were not all stifled, even in the most open country. It was never possible to foresee what was to be the final result, and when the picture was finished it gave no satisfaction. The artists were annoyed. They had profited by their first commissions, but lost by these supplementary labours, though the Count paid for these, too, very liberally, and as the miscellaneous parts, promiscuously introduced by several hands into one picture, failed of their effect after all the trouble taken, in the end each one fancied that his own work had been spoiled and destroyed by that of the others; hence the artists were within a hair's-breadth of falling out and becoming irreconcilable enemies. These alterations, or rather additions, were made in the before-mentioned studio, where I remained quite alone with the artists; and I amused myself by selecting, particularly from the studies of animals,

this or that individual or group, and proposing it for the foreground or the distance; and, either from conviction or kindness, my suggestions were frequently followed.

The participators in this business were, therefore, greatly discouraged, especially Seekatz, a reserved and very splenetic person, whose incomparably good spirits nevertheless made him the best of companions when among friends, but when at work, he liked to be left alone, lost in thought and free to do as he liked. This man, after tackling difficult tasks, and finishing them with the greatest diligence and the warmest love, of which he was always capable, was forced to travel repeatedly from Darmstadt to Frankfort, either to change something in his own pictures, or to add figures to those of others, or even to assist in having his pictures converted into motley jumbles by a third person. His ill-humour increased, his resistance became more decided, and it needed many efforts on our part to induce this friend, whose connection with us had recently become more intimate, to carry out the Count's wishes. I still remember that when the boxes were standing ready for packing all the pictures in the right order, so that on arriving at their place of destination the upholsterer might hang them at once, it was found that a trifling but indispensable bit of supplementary work was required, but Seekatz could not be induced to come over. He had, in fact, finally done his very best in a series of pictures to be placed over the doors, representing the four elements in the guise of children and youths copied from life, and had expended the greatest care, not only on the figures, but on the accessories. These pictures had been delivered and paid for, and he thought he had said good-bye to the business for ever; but now he was to come back again, in order to enlarge, by a few strokes of his brush, certain pictures which did not fulfil the required measurements. Some one else, he thought, could do it just as well: he had already set about a new piece of work; in short, he would not come. The time for sending off the pictures was at hand; they must also have time to dry; every delay was most awkward; and the Count, in despair, was about to have him fetched by military authority. We all wished to see the last of the pictures, and in the end were reduced to sending our friend the interpreter in a carriage to fetch the refractory subject,

with wife and child. He was kindly received by the Count, well treated, and at last dismissed, loaded with presents.

After the pictures had been sent away, great peace reigned in the house. The gable-room in the roof was cleaned and given up to me; and my father, when he saw the boxes go, could not stifle the wish to send the Count after them. For much as the tastes of the Count coincided with his own, much as he must have rejoiced to see his principle of patronizing living artists so generously put into practice by a man richer than himself, much as it may have flattered him to see his collection the means of bringing so considerable a profit to a number of honest artists in hard times, he nevertheless felt such a repugnance to the foreign interloper in his house, that he could not think well of any of his doings. He thought painters ought to be employed, but not degraded to upholsterers; one ought to be satisfied with the result of their conviction and ability, even if it did not please one altogether; and one ought not to be perpetually cavilling at and bargaining about it. In short, in spite of all the Count's own generous endeavours, there could, once for all, be no mutual understanding. My father only visited the Count's room when he was at table, and I can recall but one instance when the wish to see certain pictures in which Seekatz had surpassed himself had brought the whole household together: my father and the Count met and expressed a common pleasure in these works of art, which they could not take in each other.

Scarcely, therefore, had the house been cleared of the boxes and cases, than the plan for removing the Count, which had been initiated some time before, but afterwards interrupted, was resumed. We endeavoured to gain justice by representations, equity by entreaties, favour by influence, with the result that the billeting authorities came to the following decision: the Count was to change his lodgings, and our house, in consideration of the burden borne uninterruptedly day and night for several years, was to be exempt for the future from billeting. But, to furnish a plausible pretext, we were to take in lodgers on the first floor, which the Count had occupied, and thus make, as it were, a new quartering out of the question. The Count, who after the separation from his dear pictures no longer felt any special

interest in the house, and hoped, moreover, to be soon recalled and stationed elsewhere, had no objection to moving to another comfortable residence, and parted from us in peace and good-will. Soon afterwards he quitted the city, and received successive promotions, but, it was rumoured, not to his satisfaction. Meantime, he had the pleasure of seeing the pictures, which he had had painted with so much care, duly arranged in his brother's chateau; he wrote several times, sent dimensions, and had various additional paintings executed by the artists so often named. Finally, we heard nothing more of him, except that some years later we were assured that he had died as governor of one of the French colonies in the West Indies.

FOURTH BOOK

MUCH inconvenience as the quartering of the French had occasioned us, we had become so accustomed to it, that we could not fail to miss it, nor could we children help feeling the house deserted. Moreover, we were not to return to undisturbed family unity. Arrangements had already been made with new lodgers, and after a certain amount of sweeping and scouring, planing and polishing, painting and whitewashing, the house was completely restored. The *Kanzleidirektor** Moritz, with his family, very valued friends of my parents, moved in. He was not a native of Frankfort, but an able jurist and man of business, and transacted the legal business of many minor princes, counts, and noblemen. I never saw him otherwise than cheerful and pleasant, and busy with his law papers. His wife and children, though gentle, quiet, and amiable, did not, as a matter of fact, increase the sociableness of our house, for they kept very much to themselves; but a stillness, a peace returned, such as we had not enjoyed for a long time. I now occupied my attic once more, and though the ghosts of the many pictures sometimes haunted me, I endeavoured to banish them by work and study.

Another Moritz, a brother of the *Kanzleidirektor*, who was Councillor to the Danish Legation, from this time often came to our house. He was more a man of the world, had a handsome figure, while his manners were easy and agreeable. He too transacted business for various persons of rank, and in connection with meetings of creditors and imperial commissions frequently came into contact with my father. They

* *Kanzleidirektor* = chief administrator of an estate belonging to a nobleman inferior to a prince.

had a high opinion of each other, and usually took the side of the creditors, though they generally discovered, to their annoyance, that the majority of the commissioners on such occasions are usually won over to the side of the debtors. The Councillor of Legation liked to communicate his knowledge; he was a lover of mathematics, and as he had no occasion to use them in his present walk of life, it gave him pleasure to help me in this branch of study. I was thus enabled to work out my architectural sketches more accurately than heretofore, and to profit more by the instruction of a drawing-master, who now provided us with an hour's daily occupation.

This worthy old man was indeed but half an artist. He made us draw strokes, join them together, and from these were to be evolved eyes and noses, lips and ears, nay, in the end, whole faces and heads; but natural or artistic form was never thought of in the process. We were tormented a long while with the *qui pro quo* of the human figure, and when the so-called Passions of Le Brun were given us to copy, it was supposed that we were really getting on at last. But even these caricatures did not improve us. Then we went on to landscapes, foliage, and all the things which in ordinary instruction are practised without logical sequence or method. Finally we gave ourselves up to close imitation and neatness of stroke, without troubling ourselves about the merit or taste of the original.

In these attempts our father led the way in an exemplary manner. He had never drawn, but he was unwilling to be left behind now that his children were pursuing this art, and desired, even in his old age, to set an example as to how they should proceed in their youth. He therefore copied several heads of Piazzetta, from his well-known small octavo sheets, with an English lead-pencil upon the finest Dutch paper. In these he not only observed the greatest clearness of outline, but most accurately imitated the hatching of the copper-plate with a light hand—only too slightly, as in his desire to avoid hardness he made no contrast between light and shade in his sketches. Yet they always showed delicate handling and unremitting care. His persistent and untiring assiduity went so far that he copied the whole considerable collection, number by number, while we children

jumped from one head to another, and chose only those that pleased us.

About this time the long-debated project for giving us lessons in music was carried into effect; and the final inducement deserves special mention. It was settled that we should learn the harpsichord; but the choice of a master had been a constant subject of dispute. At last I happened to go into the room of one of my companions, who was just having a lesson on the harpsichord, and discovered that the teacher was a most charming man. For each finger of the right and left hand he had a nickname by which he called it, in the most amusing way, whenever it had to be used. The black and white keys, likewise, had symbolical names, and even the notes appeared under figurative appellations. Such a motley company worked together most pleasantly. Fingering and time seemed to become perfectly easy and obvious, and since the scholar was put into the best of humours, everything went excellently.

Scarcely had I reached home, than I importuned my parents to immediately set about the matter in good earnest, and let us have this incomparable man for our master on the harpsichord. They hesitated, and made inquiries; they did not hear anything bad of the teacher; but, at the same time, nothing particularly good. Meanwhile I had related all the droll names to my sister; we could hardly wait for the lessons to begin, and succeeded in having the man engaged.

The reading of the notes began first, but as no jokes occurred here, we comforted ourselves with the hope that when we came to the harpsichord, and the fingers were needed, the jocular method would commence. But neither keys nor fingering seemed to afford opportunity for any comparisons. Dry as the notes were, with their dots on and between the five lines, the black and white keys were no less so: and not a syllable was heard either of "thumbing," "pointerling," or "goldfinger," while the countenance of the man remained as imperturbable during his dry teaching as it had been before during his dry jests. My sister reproached me most bitterly for having deceived her, and actually believed that it was all an invention of mine. But I was myself nonplussed and learned little, though the man went to work systematically enough: for

I kept on expecting that the former jokes would make their appearance, and consoled my sister with this hope from day to day. They did not reappear, however, and I should never have been able to explain the riddle, if another accident had not solved it for me.

One of my playmates came in during a lesson, and at once the fountain of humour began to play in full force; the "thumblings" and "pointerlings," the "crawlers" and "sprawlers," as he used to call the fingers, the "Fakchen" and "Gakchen," meaning "f" and "g," the "Fiekchen" and "Giekchen," meaning "f" and "g" sharp, made their appearance once more, and played the part of the most wonderful mannikins. My young friend could not leave off laughing, and was delighted that it was possible to learn so much in such an amusing way. He vowed he would leave his parents no peace until they let him have such an excellent man for a teacher.

And thus, in accordance with the principles of a modern theory of education, the way to two arts was early opened to me, merely at haphazard, and without any conviction that I had natural talent to help me on in either. My father maintained that everybody ought to learn drawing; for which reason he especially venerated the Emperor Maximilian, who is said to have given express command to this effect. He therefore kept me to it more steadily than to music, which, on the other hand, he especially recommended to my sister, and in addition to her lesson-hours, kept her busy at her harpsichord during a good part of the day.

But the more I was made to study, the more I wished to study, and even my leisure hours were given up to all sorts of curious occupations. From my earliest years I had a passion for investigating natural things. It is often considered an innate love of cruelty that makes children in the end break, tear, and mutilate objects with which they have played for a long time and used in various ways. Yet this is often the expression of their curiosity, the desire to learn how such things are put together, and what they look like inside. I remember as a child pulling flowers to pieces to see how the leaves were inserted in the calyx, or even plucking birds to discover how the feathers were

inserted in the wings. Children are not to be blamed for so doing, when even naturalists believe they often learn more by separating and dividing than by uniting and combining,—more by killing than by making alive.

A magnet and armature, daintily covered with scarlet cloth, had at one time to suffer the effects of this spirit of inquiry. For the secret force of attraction, which was not only exercised on the little iron bar attached to it, but was also so constituted that it gained strength and could daily bear a heavier weight—this mysterious virtue had filled me with such admiration, that for a long time I was pleased with merely watching it at work. But at last I thought I might derive further enlightenment by tearing off the outside covering. This I did, but I was none the wiser, as the naked armature taught me nothing further. This also I removed, and I held in my hand the mere stone, with which I never grew weary of making experiments of various kinds on filings and needles—experiments from which my youthful mind drew no further advantage than that of a varied experience. I could not manage to put the parts together again; they were soon scattered, and I lost both apparatus and wonderful phenomenon.

Nor was I more successful in putting together an electrical machine. A friend of the family, whose youth coincided with the time when electricity occupied all minds, often told us how, as a child, he had desired to possess such a machine, had discovered what were the principal requisites, and with the help of an old spinning-wheel and some medicine glasses, had produced tolerable results. As he was fond of repeating the story, and in so doing gave us some general information on electricity, it all seemed very straightforward to us children, and for a long time we tormented ourselves with an old spinning-wheel and some medicine glasses, without producing the smallest result. We nevertheless adhered to our belief, and were much delighted when at the time of the fair, among other curiosities, magical and legerdemain tricks, an electrical machine showed off its marvels, which, like those of magnetism, even at that time were comparatively numerous.

The want of confidence in the methods of public instruction was daily increasing. People looked about for private

tutors, and because single families could not afford the expense, several of them combined to attain their end. Yet the children seldom got on well together, the young man had not sufficient authority, and, after frequent unpleasantnesses, it ended in angry partings. It is not surprising, therefore, that other arrangements were thought of which should be more permanent as well as more advantageous.

The idea of establishing boarding-schools (*Pensionen*) arose from the necessity which everyone felt for having the French language taught as a living tongue. My father had brought up a youth, who had been his footman, valet, secretary, and, in short, had by degrees become his general factotum. This man, whose name was Pfeil, had a good knowledge of French, and spoke it well. After he had married, and his patrons had to think of a situation for him, the idea occurred to them that he might establish a boarding-school; and this gradually developed into a small academy, in which everything necessary, and at last even Greek and Latin, were taught. The far-reaching connections enjoyed by Frankfort were the means of attracting young Frenchmen and Englishmen to this establishment, in order to learn German and continue their education. Pfeil, who was a man in the prime of life, and of the most wonderful energy and activity, superintended the whole in a very creditable manner. As he could never have too much to do, and was obliged to engage music-teachers for his scholars, he embraced the opportunity to take up music, and practised the harpsichord with such zeal that, without having previously touched a note, he very soon played with great skill and correctness. He seemed to have adopted my father's maxim, that nothing can encourage and stimulate young people more than for a person of mature years to declare himself again a learner, and at an age when new accomplishments are acquired with difficulty, nevertheless endeavour by zeal and perseverance to excel those who are younger and more favoured by nature.

By this love of harpsicord-playing Pfeil's attention was directed to the instruments themselves, and in the hopes of obtaining the best, he put himself into communication with Frederici of Gera, whose instruments were celebrated far and

wide. He took a number of them on commission, and had the felicity of seeing not one only, but several grand pianos, standing in his residence, and of practising and playing before people on them.

It was through the enterprise of this man that music was diligently cultivated in our house also. My father continued on good terms with him, apart from certain points of dispute. One of Frederici's grand pianos was purchased also for us, but I remained faithful to my harpsichord, and hardly touched it; on the other hand, it was the source of added troubles to my sister, who, in order to do proper honour to the new instrument, had to spend some time longer every day in practice; while my father, as superintendent, and Pfeil, as a model and encouraging family friend, alternately took their stand at her side.

A particular hobby of my father's caused much inconvenience to us children. This was the cultivation of silk, of the advantages of which, if it were more generally introduced, he had a high opinion. Some acquaintances at Hanau, where the breeding of silk-worms was carried on with great care, supplied the first incentive. Thence, at the proper season, the eggs were sent to him, and as soon as the mulberry-trees showed sufficient foliage, they were hatched out, and the barely visible creatures were tended with the greatest care. Tables and trestles with boards were set up in one of the attics, to provide them with more room and sustenance; for they grew rapidly, and, after their last change of skin, were so voracious, that it was scarcely possible to get leaves enough to feed them; in fact, they had to be fed day and night, as everything depends upon their having plenty of nourishment when the great and wonderful transformation is about to take place in them. If the weather was favourable, it was possible to regard this business as a pleasant amusement; but if cold set in, so that the mulberry-trees suffered, it was exceedingly troublesome. Still more unpleasant was it if rain fell during the last stage, for these creatures cannot stand moisture at all, and the wet leaves had to be carefully wiped and dried, which could not always be done perfectly; and for this, or perhaps some other reason, various diseases invaded the colony and carried off the poor things by thousands.

The corruption which ensued produced an odour positively pestilential, and since the dead and diseased caterpillars had to be taken away and separated from the healthy ones, it was, as a matter of fact, an extremely arduous and repulsive occupation, and caused us children many an unhappy hour.

One year, after we had passed the finest weeks of the spring and summer in tending the silk-worms, we were obliged to assist our father in another business, which, though simpler, was no less burdensome. The Roman views, fastened at top and bottom to black rods, which had hung for many years on the walls of the old house, had turned very yellow through the light, dust, and smoke, and had been considerably defaced by the flies. Although such uncleanliness was not to be tolerated in the new house, on the other hand these pictures had gained an added value for my father by his prolonged absence from the places represented. For at first such reproductions only serve to refresh and vivify impressions which have been recently received. Compared to these, they seem trifling, and at the best only a melancholy substitute. But as the remembrance of the originals fades more and more, the copies imperceptibly assume their place, they become as dear to us as those once were, and what we at first disdained, now enjoys our esteem and affection. Thus it is with all copies, and particularly with portraits. No one is easily satisfied with the likeness of some one who is present, but how precious is every hasty sketch of an absent, or, still more, of a departed friend.

In short, conscious of having hitherto treated these engravings with wasteful neglect, my father wished to see them restored as much as possible. It was well known that this could be done by bleaching; and the operation, always a delicate one in the case of large plates, was undertaken under rather unfavourable circumstances. For the large boards on which the tarnished engravings were moistened and exposed to the sun, stood in the gutters in front of the garret windows, leaning against the roof, and were therefore liable to many accidents. The main thing was, that the paper must not be allowed ever to become thoroughly dry, but must be kept constantly moist. This was the duty of

my sister and myself; and the leisure, which would otherwise have been so welcome, was turned into positive torture on account of the tedium and impatience it involved, and the watchfulness which allowed of no distraction. Nevertheless, the process was carried out, and the bookbinder, who mounted each sheet upon stout paper, did his best to smooth out and repair the margins, which had been torn here and there through our remissness. All the sheets were bound in one volume, and saved for the time being.

To ensure that we children should not be cut off from life and learning of any kind, an English master must needs announce himself just at this time, who pledged himself to teach English to anybody not entirely untrained in languages, within four weeks, and enable him to reach a stage at which, with a certain amount of industry, he could go on by himself. He was content with a moderate fee; the number of pupils at one lesson made no difference to him. My father instantly determined to make the experiment, and took lessons, with my sister and myself, from this expeditious master. The lessons were given conscientiously; nor did we fail to go over the work; other tasks were neglected rather than this, during the four weeks; and the teacher parted from us, and we from him, with satisfaction. As he remained in the town for some time, and found many employers, he came from time to time to see how we were getting on, and to help us, grateful that we had been among the first who placed confidence in him, and proud to be able to cite us as examples to the others.

My father, in consequence, felt a new anxiety that English should retain its proper place among my other linguistic studies. Now, I will confess that it became more and more irksome to me to take my subjects for study now from this grammar or collection of examples, now from that; now from one author, now from another, and so fritter away my interest in the subjects as well as in the lessons. It occurred to me, therefore, that I might kill several birds with one stone by inventing a romance about six or seven brothers and sisters, who lived at a distance from one another in various parts of the world, and sent one another news as to their circumstances and impressions. The eldest brother gives an account in good German of various

subjects and incidents connected with his journey. The sister, in a feminine style, with short sentences and incessant full-stops, after the manner of *Siegwart* at a later date, writes answers, now to him, now to the other brothers, partly about domestic matters, and partly about affairs of the heart. One brother studies theology, and writes a very formal Latin, to which he often adds a Greek postscript. To another brother, a clerk in a business house in Hamburg, the English correspondence naturally falls, while to a younger one living at Marseilles is intrusted the French. For Italian there was found a musician, just making a start in life; while the youngest, a sort of pert nestling, had applied himself to Jew-German, as the other languages were already appropriated, and by his frightful ciphers reduced the others to despair, and made my parents laugh heartily at the happy idea.

I sought for matter to fill in this strange frame-work by studying the geography of the countries in which my creations resided, and by investing those dry localities with all sorts of human interests having some connection with the characters and occupations of my heroes. Thus my exercise-books became much more voluminous, my father was better satisfied, and I was much sooner made aware of the gaps in my knowledge and acquirements.

Now, things of this kind once begun are apt to outgrow all limits, and so it was in the present case; for, when I endeavoured to acquire the odd Jew-German, and to write it as well as I could read it, I soon discovered that I ought to know Hebrew, by the aid of which alone the modern corrupted and degenerate dialect could be derived and treated with any certainty. I therefore explained the necessity of my learning Hebrew to my father, and earnestly besought his consent, for I had besides a higher end in view. I heard it said on all hands that a knowledge of the original languages was requisite to understand both the Old Testament and the New. The latter I could read quite easily, because, in order that even Sunday should not be without its appointed tasks, the so-called Gospels and Epistles had, after church, to be recited, translated, and explained to some extent. I now designed doing the same thing with the Old Testament, the peculiar character of which had always especially appealed to me.

My father, who did not like to do anything by halves, made up his mind to ask the rector of our *Gymnasium*, one Dr. ALBRECHT, to give me private lessons weekly, until I should have acquired the essential elements of so simple a language, for he hoped that if it could not be mastered as quickly as English, it could at any rate be managed in double the time.

Rector Albrecht was one of the most original figures in the world, short, not fat, but broad, misshapen without being deformed,—in short, an *Æsop* in gown and wig. His face of over seventy years was distorted into a sarcastic smile, while his eyes remained large, and, though red, were always brilliant and intelligent. He lived in the old monastery of the Barefoot Friars, now used as the *Gymnasium*. Even as a child, I had often visited him in company with my parents, and, with a kind of shuddering delight, had glided through the long dark passages, the chapels transformed into reception-rooms, the rambling buildings with their many stairs and corners. Without annoying me, he examined me whenever we met, and praised and encouraged me. One day, on the occasion of the pupils' promotion after a public examination, he saw me standing as an outside spectator, not far from his desk, while he distributed the silver *præmia virtutis et diligentiae*. I was probably gazing very longingly at the little bag out of which he drew the medals; he beckoned to me, descended a step, and handed me one of the silver coins. My joy was great, although others thought that the bestowal of this gift upon a boy not belonging to the school was most irregular. But this was a matter of complete indifference to the good old man, who had always been eccentric and shown it in conspicuous ways. He had a very good reputation as a schoolmaster, and understood his business, although age no longer allowed him to practise it thoroughly. But he felt himself hampered by external circumstances almost more than by his own infirmities, and, as I already knew, was not in harmony either with the consistory, the inspectors, the clergy, or the teachers. He was by temperament inclined to satire, and on the watch for weaknesses and failings; such feelings he vented freely, both in his dissertations and his public speeches, and as Lucian was

almost the only writer whom he read and esteemed, he seasoned all that he said and wrote with caustic wit.

Fortunately for those whom he disliked, he never made an open attack, but only jeered covertly at the defects which he wanted to reprove, with hints, allusions, classic quotations, and Scripture texts. Moreover, his delivery—he always read his discourses—was unpleasant, unintelligible, and, above all, was often interrupted by a cough, but more frequently by a hollow convulsive laugh, with which he was wont to announce and accompany the biting passages. This singular man I found to be mild and obliging when I began to take lessons from him. I now went to him daily at six o'clock in the evening, and always experienced a secret pleasure when the outer door closed behind me, and I had to thread the long and gloomy cloisters. We sat in his library at a table covered with oil-cloth, a much-read Lucian always at hand.

In spite of all my willingness, I did not get at what I wanted without its costing me something, for my teacher could not suppress certain sarcastic remarks as to what I really wanted with Hebrew. I concealed from him my designs with regard to Jew-German, and spoke of a better understanding of the original text. He smiled at this, and said I ought to be satisfied if I only learned to read. This vexed me in secret, and I concentrated all my attention when we came to the letters. I found an alphabet something like the Greek, of which the forms were easy, and the names, for the most part, not new to me. All this I had quickly understood and learned, and supposed we should now begin to read. This, I was well aware, was done from right to left. But now, all at once appeared a new army of little characters and signs, of points and strokes of all sorts, which were in fact to represent vowels. At this I wondered the more, as there were manifestly vowels in the larger alphabet, and the others only appeared to be hidden under strange appellations. I was also taught, that the Jewish nation, so long as it flourished, had, in point of fact, been content with the first signs, and had known no other way of writing and reading. I should have liked very much to have gone on along this ancient, and, as it seemed to me, easier path; but my worthy instructor declared rather

sternly, that we must be guided by the grammar in its generally accepted form. Reading without these points and strokes, he said, was a very difficult matter, and could only be undertaken by the learned, and the most highly trained scholars. I must therefore make up my mind to learn these little characters; but this only made confusion worse confounded. At one time, it seemed, some of the primary and larger letters were to have no significance where they stood, simply that their little after-born kindred might not stand useless. At another time they were to indicate a gentle breathing, then a guttural, more or less harsh, or again they were merely pegs on which to hang the others. But, finally, when one fancied that one had taken in everything properly, some of these personages, both large and small, were made sleeping partners, and became inactive, so that one's eyes always had very much, and one's lips very little, to do.

When I had to stutter in a strange gibberish what I already knew in substance, in doing which certain nasal and guttural sounds were set before me as unattainable achievements, my ardour cooled, and I diverted myself in a childish way with the singular names of these multitudinous signs. There were "emperors," "kings," and "dukes,"* which, holding sway here and there in the form of accents, were the source of no small amusement. But even these trivial jests soon lost their charm. Nevertheless, I was indemnified, inasmuch as by reading, translating, repeating, and committing to memory, the contents of the book came out more vividly, and it was really here that I needed my old friend's elucidations. For even before this time the contradictions between tradition and the actual and possible had forcibly struck me, and I had often reduced my tutors to dire straits with the sun which stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, to say nothing of other improbabilities and inconsistencies. All these questions were now revived again, as, in order to master the Hebrew, I occupied myself exclusively with the Old Testament, and no longer studied it in Luther's translation, but in the literal parallel version of Sebastian Schmid, which my father had procured for me. At this point, unfortunately, our

* These are the technical names for classes of accents in the Hebrew grammar.—*Trans.*

lessons began to be interrupted, so far as linguistic exercises were concerned. Reading, interpretation, grammar, transcribing, and the repetition of words, seldom lasted a full half-hour ; for I at once made straight for the meaning of what I read, and, though we were still engaged upon the Book of Genesis, I began to discuss various points suggested to me by later books. At first the good old man tried to recall me from such digressions, but in the end they seemed to interest him also. It was impossible for him to suppress his characteristic cough and chuckle, and although he carefully avoided giving me any information that might have compromised him, my persistency did not relax ; nay, as I cared more to state my doubts than to have them solved, I grew more and more animated and daring, and he seemed to justify me by his attitude. Yet I could get nothing out of him, except that time upon time he would exclaim, with his peculiar convulsive laugh, "What a foolish fellow ! What a foolish boy !"

* Still, my childish ardour in examining the Bible in all directions may have seemed to him not altogether frivolous, and deserving of some assistance. He therefore referred me, after a time, to the large English Biblical work which stood in his library, and in which the interpretation of difficult and doubtful passages was attempted in an intelligent and judicious manner. Thanks to the laborious efforts of German divines, the translation possessed advantages over the original. The different opinions were cited, and in the end a kind of compromise was attempted which should take into account the high value of the book, the foundations of religion, and the claims of human reason. So, whenever towards the close of the lesson I brought forward the usual questions and doubts, he invariably pointed to the bookshelf. I fetched the volume ; he let me read, turned the leaves of his Lucian, and when I made any remarks on the book, his customary laugh was the only answer to my perspicacity. In the long summer days he let me sit as long as I could read, often by myself ; but it was some time before he would allow me to take one volume after another home with me.

Let a man turn whither he will, and take in hand whatsoever he please, he will always return to the path marked

out for him by nature. So it fared with me, too, in the present case. My endeavours with regard to the language, to the contents of the Sacred Scriptures even, finally resulted in producing in my imagination a more vivid picture of that beautiful and highly praised land, its surroundings and neighbouring countries, as well as of the people and events which shed a glory over that little spot of earth for thousands of years.

This small tract of land was to see the origin and growth of the human race ; thence we were to derive our first and only account of primitive history ; and this region was to present itself to our imagination, at once simple and comprehensible, and at the same time rich in possibilities, and adapted to the most wonderful migrations and settlements. Here, between four rivers, mentioned by name, a small and most pleasing spot was set apart from the whole habitable earth for youthful man. Here he was to unfold his first capacities, and here, too, the fate, involving all his posterity, was to befall him, namely, the loss of his peace by striving after knowledge. Paradise was forfeited ; men multiplied and degenerated ; and the Elohim, not yet accustomed to the wickedness of the new race, became impatient and utterly destroyed it. Only a few were saved from the universal deluge ; and scarcely had this dreadful flood ceased, than the well-known land of their fathers lay once more before the eyes of the grateful survivors.

Two rivers out of four, the Euphrates and Tigris, still flowed in their beds. The name of the first remained ; the course of the latter apparently supplied its designation. More precise traces of Paradise could not be looked for after so great a subversion. The renewed race of man spread thence for the second time ; it found opportunities for maintaining and occupying itself in all sorts of ways, but chiefly for collecting large herds of tame animals and for wandering with them in every direction.

This mode of life, as well as the increase of the tribes, soon compelled the people to disperse. They could not at once make up their minds to let their relatives and friends go for ever ; they hit upon the idea of building a lofty tower which should show them the way back from the far distance. But this attempt, like their first endeavour, miscarried. They

were not to be at the same time happy and wise, numerous and united. The Elohim confounded them—the building ceased—mankind was dispersed—the world was peopled, but disunited.

But our glances, our sympathies, still turn towards these regions. In time there appears here once again the founder of a race, fortunate enough to stamp a distinct character upon his descendants, and thus to weld them for all time into a great nation, united through all vicissitudes of place or fortune.

From the Euphrates, Abraham, not without divine guidance, wanders towards the west. The desert opposes no invincible barrier to his progress. He comes to the Jordan, crosses the river, and peoples the fair southern regions of Palestine. This land had been already occupied, and to a large extent inhabited. Mountains of moderate altitude, but rocky and barren, were separated by many well-watered vales favourable to cultivation. Towns, villages, and solitary settlements lay scattered over the plain and on the slopes of the great valley, the waters of which collected in the Jordan. Thus was the land inhabited, thus tilled; but the world was still large enough, and the men were not so provident, necessitous, and active, as at once to possess themselves of the whole adjacent country. Between their possessions extended large tracts of land in which grazing herds could move freely to and fro. It is here that Abraham resides; his brother Lot is near him; but they cannot long remain in places such as these were. The very condition of the land, the population of which is now increasing, now decreasing, and the productions of which do not vary to meet the needs of the people, unexpectedly produces a famine, and the new-comer suffers alike with the native, whose means of support he has diminished incidentally by his presence. The two Chaldean brothers move onward to Egypt, and thus is marked out the theatre in which, for some thousands of years, the most important events of the world were to be enacted. From the Tigris to the Euphrates, from the Euphrates to the Nile, we see the earth peopled; and this space also is traversed by a noted man, beloved of God and already dear to us, moving to and fro with flocks and goods, and, in a short time,

abundantly increasing them. The brothers return; but, made wise by the distress they have endured, they determine to part. Both, indeed, tarry in Southern Canaan; but while Abraham remains at Hebron, by the wood of Mamre, Lot departs for the valley of Siddim, which can and must seem to us a second Paradise—if we venture to imagine the Jordan with a subterranean outlet, so that in place of the present Dead Sea we have dry ground—a conjecture all the more probable from the fact that the inhabitants and their neighbours were notorious for effeminacy and wickedness, which leads us to infer that they led an easy and luxurious life. Lot lives among them, but apart.

But in Hebron and the wood of Mamre we see the significant spot where the Lord speaks with Abraham, and promises him all the land as far as his eye can reach in four directions. From these quiet districts, from these shepherd tribes, who are allowed to associate with celestials, entertain them as guests, and hold converse with them, we are compelled to turn our glance once more towards the East, and to think of the condition of the neighbouring countries, which on the whole, perhaps, resembled that of Canaan.

Families hold together: they unite, and the mode of life of the tribes is determined by the locality which they have appropriated or appropriate. On the mountains which send down their waters to the Tigris, we find warlike populations, who even thus early foreshadow those world-conquerors and world-rulers—and in a campaign, prodigious for those times, give us a prelude of future achievements. Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, already exerts a mighty influence over his allies. He reigns a long while; for, twelve years before Abraham's arrival in Canaan, he had made all the people tributary to him as far as the Jordan. They had revolted at last, and the allies equipped themselves for war. We come upon them unexpectedly, probably on the same route by which Abraham had reached Canaan. The people on the left and lower side of the Jordan were subdued. Chedorlaomer directs his march southwards towards the people of the Desert, then wending north, he smites the Amalekites, and when he has overcome the Amorites, he reaches Canaan, falls upon the kings of the vale of Siddim, smites

and scatters them, and marches with great spoil up the Jordan, in order to extend his conquests as far as Lebanon.

Among the captives, despoiled and dragged away with their property, is Lot, who shares the fate of the country in which he lives a guest. Abraham hears of it, and now we behold the patriarch as warrior and hero. He gathers together his servants, divides them into troops, falls upon the cumbersome baggage train ; throws into confusion the victors, who have no suspicion of another enemy in the rear, and brings back his brother and his goods, with much spoil taken from the conquered kings. Abraham, by this brief campaign, acquires possession, as it were, of the whole land. To the inhabitants he appears a protector, a saviour, and, by his disinterestedness, a king. Gratefully the kings of the valley receive him ;—Melchisedek, the king and priest, with blessings.

Now the prophecies of an unending posterity are renewed, nay, they assume a wider and wider scope. From the waters of the Euphrates to the River of Egypt all the lands are promised him ; but yet the prospect of immediate heirs is still doubtful. He is eighty years of age, and has no son. Sarai, less trustful of the heavenly powers than he, becomes impatient ; she desires, after the oriental fashion, to have a descendant by her maid. But no sooner is Hagar given up to the master of the house, no sooner is there hope of a son, than dissension breaks out in the household. The wife treats her own dependant ill enough, and Hagar flees to seek a happier lot among other tribes. At a sign from on high she returns, and Ishmael is born.

Abraham is now ninety-nine years old, and still promises of a numerous posterity are repeated, so that in the end both husband and wife regard them as ridiculous. And yet at last Sarai conceives and brings forth a son, to whom the name of Isaac is given.

History, for the most part, rests upon the legitimate propagation of the human race. The most momentous historical events have to be traced back to the privacy of family life : and thus it is that the marriages of the patriarchs give rise to peculiar reflections. It is as if the Divinity, who designed to guide the destiny of mankind, wished here to show us, as it were, types of the various forms of marital

relationships. Abraham, so long united in childless marriage to a beautiful woman whom many coveted, finds himself, in his hundredth year, the husband of two women, the father of two sons; and at this moment his domestic peace is disturbed. Two women and two sons by different mothers cannot possibly agree. The party less favoured by law, usage, and opinion, must yield. Abraham must sacrifice his attachment to Hagar and Ishmael. Both are dismissed, and Hagar is now compelled, against her will, to traverse a road which she had previously taken in voluntary flight, it would at first seem to her own destruction and that of her child; but the angel of the Lord, who had before turned her back, rescues her once again, that Ishmael also may become a great people, and that the most improbable of all promises may be fulfilled even beyond its first scope.

Two parents in advanced years, and one son of their old age—here, at last, domestic peace and earthly happiness might be looked for. But not so. Heaven has still the heaviest trial in store for the patriarch. But of this we cannot speak without premising several reflections.

If a natural universal religion was to arise, and from it a special revealed religion was to be developed, the countries in which our imagination has hitherto lingered, the mode of life, the race of men, were best fitted for the purpose. At least, nowhere else in the whole world do we find a setting so favourable and auspicious. Even natural religion, if we ascribe to it a prior origin in the human mind, presupposes great refinement of feeling; for it is based upon the conviction of an universal providence, which controls the order of the world as a whole. A particular religion, revealed by Heaven to this or that people, carries with it the belief in a special providence which the Divine Being vouchsafes to certain favoured men, families, races, and peoples. It is difficult for man to evolve this faith out of his inner consciousness. It requires tradition, custom, a guarantee dating from ancient times.

Beautiful it is, therefore, to find Israelitish tradition representing the very first men who trusted in this special providence as heroes of faith, acknowledging their dependence on that Supreme Being, whose commands they follow with an obedience as blind as is the faith

unquestioning with which they await the tardy fulfilment of His promises.

As a particular revealed religion is based upon the conception that one man can be more favoured by Heaven than another, in like manner it originates primarily in the differentiation of social conditions. The first men appeared closely allied; but their occupations soon divided them. The hunter was the freest of all; from him was developed the warrior and the ruler. Those who tilled the field bound themselves to the soil, erected dwellings and barns to preserve the fruits of their toil, and had cause to think well of themselves, in that their manner of life promised permanence and security. The herdsman's lot, on the other hand, knew no limitations of space or wealth. The increase of herds proceeded without end, and the space necessary to support them widened out on all sides. These three classes seem from the very first to have regarded each other with dislike and contempt; and as the herdsman was an abomination to the townsman, once more a separation took place from the latter. The hunters vanish from our sight among the hills, and re-appear only as conquerors.

The patriarchs belonged to the shepherd class. Their manner of life upon the ocean of desert and pasture-land gave breadth and freedom to their minds; the vault of heaven, under which they dwelt, with all its nightly stars, elevated their feelings; and they, more than the active, skilful huntsman, more than the secure, careful, domesticated husbandman, had need of the immovable faith that a God walked beside them, visited them, cared for them, guided and saved them.

Another reflection is forced upon us before resuming our narrative. Humane, beautiful, and cheering as the religion of the patriarchs appears, yet traits of barbarity and cruelty run through it, out of which man may emerge, or into which he may sink back again.

It is natural that hatred should be appeased by blood, by the death of the conquered enemy; it is easy to understand how a peace might be concluded upon the battle-field among the ranks of the slain; and hence followed the belief that validity was given to a contract by slaughtered animals,

Nor is the notion surprising that by slaughter men could summon, propitiate, and win the favour of the gods, whom they always looked upon as partisans, whether opponents or allies. But if we confine our attention to the sacrifices, and consider the way in which they were offered in those primitive times, we find a singular, and, to our notions, most repugnant custom, derived probably from the usages of war, viz., that the sacrificed animals of every kind, and however numerous, after being hewn in two halves, had to be laid out on two sides, and those who wished to make a covenant with the Deity took up their stand in the space between them.

Yet another horrible trait of strange and ominous significance meets us in that fair world, namely, the inevitable death of everything consecrated or devoted. This also was probably an usage of war transferred to peace. The inhabitants of a city which defends itself by force are threatened with such a vow ; it is taken by storm or otherwise. Nothing is left alive—the men, under no circumstances, and often women, children, and even cattle, share the same fate. Such sacrifices are rashly and superstitiously promised to the gods more or less definitely, and those whom the votary would willingly spare, even his nearest of kin, his own children, may thus have to die as expiatory victims of such a delusion.

Such a savage cult could not have originated in the gentle and truly patriarchal character of Abraham ; but the Godhead,* which, in order to tempt us, seems sometimes to show those qualities which man is inclined to attribute to it, imposes a monstrous task upon him. He must offer up his son as a pledge of the new covenant, and, if common usage is to be observed, must not only kill and burn him, but cut him in two, and await between the smoking entrails a new promise from the benignant Deity. Blindly, and without hesitation, Abraham prepares to execute the command ; Heaven is satisfied with his willingness. Abraham's probation is now at an end, for no greater trials could be inflicted. But Sarai dies, and this gives Abraham an opportunity for taking possession of the land of Canaan

* It should be observed that in this Biblical narrative, when we have used the expressions "Deity," "Godhead," or "Divinity," Goethe generally has "die Götter," or "the Gods,"—*Trans.*

symbolically. He requires a grave, and for the first time he looks about for a possession in this earth. He had perhaps before this discovered a two-fold cave by the grove of Mamre. This cave he purchases, together with the adjacent field, and the legal form which he observes on the occasion shows how important this possession is to him. Indeed it was more so, perhaps, than he himself supposed; for there he, his sons and his grandsons, were to rest, and on it was actually based the proximate title to the whole land, and from its acquisition dates the constant tendency of his posterity to gather there.

From this time forth the manifold incidents of family life occur in varied succession. Abraham still keeps strictly apart from the inhabitants, and though Ishmael, the son of an Egyptian woman, has married a daughter of that land, it behoves Isaac to wed a kinswoman, his equal by birth.

Abraham despatches his servant to Mesopotamia, to the relatives whom he had left behind there. The prudent Eleazar arrives unknown, and, in order to take home the right bride, tests the obligingness of the girls at the well. He asks to drink himself, and Rebecca, unasked, waters his camels also. He gives her presents, he demands her in marriage, and his suit is not rejected. He conducts her to the home of his lord, and she is wedded to Isaac. In this case, too, issue has to be long waited for. Rebecca is not blessed until after some years of probation, and the same discord, which in Abraham's double marriage arose through two mothers, here proceeds from one. Two boys of opposite characters wrestle while yet in their mother's womb. They are brought into the world, the elder lively and vigorous, the younger gentle and prudent. The former becomes the father's, the latter the mother's favourite. The strife for precedence, which begins even at birth, is continued. Esau is quiet and indifferent as to the birthright which fate has given him; Jacob never forgets that his brother forced him back. Watching every opportunity of gaining the desirable privilege, he buys the birthright of his brother, and defrauds him of their father's blessing. Esau is indignant, and vows death to his brother; Jacob flees to seek his fortune in the land of his forefathers.

Now, for the first time, in so noble a family appears a

member who has no scruple in attaining by prudence and cunning the advantages denied him by nature and circumstances. It has often enough been the subject of comment, that the Sacred Scriptures by no means intended to set these patriarchs and other divinely-favoured men before us as models of virtue. They, too, are persons of the most varied characters, with many defects and failings. But there is one leading trait, in which none of these men after God's own heart can be wanting—that is, a steadfast faith that God takes special care of them and theirs.

Universal natural religion, properly speaking, requires no faith; for no one can escape the conviction that a mighty creative Being who orders and governs, is, as it were, concealed behind nature in order to make himself comprehensible to us. Nay, if for a moment we let drop this thread which is our guide through life, we may recover it at any moment and at any point. But it is different with a special religion, which proclaims to us that this Great Being definitely and particularly takes charge of one individual, one family, one people, one country. This religion is founded on faith, which must be inviolable if it is not to be instantly and absolutely destroyed. Every doubt with respect to such a religion is fatal to it. One may return to conviction, but not to faith. Hence the never-ending probations, the delay in the fulfilment of promises, so often repeated, whereby the capacity for faith in those ancestors is set in the clearest light.

It is in this faith also that Jacob enters upon his expedition, and if his craft and deceit do not inspire our affections, they are won by his lasting and unchanging love for Rachel, whom he himself woos without premeditation, as Eleazar had courted Rebecca for his father. In him the promise of a countless people was first to be fully realized; he was to see many sons around him, but both they and their mothers were to cause him much sorrow of heart.

Seven years he serves for his beloved, without impatience and without wavering. His father-in-law, his equal in craft, and, like him, disposed to consider every means to an end legitimate, deceives him, and so avenges the wrong he had done to his brother. Jacob finds in his arms a wife whom he does not love. Laban, indeed, endeavours to appease

him by soon afterwards giving him his beloved also, but on the condition of seven years further service, and thus vexation follows upon vexation. The wife he does not love is fruitful, the one he loves bears no children. The latter, like Sarai, desires to become a mother through her hand-maiden; the former grudges her even this advantage. She also presents her husband with a maid; but the good patriarch is now the most troubled man in the world—he has four wives, children by three, and none from her he loves. Finally she also is blessed, and Joseph comes into the world, the late fruit of the most passionate attachment. Jacob's fourteen years of service are over, but Laban is unwilling to part with him, his chief and most trusty servant. They enter into a new compact, and apportion the flocks between them. Laban retains the white ones as most numerous, Jacob has to put up with the spotted ones, the mere refuse as it were. But he is able here, too, to secure his own advantage; and in the same way as he had procured the birthright by a paltry mess of pottage and his father's blessing by a disguise, he now manages by art and resourcefulness to appropriate to himself the best and largest part of the herds; and in this respect also he becomes a worthy progenitor of the people of Israel, and a model for his descendants. Laban and his household perceive the result, if not the stratagem. Vexation ensues; Jacob flees with his family and all his goods, and, partly by good fortune, partly by cunning, escapes the pursuit of Laban. Rachel is now about to present him with another son, but dies in childbirth: Benjamin, the child of sorrow, survives her; but the aged father is to experience a still greater sorrow in the apparent loss of his son Joseph.

Perhaps someone may ask why I have chosen this opportunity to elaborately re-tell these well-known stories which have been repeated and explained, so many times. Let the inquirer be satisfied with the answer that in no other way could I make clear how, in spite of my varied life and fragmentary studies, I yet succeeded in concentrating my mind and feelings on one point with tranquilizing effect; in no other way could I describe the peace that enveloped me, however tumultuous and incomprehensible the outer

world. When my restless imagination, to which my fairy-tale bears witness, strayed from one field to another, when the medley of fable and history, mythology and religion, threatened to bewilder me, I loved to take refuge in those oriental regions, and become absorbed in the first Books of Moses, and there, amid the scattered shepherd-tribes, I dwelt in the greatest solitude and yet with my greatest friends.

These family scenes, before they become merged in a history of the Jewish nation, finally bring before us a figure of peculiar attractiveness for the hopes and fancies of the young: Joseph, the child of the most passionate wedded love. He seems to us tranquil and clear-sighted, and predicts for himself the advantages which are to elevate him above his family. Cast into misfortune by his brothers, he remains steadfast and upright in slavery, resists the most dangerous temptations, rescues himself by prophecy, and is elevated according to his deserts to high honours. He shows himself serviceable and useful, first to a great kingdom, then to his own kindred. He is like his ancestor Abraham in dignity and magnanimity, like his grandfather Isaac in quietness and resignation. He exercises on a large scale the talent for traffic inherited from his father. It is no longer flocks which are gained for a father-in-law, or for himself, but nations, with all their possessions, which he knows how to purchase for a king. Very charming is this story in its naturalness, only it appears too short, and one feels impelled to elaborate it in detail.

Such an amplified account of characters and events of which the Biblical narrative furnished the outline was already familiar to the Germans. The personages of both the Old and New Testaments had lived again in Klopstock's vivid and sympathetic portraiture, very attractive to the boy as well as to many of his contemporaries. Of Bodmer's efforts in this line he knew little or nothing; but *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, by Moser, made a great impression on his youthful mind. In that work an upright courtier and man of business, after passing through manifold tribulations, arrives at high honours, and the piety which threatens to be his undoing proves early and late his shield and buckler. I had long cherished a wish to work out the history of Joseph, but I could not come to any

satisfactory conclusion with regard to the form, particularly as I was not conversant with any kind of versification adapted to such a work. But I now thought a treatment of it in prose very suitable, and devoted all my energies to its execution. I endeavoured to differentiate and elaborate the characters, and by the interpolation of incidents and episodes, to make the old simple history a new and independent work. I did not consider, what, indeed, youth cannot consider, the necessity for some underlying meaning, and that this could only be obtained by the teaching of experience. Suffice it to say, that I pictured all the incidents down to the minutest details, and narrated them carefully to myself in order.

What greatly lightened this labour was a circumstance which threatened to render this work, and my literary efforts in general, exceedingly voluminous. A young man of varied capacities, but who had become imbecile from over-exertion and self-absorption, resided as a ward in my father's house, lived quietly with the family, and if allowed to go on in his usual way, was contented and pleasant. He had taken very careful lecture-notes when at the university, and had acquired a rapid legible hand. His favourite occupation was writing, and he was pleased when anything was given him to copy, but still more when writing to dictation, because he then felt carried back to his happy student days. To my father, who was not a rapid writer, and whose German hand was small and tremulous, this was a great boon, and he was consequently accustomed, in the conduct of his own and other business, to dictate for some hours a day to this young man. In the intervals I found it equally convenient to see all that passed through my head put to paper by the hand of another, and my natural gift for invention and imitation grew with the facility with which my thoughts were set down and preserved.

As yet I had not undertaken any work so large as my Biblical prose-epic. It happened to be a fairly peaceful time, and nothing recalled my imagination from Palestine and Egypt. Thus my manuscript swelled from day to day, for as I recited the poem to myself, whole sections of it were transferred to paper; and only a few pages from time to time needed to be rewritten.

When the work was done—for to my own astonishment it really was completed—I reflected that various poems written in earlier years were still in existence, which even now did not appear to me altogether worthless, and, if copied in the same size with JOSEPH, would make a very neat quarto, to which the title "Miscellaneous Poems" might be given. I was pleased with the idea, as it gave me an opportunity of quietly imitating well-known and celebrated authors. I had composed a good number of so-called Anacreontic poems, which, on account of the convenience of the metre and the lightness of the subject, flowed easily from my pen. But these I could not well make use of here, as they were not in rhyme, and my desire before all things was to give my father pleasure. All the more appropriate, however, appeared the spiritual odes, which I had worked at very zealously in imitation of the *Last Judgment* of Elias Schlegel. One of these, written to celebrate the Descent of Christ into hell, received much applause from my parents and friends, and had the good fortune to please myself for some years afterwards. I studied diligently the so-called texts of the Sunday church-music, which were always to be had printed. They were, indeed, very feeble, and I could well believe that my verses, of which I had composed many in the prescribed manner, were equally worthy of being set to music and sung for the edification of the congregation. These and many like them I had for more than a year copied with my own hand, because this private exercise released me from the copies of the writing-master. Now, all were revised and put in proper order, and no great persuasion was needed to induce the young man who was so zealous with his pen to copy them neatly. I hastened with them to the bookbinder, and when shortly afterwards I handed the handsome volume to my father, he encouraged me with particular satisfaction to produce a similar quarto every year; and this he did with the greater conviction, seeing that the whole thing had been the work of my so-called spare time.

Another circumstance strengthened my inclination for these theological, or rather Biblical studies. The principal preacher, JOHANN PHILIPP FRESENIUS, had died. He was a mild man, of handsome, agreeable appearance, who was

respected by his congregation and the whole city as an exemplary pastor and good preacher, but, because he had raised his voice against the Moravians, was not in the best odour with the pious separatists; while, on the other hand, he had made himself famous, and almost a saint, with the multitude, by the conversion of a free-thinking general who had been mortally wounded. His successor, PLITT, a tall, handsome, dignified man, who brought from his Chair (he had been a Professor in Marburg) the gift of teaching rather than of edifying, immediately announced a sort of course in divinity to be given in a connected series of sermons. Even before this, as I had to go to church in any case, I had been accustomed to noting the headings of the discourse, and could now and then show off by a pretty complete recital of a sermon. But now that much was being said in the congregation, both for and against the new preacher, and many put no great faith in his announced didactic sermons, I resolved to take notes more carefully, and I was the more successful in doing so from having made less ambitious attempts in a seat very convenient for hearing, but concealed from sight. I was extremely attentive and on the alert; the moment he said Amen I hastened from the church and spent a couple of hours in rapidly dictating what I had fixed in my memory and on paper, so that I could hand in the written sermon before dinner. My father was greatly elated by this success, and the good friend of the family, who had just come in to dinner, had to share his pleasure. Indeed, this friend was already well-disposed towards me, because I had learned so much of his *Messiah* by heart; very often when I went to see him to fetch impressions of seals for my collection of coats-of-arms, I would recite long passages from it so that the tears stood in his eyes.

The next Sunday I continued my task with equal zest, and as even the mere mechanical part of it interested me, I did not reflect upon what I wrote and preserved. During the first three months these efforts were continued in pretty much the same way, but at last, in my self-conceit, I fancied that I was not deriving any particular enlightenment as to the Bible, nor wider views as to dogma; the slight gratification to my vanity seemed too

dearly purchased for me to pursue the matter with the same zeal. The sermons, once so many-leaved, grew more and more meagre; and before long I should have relinquished this labour altogether, if my father, who was a great friend of completeness, had not induced me by exhortations and promises to persevere till the last Sunday after Trinity—though at last scarcely more than the text, the subject, and the divisions were scribbled on little pieces of paper.

My father was particularly pertinacious on this point of completeness. What was once undertaken must be finished, even if the inconvenience, tedium, vexation, nay, uselessness of the thing begun had in the mean time become manifest. It seemed as if he regarded completeness as the only end, and perseverance as the only virtue. If in our family circle, in the long winter evenings, we had begun to read a book aloud, we were compelled to go on to the end, though we were all driven to desperation by it, and my father himself was the first to yawn. I still remember one of these winters, when we had to work our way through Bower's *History of the Popes*. It was a terrible situation, since little or nothing connected with those ecclesiastical affairs has any interest for children and young people. Still, with all my inattention and aversion, so much of that book remained in my mind that I was able, in after times, to use it as a basis for further reading.

Amid all these heterogeneous occupations and tasks, which followed each other so rapidly that one could hardly reflect whether they were desirable and useful, my father never lost sight of his main object. He endeavoured to direct my memory and my powers of apprehension and synthesis to legal matters, and therefore gave me a small book by HOPPE, in the shape of a catechism, composed in accordance with the form and substance of the *Institutiones*. I soon learned questions and answers by heart, and could say the part of the catechist as well as of the catechumen; and, as in religious instruction at that time one of the chief exercises was to find passages in the Bible as readily as possible, so a similar acquaintance with the *Corpus juris* was deemed necessary, and in this, too, I very soon became quite proficient. My father wished me to go

further, and the little STRUVE was taken in hand ; but here progress was not so rapid. The form of the work was not such as to encourage beginners to go on by themselves, nor was my father's manner of teaching so genial as greatly to interest me.

Not only the warlike state of the times during the last few years, but also civil life itself, and the perusal of history and romances, had made it only too clear to us that there were many cases in which the laws are silent and give no help to the individual, who must then extricate himself from his difficulty as he best may. We had now reached the period when, according to the accepted routine, we were, in addition to other things, to learn to fence and ride, so that we should know how to defend ourselves upon occasion, and avoid cutting a ridiculous figure on horseback. As to the fencing, the exercise greatly pleased us ; for we had already, long ago, managed to get hold of broad-swords made of hazel-sticks, with basket-hilts neatly woven of osiers to protect the hands. Now we were allowed to have real steel blades, and the clashing we made with them was very lively.

There were two fencing-masters in the city : a grave elderly German, who went to work in the severe and thorough style, and a Frenchman, who sought to gain the advantage by advancing and retreating, and by light rapid thrusts, which he always accompanied with exclamations. Opinions varied as to which method was the best. The little company with which I was to take lessons was entrusted to the Frenchman, and we speedily accustomed ourselves to move backwards and forwards, to lunge and recover, and at the same time to give vent to the proper exclamations. But several of our acquaintances had gone to the German teacher, and practised the exact reverse. These distinct modes of treating so important an exercise, the conviction of each that his master was the best, did in fact cause a division among the young people, who were of about the same age, and the fencing-schools were in imminent danger of occasioning serious battles,—for there was almost as much fighting with words as with swords ; and, in order to finally decide the matter, a trial of skill between the two fencing-masters was arranged, the result of

which I need not describe in detail. The German stood in his position like a wall, watched his opportunity, and contrived to disarm his opponent over and over again with his cut and thrust. The latter maintained that this was not fair, and continued to keep the other fully occupied by his agility. He also dealt the German several blows, but if they had been in earnest, he would himself have been sent into the next world.

In the end, nothing was decided and nothing gained, except that some went over to our countryman, of whom I was one. But I had already acquired too much from the first master; hence a considerable time elapsed before the new one could make me unlearn it, and he was altogether less satisfied with us renegades than with his original pupils.

As to riding, I fared yet worse. I happened to be sent to the riding-school in the autumn, so that I began in the cool and damp season. The pedantic treatment of this noble art was highly repugnant to me. From first to last the whole talk was about sitting the horse well, and yet no one could say in what a good seat consisted, though all depended on that; for we rode to and fro on our horses without stirrups. Moreover, the instruction seemed devised solely to defraud the pupils and put them to shame. If one forgot to hook or unhook the curb-chain, or let his riding-whip fall, or, worse still, his hat,—every omission, every misfortune, had to be paid for in cash, and one was laughed at besides. This put me in the worst of humours, particularly as I found the school itself quite intolerable. The great nasty place, either wet or dusty, the cold, the mouldy smell—the whole thing was excessively distasteful to me. Moreover, the stable-master always gave the others the best and me the worst horses to ride, perhaps because they bribed him by breakfasts and other gifts, perhaps, too, by their skill; furthermore, he kept me waiting, and, as it seemed, slighted me, and so I spent the most irksome hours in an employment that ought to have been the most delightful in the world. Indeed, the impression of that time and of those circumstances has remained with me so vividly, that although I afterwards became an ardent and daring rider, and for days and weeks together almost lived on horseback, I carefully shunned

covered riding-schools, passing at most but few moments in them. It is often the case that when the elements of a special art are to be taught us, this is done in a painful and unattractive manner. The conviction that such a method is both irksome and injudicious has given rise in later times to the educational maxim that the young must be taught everything in an easy, cheerful, and agreeable way : whence, however, other evils and disadvantages have arisen.

With the approach of spring, more peaceful times ensued for us, and just as in earlier days I had endeavoured to obtain a view of the city, its ecclesiastical, civil, public and private structures, and, in particular, had taken delight in the antiquities still existing at that time, so at this later date I endeavoured, by reading *Lersner's Chronicle*, and other books and pamphlets relating to Frankfort in my father's possession, to picture to myself the persons of past times. This I seemed able to do successfully by fixing my attention upon the characteristic customs and distinguished individuals of past times.

Among the ancient remains which from my childish days had fascinated me, was the skull of a state criminal, fixed on the bridge-tower, originally one of three or four, as the vacant iron spikes testified, which had survived all depredations of time and weather since 1616. Whenever one returned from Sachsenhausen to Frankfort, one had this tower before one, and the skull was directly in view. As a boy, I liked to listen to the history of these rebels—Fettmilch and his confederates—how they had become dissatisfied with the government of the city, had rebelled against it, set a mutiny on foot, plundered the Jews' quarter, but after fierce fighting were at last taken prisoners and condemned to death by the Emperor's commissioners. At a later period I was anxious to learn more particulars, and to hear what sort of people they were. I discovered from an old contemporary book, ornamented with woodcuts, that though these men had been condemned to death, yet many councillors had at the same time been deposed, because various disorders and abuses had been rampant; when I heard the particulars of what had taken place, I pitied the unfortunate persons who might be regarded as sacrifices to a future better constitution.

For from that time dates the constitution, by which the patrician house of Limpurg, the house of Frauenstein, sprung from an association, besides lawyers, tradespeople, and artisans, took part in a form of government, which, when completed by a complicated system of balloting on the Venetian plan and restricted by the civic corporations, was intended to do right, while retaining very little liberty to do wrong.

Among the strange things which excited the misgivings of the boy, and even of the youth, was especially the state of the Jewish quarter of the city (*Judenstadt*), properly called the *Judengasse* (Jew-street), as it consisted of little more than a single street, which in early times may be said to have been as it were imprisoned between the walls and trenches of the town. The limited area, the filth, the crowd, the accent of an unpleasing language—all combined to produce a most disagreeable impression, even if one merely looked in as one passed the gate. It was long before I ventured in alone, and I was not anxious to repeat the visit, when I had once escaped the importunities of so many men, unwearied in demanding or offering to chaffer with me. Then, too, the old legends of the cruelty of the Jews towards Christian children, which we had seen hideously illustrated in *Gottfried's Chronicle*, hovered grimly before my young mind. And although they were thought better of in modern times, there was the large caricature holding them up to ridicule, still fairly distinct, on an arched wall under the bridge tower, to bear witness against them; for it was the outcome, not of private ill-will, but of public initiative.

However, they still remained the chosen people of God, and, whatever their intervening history, went about, a living memorial of the most ancient times. Besides, they too were men, active and obliging, and even the tenacity with which they clung to their peculiar customs called for respect. The girls, moreover, were pretty, and were far from displeased when a Christian lad, meeting them on the sabbath in the Fischerfeld, showed himself kindly and attentive. I was consequently extremely curious to become acquainted with their ceremonies. I did not rest satisfied until I had frequently visited their synagogue, had assisted at a circumcision and a wedding, and had formed a notion of the Feast of Tabernacles. Everywhere I was well received, pleasantly

entertained, and invited to come again; for I had been accompanied or introduced by persons of influence.

Thus, as a young resident in a large city, I was hurried from one interest to another, and horrible scenes in their turn broke in upon the quiet and security of town life. Sometimes a fire in the vicinity or at a distance aroused us from our domestic peace, sometimes the discovery of a great crime, with its investigation and punishment, set the whole city in a commotion for weeks together. We had been witnesses of various executions; and it is worth mentioning that once I was present at the burning of a book. The publication was a French comic romance, which left the state untouched, it is true, but, on the other hand, attacked religion and morality. There was really something dreadful in seeing punishment inflicted on a lifeless thing. The packages burst asunder in the fire, and were pulled apart by furnace-rakes, that the flames might get greater hold on them. It was not long before the kindled sheets were flying about in the air, and the crowd caught at them with eagerness. Nor could we rest until we had secured a copy, and many others managed likewise to procure the forbidden pleasure. Indeed, if the author had aimed at notoriety, he could not have found a better way of ensuring it.

But there were also more peaceful occasions which took me about in every part of the city. My father had early accustomed me to do small commissions for him. He charged me particularly to urge on the artisans whom he employed, as they commonly kept him waiting longer than was right, because he was very particular about the work, and used in the end to pay promptly, but at a lower price. In this way, I gained access to nearly all the workshops; and as it was natural to me to sympathize with the condition of others, to realize each different kind of human existence, and to delight in sharing it, these commissions were the occasion of many most delightful hours, and I learned to know the habits of one and all, and what joys and sorrows, what advantages and hardships, were bound up with the inevitable conditions of this or that mode of life. I was thus brought nearer to the class of workers which forms a link between the lower and upper classes. For on the one side stand those whose work lies with

the simple and raw products, and on the other those who desire to enjoy what has already been manufactured; the artisan, with his intelligence and skill, is the intermediary who enables the other two to receive something from each other, and each to gratify his wishes in his own way. The family life of every handicraftsman, which derived form and colour from the craft pursued, was likewise an object of my quiet observation; and thus was developed and strengthened in me a feeling of the equality, if not of all men, yet of all human conditions,—existence in itself seeming to me the main point, and all the rest indifferent and accidental.

Though my father was not fond of spending money on anything which afforded only a momentary enjoyment—I can scarcely remember that we ever drove out together and spent anything in a place of amusement—he was, on the other hand, not niggardly in purchasing such things as presented a good external appearance besides possessing intrinsic worth. No one could look forward to peace more than he, although he had not suffered the slightest inconvenience during the last period of the war. Such being his views, he had promised my mother a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, which she was to receive as soon as peace should be publicly declared. In expectation of the happy event, this present had been put in hand some years ago. The box, which was tolerably large, had been executed in Hanau, for my father was on good terms with the gold-workers there, as well as with the managers of the silk-nursery. Many designs were made for it; the cover was adorned by a basket of flowers, over which hovered a dove with the olive-branch. A vacant space was left for the jewels, which were to be set partly in the dove and partly in the flowers, partly too on the spot where the box is usually opened. The jeweller to whom the execution and the requisite stones were entrusted was named Lautensack, and was a skilful, cheery man, who, like many clever artists, seldom did what was necessary, but usually carried out his fancies, which gave him pleasure. The jewels were very soon set, in the shape in which they were to be put upon the box, on some black wax, and looked very well; but there they stuck, and it was impossible to get them transferred to the gold. At the outset, my father let the matter rest; but as the hope of peace grew

stronger, and finally when the details of the conditions—in particular the elevation of the Archduke Joseph to the Roman throne—were supposed to be generally known, he grew more and more impatient, and I had to go several times a week, nay, at last, almost daily, to visit the dilatory artist. Thanks to my constant worrying and exhortation, the work went on, though slowly enough; for as it was of the kind which can be taken in hand or laid aside at will, something of greater importance was always cropping up for the sake of which it was set aside.

The chief cause of this conduct, however, was a task which the artist had undertaken on his own account. Everybody knew that the Emperor Francis had a particular affection for jewels, and especially for coloured stones. Lautensack had expended a considerable sum, and as it afterwards proved, more than he could afford, on such gems, out of which he had begun to shape a nosegay, in which every stone was to be arranged so as to show off its shape and colour to best advantage, and the whole was to form a work of art worthy to take its place in the jewel-room of an emperor. He had, in his desultory way, worked at it for many years, and now hastened to complete it and put it together finally, since, when the looked-for peace should be declared, the Emperor was expected to come to Frankfort for the coronation of his son. He cleverly took advantage of my interest in such matters to divert my attention from my message of exhortation, and to lure me from my purpose. He strove to impart a knowledge of these stones to me, and pointed out to me their properties and value, so that in the end I knew his whole bouquet by heart, and could have shown off its beauties to a customer quite as well as he. I can remember it even now, and though I may have since seen more costly specimens of magnificence in this sort, I have never seen a more charming one. He possessed, besides, a pretty collection of engravings, and other works of art, about which he liked to talk, and I passed many hours with him, not without profit. Finally, when the Congress of Hubertsburg was finally fixed, he made a special effort for my sake; and the dove and flowers actually reached my mother's hands on the festival in celebration of peace.

I also received many similar commissions, urging on

painters to finish pictures which had been ordered. My father had a rooted conviction—and few men were without it—that a picture painted on wood was greatly preferable to one that was merely put on canvas. It was therefore matter of great care with him to possess good oak boards of every shape, because he well knew that on this important point the more careless artists trusted to the joiners. The oldest planks were hunted up, the joiners were required to use the greatest accuracy in gluing, planing, and preparing them, and they were then kept for years in an upper room, where they could be properly seasoned. A valuable board of this kind was entrusted to the painter JUNKER, who was to represent on it an ornamental flower-pot, with the choicest flowers drawn after nature in his artistic and elegant manner. It was just spring-time, and I did not fail to take him several times a week the most beautiful flowers that fell in my way, which he immediately put in, and by degrees composed the whole out of these elements with the utmost industry and fidelity. On one occasion I had caught a mouse, which I took to him, and he was taken with the desire to copy so pretty a little creature, and actually represented it most accurately, gnawing an ear of corn at the foot of the flower-pot. Many such inoffensive natural objects, such as butterflies and beetles, were brought to him to be painted, so that finally a highly valuable picture resulted, excellent in its imitation and execution.

Hence I was not a little astonished when one day, just as the work was about to be sent home, the good man formally declared that the picture no longer pleased him,—for, though it had turned out quite well in its details, it was not well composed as a whole, because it had been produced in this gradual manner ; and he had made a mistake at the outset in not devising a general plan, at least for light and shade as well as colour, according to which the single flowers might have been arranged. With me he made a thorough examination of the picture, which had grown under my eyes during the last six months and in many respects pleased me, and in the end entirely convinced me, to my great regret. Even the copy of the mouse he regarded as an error ; for many persons, he said, have a

horror of such animals, and they should not be introduced where the object is to excite pleasure. As commonly happens with those who are cured of a prejudice, and imagine themselves cleverer than they were before, I now had a thorough contempt for this work of art and entirely agreed with the artist when he caused another panel of the same size to be prepared, on which, in accordance with his taste, he painted a better-shaped vessel and a more artistically arranged nosegay, and also selected and distributed the little living accessories gracefully and pleasingly. This panel, too, he painted with the greatest care, either copying the former picture, or painting from a memory which long and assiduous practice had made very serviceable. Both paintings were now ready, and we were thoroughly delighted with the last, which was certainly the more artistic and striking of the two. My father was surprised with two pictures instead of one, and to him the choice was left. He approved of our opinion and of the reasons for it, and especially of the good-will and energy displayed; but, after considering both pictures some days, he decided in favour of the first, without saying much about the motives of his choice. The artist, in vexation, took back his second well-intentioned picture, and could not restrain the remark that the good oaken panel on which the first was painted had certainly influenced my father's decision.

Now that I am once more on the topic of painting, my memory recalls a large establishment, where I passed much time, because both it and its managers especially attracted me. It was the great oil-cloth factory which the painter NOTHNAGEL had erected; a skilful artist, but by his talents and his views disposed more to manufacture than to art. In a very large expanse of courts and gardens all kinds of oil-cloths were made, from the coarsest, which are covered by means of a trowel and used for baggage-wagons and similar purposes, on through floor-cloths, printed with figures, to the finer and the superfine kinds, on which sometimes flowers—Chinese, fanciful or natural—sometimes figures, sometimes landscapes, were represented by the brushes of expert workmen. This multiplicity, to which there was no end, delighted me extremely. The varied occupations of so many men, from the lowest unskilled labour

to work undoubtedly possessing artistic value, were to me extremely attractive. I made the acquaintance of this multitude of men, young and old, working in several successive rooms, and occasionally lent a hand myself. The sale of these commodities was extraordinarily brisk. Any one building or furnishing a house at that time, wished to do so for life, and this oil-cloth carpeting was certainly indestructible. Nothnagel had enough to do in directing the whole, and sat in his office surrounded by factors and clerks. His leisure time he devoted to his collection of works of art, consisting chiefly of engravings, with which, as well as with the oil-paintings in his possession, he occasionally did business. At the same time he had acquired a taste for etching; he etched a variety of plates, and prosecuted this branch of art even in his latest years.

As his dwelling lay near the Eschenheim Gate, my way, after visiting him, usually led me out of the city to some plots of land which my father owned beyond the gates. One was a large orchard, the ground of which was used as a meadow, and in which my father carefully attended to the planting of new trees and whatever else was needed for their preservation, though the ground itself was leased. Still more attention was required by a very well-kept vineyard beyond the Friedberg Gate, where between the rows of vines, rows of asparagus were planted and tended with great care. Scarcely a day passed in the fine season in which my father did not go there, and as on these occasions we were generally allowed to accompany him, we derived constant pleasure and delight from the earliest productions of spring to the last of autumn. We also made acquaintance with gardening operations, which, as they recurred year by year, eventually became perfectly familiar and easy to us. But after the various fruits of summer and autumn, at last came the vintage, the gayest and most beloved time of all: nay, there is no question that as wine gives a certain absence of constraint to the places and districts where it is grown and drunk, so these vintage-days, which terminate summer and usher in winter, diffuse a surprising cheerfulness. Joy and jubilation pervade a whole district. In the daytime, huzzas and shots are heard

in all directions, and at night rockets and fire-balls, now here, now there, show that on all hands there are people still awake and lively, who would willingly prolong this festival to its utmost limit. The subsequent processes at the wine-press and during the fermentation in the cellar, provided us with cheerful occupation at home, and in this way we generally found that winter had stolen upon us before we were aware of it.

These rural possessions afforded us especial pleasure in the spring of 1763, as the 15th of February in that year was celebrated as a festival on account of the conclusion of the Hubertsburg peace, the happy results of which were to be felt throughout the remainder of my life. But before proceeding further, I feel bound to mention certain men who exerted an important influence on my youth.

VON OLENSCHLAGER was a member of the Frauenstein family, a *Schoff*, and son-in-law of the above-mentioned Dr. Orth, a handsome, comfortable, sanguine man. In his burgomaster's holiday costume he could well have personated the most important French prelate. After his academic course, he had occupied himself with diplomatic and state affairs, and had besides directed his travels to that end. He greatly esteemed me, and often conversed with me on the matters which chiefly interested him. I was with him when he wrote his *Interpretation of the Golden Bull*; on which occasion he explained to me very clearly the value and dignity of that document. My imagination was carried back by it to those wild and troubled times, so that I could not help picturing what he related historically as though it were actually happening, by elaborating the characters and circumstances, or by dramatic action. In this he took great delight, and by his applause excited me to repetition.

I had from childhood the singular habit of always learning by heart the beginnings of books and the divisions of a work, first of the five Books of Moses, and then of the *Aeneid* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. I now did the same thing with the *Golden Bull*, and often made my patron smile by suddenly exclaiming, quite gravely, "*Omne regnum in se divisum desolabitur; nam principes ejus facti sunt socii*

furum."* The learned man would shake his head, smiling, and say musingly, "What times those must have been, when the Emperor at a Grand Diet had such words thrown in the face of his princes!"

There was a great charm in von Olenschlager's society. He received little company, but was very fond of intellectual amusement, and induced us young people to perform plays from time to time, for such exercises were deemed particularly profitable for the young. We acted the *CANUTE* of Schlegel, in which the part of the king was assigned to me, Estrithe to my sister, and Ulfo to the younger son of the family. We then ventured on the *BRITANNICUS*,† for we were to practise the language as well as our dramatic talents. I was given the part of Nero, my sister that of Agrippina, and the younger son that of Britannicus. We were praised more than we deserved, and fancied that we had done it even better than the praise we received. Thus I was on the best terms with this family, and have been indebted to them for many pleasures, and also for aiding my development.

VON REINECK was of an old patrician family, capable, honest, but stubborn, a spare, swarthy man, whom I never saw smile. The misfortune befell him that his only daughter eloped with a friend of the family. He prosecuted his son-in-law with the utmost rigour of the law; and because the law-courts, with their formality, were neither sufficiently rapid nor drastic in gratifying his desire for vengeance, he fell out with them; and there ensued quarrel upon quarrel, lawsuit upon lawsuit. He withdrew completely into his own house and an adjacent garden, lived in a spacious but gloomy lower-room, into which for many years certainly no whitewasher's brush, and perhaps not even a maid-servant's broom, had found its way. He was quite fond of me, and he had especially commended to me his younger son. He frequently invited his oldest friends, who knew how to humour him, his men of business and legal advisers to dine with him, and on these occasions

* Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation; for the princes thereof have become the associates of robbers,—*Trans.*

† Racine's tragedy,—*Trans.*

never omitted to ask me. There was good eating and still better drinking at his house. But a large stove, that smoked from many cracks, caused the greatest annoyance to his guests. One of the most intimate once ventured to remark upon it by asking the host whether he could put up with such an inconvenience all the winter. He answered, like a second Timon or Heautontimoroumenos: "Would to God this were the greatest evil which torments me!" It was long before he allowed himself to be persuaded to see his daughter and grandchildren. The son-in-law was never allowed to come into his presence again.

On this excellent but unfortunate man my visits had a very favourable effect; for while freely conversing with me, and in particular instructing me in the affairs of the world and the state, he seemed to feel himself relieved and cheered. Hence the few old friends who still gathered round him often made use of me, when they wished to soften his peevish humour and persuade him to any diversion. As a matter of fact, he now frequently drove out with us, and once again contemplated the country, on which he had not cast an eye for so many years. He called to mind the old landowners, and told stories of their characters and actions; in so doing he showed himself always severe, but often cheerful and witty. We now made an attempt to induce him to mix with other people, which, however, nearly ended in disaster.

About the same age, if not still older, was one HERR VON MALAPERT, a rich man, who possessed a very handsome house by the *Rossmarkt*, and derived a good income from salt-works. He too led a very secluded life: but in summer he was a great deal in his garden, near the Bockenheim Gate, where he watched and tended a very fine bed of carnations.

Von Reineck was likewise a lover of carnations; the flowering season had come, and the possibility of an interchange of visits was mooted. We broached the matter, and were so persistent that at last von Reineck resolved to drive out with us one Sunday afternoon. The greeting of the two old gentlemen was very laconic, indeed entirely in dumb show, and they walked up and down the long frames of carnations like true diplomatists. The display was really extraordinarily beautiful, and the particular forms and colours

of the different flowers, the advantages of one over the other, and their rarity, at last gave rise to a sort of conversation which seemed growing quite friendly; whereat we others rejoiced the more as we saw the rarest old Rhine wine in cut-glass decanters, beautiful fruit, and other good things spread upon a table in a neighbouring arbour. But these, alas! we were not to enjoy. For von Reineck unfortunately saw a very fine pink with its head hanging down; he therefore took the stalk near the calyx very cautiously between his fore and middle fingers, and lifted the flower so that he ~~car'd~~ inspect it properly. But even this gentle handling vexed the owner. Von Malapert courteously, indeed, but very stiffly and somewhat self-complacently, reminded him of the *oculis, non manibus*.^{*} Von Reineck had already let go the flower, but at once took fire at the words, and said in his usual dry, serious manner, that it was quite fitting for a lover and connoisseur of flowers to touch and examine them in such a manner. Whereupon he repeated the act, and again took the flower between his fingers. The friends of both parties—for von Malapert also had one present—were now in the greatest perplexity. They started one hare after another (that was our proverbial expression for interrupting a conversation and changing the subject), but all to no purpose; the old gentlemen had become quite silent, and we feared every moment that von Reineck would repeat the act, when all would be over with us. The two friends kept their principals apart by occupying them, now here, now there, and at last we found it most expedient to prepare to take our departure. Thus, alas! we were forced to turn our backs on the inviting side-board, with its dainties all untasted.

HOF RAT HÜSGEN, not a native of Frankfort, was already sixty years old when I had writing lessons with his son, and so gained an entry into his house. He was a member of the Reformed Church,[†] and therefore not eligible for any public office including the profession of advocate, but his skill as a jurist won him so much confidence that he was able to practise quietly both in the Frankfort and the Imperial Courts, under the name of

^{*} Eyes, not hands.—*Trans.*

[†] That is to say, he was a Calvinist, as distinguished from a Lutheran.—*Trans.*

another firm. His figure was tall without being thin, and broad without corpulency. It was impossible to look at his face, which was not only disfigured by small-pox but deprived of an eye, for the first time without a feeling of dread. He always wore on his bald head a perfectly white bell-shaped cap, tied at the top with a ribbon. His dressing-gowns, of calamanco or damask, were always very clean. He dwelt in a very cheerful suite of rooms on the ground-floor by the *Allée*, and the neatness of everything about him corresponded with this cheerful aspect. The perfect arrangement of his papers, books, and maps, produced a favourable impression. His son Heinrich Sebastian, afterwards known by various writings on art, gave little promise in his youth. Good-natured but awkward, not rude but blunt, and without any special desire to learn, he sought rather to avoid the presence of his father, as he could get all he wanted from his mother. I, on the other hand, grew more and more attached to the old man the more I knew of him. As he attended only to important cases, he had plenty of time to occupy and amuse himself in other ways. I had not long frequented his house and heard his doctrines, before I perceived that he stood in opposition to God and the world. One of his favourite books was *Agrippa De Vanitate Scientiarum*, which he especially commended to me, and so set my young brains in a considerable whirl for a time. In the happiness of youth I was inclined to optimism, and was now again at peace with God or the divine powers: for the experience of a series of years had taught me that there was much to counterbalance evil, that one often does recover from misfortune, and that one may be saved from dangers and does not always break one's neck. I looked with tolerance, too, on the ways and doings of men, and found many things worthy of praise with which my old gentleman was by no means satisfied. Indeed, once when he had sketched the world to me, in a somewhat bizarre light, I became aware that he meant to close the game with an important trump-card. He shut his blind left eye tightly, as he was wont to do on such occasions, looked keenly out of the other, and said in a nasal voice, "Even in God I discover defects."

My Timonic mentor was also a mathematician, but his practical turn led him to mechanics, though he did not work himself. A clock, wonderful at least for those days, which indicated not only the days and hours, but the motions of the sun and moon, was constructed under his direction. On Sunday, at ten o'clock in the morning, he always wound it up himself, which he could do the more regularly as he never went to church. I never saw company nor guests at his house; and scarcely twice in ten years do I remember to have seen him dressed and walking out of doors.

My intercourse with these men was not without result, and each of them influenced me in his own way. To each I was as attentive as were his own children, if not more so, and each looked upon me as his loved son and strove to increase the pleasure he took in me by endeavouring to mould me in accordance with his moral ideal. Olenschlager would have made me a courtier, von Reineck a diplomatist; both, the latter particularly, sought to disgust me with poetry and authorship. Husgen wished me to be a Timon after his fashion, but, at the same time, an able lawyer; a necessary profession, he considered, providing an approved means of defending oneself and one's friends against the rabble, of succouring the oppressed, and above all, of picking a quarrel with a rogue; though the last is not particularly practicable nor advisable.

Though I liked to spend my time at the side of these men, in order to profit by their counsel and direction, younger men, only a little older than myself, roused me to directly emulate them. First among these I would name the brothers SCHLOSSER, and GRIESBACH. But as my subsequent relations with them were more intimate and lasted for many years uninterruptedly, I will only add here that at that time they were pointed out to us as being distinguished in languages and other studies at the outset of their academic career, and held up to us as models, and that everybody cherished the certain expectation that they would some day do something out of the common in church and state.

For my own part, I too had it in my mind to achieve something extraordinary, but in what it was to consist was not clear. But as we are apt to think rather of the

reward which we should like to receive than of the merit which we ought to acquire, so, I do not deny, that if I thought of a happiness I would fain enjoy, the most fascinating shape in which it appeared to me was that of a laurel garland woven to adorn the poet's brow.

FIFTH BOOK

EVERY bird has its decoy, and every man is led and misled in a way peculiar to himself. Nature, education, ~~circum-~~stances, and habit kept me apart from all that was coarse ; and though I often came into contact with the lower classes, particularly with mechanics, no close intimacy grew out of it. I had indeed boldness enough to prompt me to uncommon and perhaps dangerous undertakings, and often felt drawn to them ; but I lacked the capacity for seizing and holding the favourable opportunity.

Meanwhile I was quite unexpectedly involved in an affair which brought me near to a great danger, and, for a time at least, into perplexity and distress. The friendly intercourse which I had had with the boy already mentioned under the name of Pylades continued beyond my childish days. We indeed saw each other less often, because our parents were not on the best of terms ; but when we did meet, the old warmth of friendship revived immediately. Once we met in the pleasant walk made by the avenues between the outer and inner gate of St. Gallus. We had scarcely exchanged greetings, when he said to me, " I have had the same experience as ever about your verses. I read aloud those you recently showed me to some good comrades of mine, and not one of them will believe that you have written them." " Do not let that trouble us," I answered ; " we will write them and enjoy them, and the others may think and say of them what they please."

" Here comes the unbeliever himself," added my friend. " We will not speak of it," I replied ; " what is the use ? One cannot convert them." " By no means," said my friend ; " I cannot let him off so easily."

After a short conversation on indifferent topics, my young comrade, who was but too well disposed towards me, could

not suffer the matter to drop without saying to the other, with some resentment, "Here is my friend who made those pretty verses, for which you will not give him credit!" "He will certainly not be offended at that," answered the other, "for we do him an honour when we suppose that more learning is required to make such verses than one of his years can possess." I made some casual answer; but my friend continued, "It will not be very difficult to convince you. Give him any theme, and he will improvise you a poem on the spot." I fell in with the proposal, and the other asked me whether I would venture to compose a pretty love-letter in rhyme, which a modest young woman might be supposed to write to a young man, to declare her inclination. "Nothing could be easier," I answered, "if I only had writing materials." He pulled out his pocket almanac, in which there were a great many blank leaves, and I sat down upon a bench to write. They walked about in the meanwhile, but always kept me in sight. I immediately brought my imagination to bear on the situation, and thought how pleasant it would be if some pretty girl were really attached to me, and wished to reveal her sentiments to me, either in prose or verse. I therefore began my declaration without delay, and in a very short time produced some verses, in form between doggerel and madrigal, and as simple as possible in style, which, when read aloud, filled the sceptic with astonishment, and my friend with delight. The former expressed his desire to keep the poem, and I could hardly refuse, seeing that it was written in his almanac; besides, I was glad to leave such documentary evidence of my capabilities in his hands. He left us with many assurances of admiration and respect, saying he wished for nothing more than that we should often meet; so we settled soon to go together into the country.

Our party actually took place, and was joined by several more young people of the same sort. They belonged to the middle, or, if you will, to the lower classes, and were not wanting in brains, and moreover, thanks to their school education, were fairly well informed and had a certain degree of culture. In a large, rich city there are many modes of gaining a livelihood, and they supported themselves by copying for the lawyers, and by giving the children of the lower

orders more advanced instruction than that of the elementary schools. They helped to prepare the older children, who were to be confirmed; then, again, they went errands for factors and merchants, and were thus enabled to enjoy themselves frugally in the evenings, and particularly on Sundays and festivals.

On the way out, while they highly extolled my love-letter, they confessed to me that they had made use of it in a merry jest, viz.—they had copied it in a feigned hand, and, with a few pertinent allusions, had sent it to a ~~conceited~~ young man, who was now firmly persuaded that a lady to whom he had paid distant court was excessively enamoured of him, and sought an opportunity for closer acquaintance. At the same time, they told me in confidence that he now desired nothing more than to be able to answer her in verse; but that neither he nor they had any ability in that direction, so that they earnestly begged me to compose the much-desired reply.

Mystifications are and will continue to be an amusement for idle, more or less intelligent people. A pardonable love of mischief, a malicious spirit of provocation form the delight of those who have neither resources in themselves nor a wholesome external activity. No age is quite above such trivial pleasures. We had often tricked each other in our childish years; many games turned upon such mystifications and tricks. The present jest did not seem to me of any greater consequence; I gave my consent. They informed me of many particulars which the letter ought to contain, and we brought it home already finished.

A little while afterwards I was urgently invited, through my friend, to be present at one of the evening gatherings of that society. The lover, he said, was willing to bear the expense on this occasion, and desired expressly to thank the friend who had shown himself so excellent a poetical secretary.

We assembled late enough, the meal was most frugal, the wine drinkable: while as for the conversation, it consisted almost entirely of jokes at the expense of our very foolish young host, who, after repeated readings of the letter, almost believed that he had written it himself.

My natural good-nature would not allow me to take

much pleasure in such a malicious deception, and the continual harping on this one theme soon disgusted me. I should certainly have passed a tedious evening, if an unexpected arrival had not revived me. On our entrance the table was already neatly and tidily set, and sufficient wine had been served ; so we sat down, and were left to ourselves, without requiring any attendance. However, as the wine ran short at last, one of them called for the maid ; but instead of the maid there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when contrasted with her surroundings, of astonishing beauty. "What is it you want ?" she asked, after a friendly greeting ; "the maid is ill in bed. Can I serve you ?" "The wine has run short," said one ; "if you would fetch us a few bottles, it would be very kind of you." "Do, Gretchen *," said another, "it is only a step or two." "Why not ?" she answered, and, taking a few empty bottles from the table, she hastened out. Her appearance, as she turned her back on us, was even more attractive. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, poised gracefully in its turn upon a slender throat. Her whole person breathed a peculiar charm which could be more fully appreciated when one's attention was no longer exclusively attracted and fettered by the clear, calm eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived only just across the way. "Sit down with us, as a reward," said one. She did so ; but, alas, she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and left us, advising us not to carry on our revels too late into the night, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. It was not, however, her own mother, but the mother of our hosts.

This girl's image never left me from that moment ; it was the first durable impression made upon me by any woman ; and as I could find no pretext to see her at home, and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and soon discovered where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the congregation left the church I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if

* The diminutive of Margaret.—*Trans.*

she seemed to observe me and to return my greeting with a nod. Yet I was not long denied the happiness of approaching her. They had persuaded the suitor, whose poetical secretary I had been, that the letter written in his name had been actually sent to the lady, so that he lived in daily expectation of an answer. It was intended that I should write this too; and the roguish conspirators entreated me earnestly, through Pylades, to exert all my wit and employ all my art, to make this composition a masterpiece of elegance.

In the hope of again seeing my fair one, I set to work immediately, and thought of everything that would please me most if Gretchen were writing it to me. I seemed to have expressed myself so completely after her form, her nature, her manner, and her mind, that I could not refrain from wishing that it were so in reality, and lost myself in rapture at the mere thought that something similar could be sent from her to me. Thus I deluded myself, while I intended to impose upon another; and so laid myself open to much joy and to much trouble. By the time I was once more summoned, my work was ready; I promised to come, and did not fail at the appointed hour. Only one of the young men was at home; Gretchen sat at the window spinning; the mother was busy about the house. The young man asked me to read it aloud to him; I complied, not without emotion, glancing at intervals from the paper at the beautiful girl before me; and, as I read, the slight uneasiness and faint flush I seemed to notice only helped me to render with more zest and fire those words which I would fain have heard from her own lips. The cousin, who had often interrupted me with commendations, at last entreated me to make some improvements. These concerned some passages which indeed were rather adapted to Gretchen's condition than to that of the lady in question, who was of a good family, wealthy, and known and respected in the city. The young man then pointed out the desired changes, brought me writing materials, and took his leave for a short time to attend to some business matters. I remained sitting on the bench against the wall, behind the large table, and made an attempt at the alterations that were to be made, using for the purpose the large slate, which almost

covered the whole table, and a pencil that always lay in the window, both of which were used to jot down reckonings or memoranda of various kinds, or even as a means of communication between incoming and outgoing guests.

I had for a while written different things and rubbed them out again, when I exclaimed impatiently, "It will not do!" "So much the better," the girl said gravely; "I am glad it will not do. You should not meddle in such matters." She arose from the distaff, and stepping towards the table, gave me a severe lecture, with a great deal of good sense and kindness. "The thing seems an innocent jest; it is a jest, but it is not innocent. I have already known several cases, in which our young men, for the sake of mere mischief of that kind, have brought themselves into great difficulties." "But what shall I do?" I asked; "the letter is written, and they rely upon me to alter it." "Trust me," she replied, "and do not alter it; rather take it back, put it in your pocket, go away, and try to put matters straight through your friend. I will also put in a word; for look you, though I am a poor girl, and dependent upon these relations—who indeed do no harm, though they will often risk a good deal for the sake of fun or profit—I held out against them, and would not copy the first letter, as they requested. They wrote it in a feigned hand, and can do the same with this one, unless they devise some other expedient. But you, a young man of good family, rich, independent, why will you allow yourself to be used as a tool in a business which can certainly bring you no good, and may possibly have most unpleasant consequences?" It was a pleasure to me to hear her speak at such length, for as a rule she took small part in the conversation. My feeling for her grew so strong, that, no longer master of myself, I replied, "I am not so independent as you suppose; and of what use is wealth to me, when I may not have the most precious thing I can desire?"

She drew the rough copy of my verses towards her, and read them in soft, low undertones. "That is very pretty," said she, stopping short at a sort of *naïve* conceit; "but it is a pity that it is not destined for any genuine purpose." "That would indeed be desirable," I cried, "and, oh! how happy would that man be who received such a proof of

affection from a girl he tenderly loved." "It would not be likely to happen," she answered; "and yet many things are possible." "For example," I continued, "if anyone who knew, prized, honoured, and worshipped you, were to lay such a paper before you, and besought you very earnestly and tenderly, what would you do?" And I once more pushed towards her the paper she had just returned to me. She smiled, considered for a moment, took the pen, and signed her name. I was beside myself with rapture, sprang to my feet, and would have embraced her. "No kissing!" she said, "that is so vulgar; but let us love each other if we can." I had picked up the paper, and thrust it into my pocket. "No one shall ever get it," said I; "the affair is at an end. You have rescued me." "Now complete the rescue," she exclaimed, "and hurry off, before the others come, and you get into trouble and difficulty." I could not tear myself away from her, but she gently urged me, warmly pressing my right hand in both of hers! Tears stood in my eyes; I thought hers, too, were wet. I pressed my face upon her hands and hastened away. Never in my life had I been in such a tumult of emotion.

The first impulses of love, where youth is still pure and unspoiled, will be free from all taint of sensuality. Nature seems to intend that each sex should find in the other an embodiment of the ideas of virtue and beauty. Thus the sight of this girl, and my love for her, had opened out to me a new world of loveliness and goodness. I read my poetic epistle a hundred times, gazed upon the signature, kissed it, pressed it to my heart, and rejoiced in its gracious avowal. But the more my transports increased, the more did it pain me, not to be able to visit her immediately, and to see and converse with her again; for I dreaded the reproofs and importunities of her cousins. Good Pylades, who might have acted as peacemaker, I could not contrive to meet. The next Sunday, therefore, I set out for Niederrad, where these associates generally met, and, as I expected, found them there. I was, however, greatly surprised, when, instead of behaving in a cross, distant manner, they greeted me with smiles and good humour. The youngest particularly was very friendly, took me by the hand, and said,

"You played a sorry trick on us just now, and we were very angry with you ; but when you left us and took the poetic epistle with you, we thought of a plan which otherwise might never have occurred to us. By way of atonement, you may treat us to-day, and you shall hear at the same time of our excellent idea : you will certainly be delighted with it." This address put me in no little perplexity ; for I had about me money enough to pay scot for myself and a friend ; but I was by no means prepared to stand treat for a whole company, especially one such as this, whose conviviality knew no bounds. Nay, the proposal astonished me the more, as they had always insisted, in the most honourable manner, that each one should pay only his own share. They smiled at my distress, and the youngest continued, "Let us first sit down comfortably in the arbour, and then you shall learn more." We sat down, and he said, "When you had taken the love-letter with you, we talked the whole affair over once more, and came to the conclusion that out of mere love of mischief we had gratuitously abused your talent to the vexation of others and our own danger, when we could have employed it to the advantage of all of us. See, I have here an order both for a wedding-poem and for a dirge. The latter must be ready immediately, the former can wait a week. Now, if you will write these, which is an easy task for you, you will be treating us twice over, and we shall long remain your debtors." The proposal pleased me in every respect ; for from my childhood I had looked with a certain envy on those occasional poems, which then appeared in considerable numbers every week, indeed, in the case of fashionable weddings, by the dozen, because I thought I could do such things as well, if not better than others. Now an opportunity was offered me to distinguish myself, and especially to see myself in print. I showed no disinclination to comply. They acquainted me with personal details and other circumstances concerning the family ; I withdrew to a little distance, made my rough sketch, and carried out one or two stanzas. However, when I rejoined the company, and made free use of the wine, the poem began to halt, and I was unable to hand it over to them that evening. "There is still time before to-morrow evening," they said ; "besides,

we must confess that the fee which we are to receive for the dirge is enough to pay for another merry night to-morrow. Come to us; for it is only fair that Gretchen should sup with us too, as it was really she who gave us the idea." My joy was unspeakable. On my way home I thought of nothing but the remaining stanzas, wrote down the whole before I went to sleep, and the next morning copied out the whole most neatly. The day seemed never-ending to me; and no sooner was it dusk, than I found myself again in the narrow little dwelling by ~~my dear~~ Gretchen's side.

The young persons with whom in this way I formed a closer and closer connection were not exactly vulgar, but very ordinary people. Their energy was commendable, and I liked to listen to them when they spoke of the manifold ways and means by which it was possible to gain a living; above all they loved to tell of people who, though now very rich, had begun with no means at all. Others to whom they referred had rendered themselves indispensable to their employers as errand boys, and had finally risen to be their sons-in-law; while others had so enlarged and improved a little trade in matches and the like, that they were now prosperous merchants and tradesmen. But the most profitable means of gaining a livelihood, for young and active men, was, no doubt, the trade of agent and factor, and the undertaking of all sorts of commissions and charges for wealthy men who were lacking in enterprise. We all listened eagerly, and each fancied himself somebody, and imagined, for the moment, that he had in him the makings, not only of a successful man, but of a millionaire. But no one seemed to be more engrossed in such conversation than Pylades, who at last confessed that he was deeply in love with a girl, and was actually engaged to her. The circumstances of his parents would not allow him to go to the university, but he had endeavoured to acquire a good style of handwriting, a knowledge of accounts and of modern languages, and intended now to exert himself to the utmost, with the prospect of a happy home in view. His cousins praised him for this intention, although they did not approve of premature engagements, and added, that though they were bound to acknowledge him to be a

good honest fellow, they did not consider him active or enterprising enough to do anything extraordinary. In self-vindication, he began circumstantially to set forth what he thought himself fit for, and how he was going to begin, and this stirred up the others, so that each one began to tell of his present capabilities and occupations, of his performance up to that time, and of his prospects for the future. It came at last to my turn to explain my career and prospects, and while I was considering, Pylades said, "I make this ~~one proviso~~ : if we are not to be left too far behind, he is not to take into consideration the external advantages of his position. He should rather draw on his imagination and tell us what he would do, if at this moment he were thrown entirely upon his own resources, as we are."

Gretchen, who till this moment had kept on spinning, rose and sat down as usual at the end of the table. We had already emptied several bottles, and I began to relate my hypothetical career in the best of humours. "First of all, then," I said, "I beg that you will continue to favour me with the custom you have already begun to bestow on me. If you in course of time secure me the profits of all occasional poems, and we do not consume them in mere carousing, I shall have made a very creditable beginning. But then you must not take it ill if I also dabble in your handicraft." Upon this I told them what I had observed of their occupations, and which I thought myself capable of following with success. Each one had already estimated his earnings, and I now asked them to help me in making out my balance-sheet. Gretchen had been listening the whole time very attentively, and that in a characteristic attitude which well suited her, whether she chose to hear or to speak. She would sit with her arms folded, resting on the table, her hands clasping her elbows, only turning her head from time to time when occasion warranted. Once or twice she had put in a word and helped us over some obstacle in the unfolding of our projects, and then had fallen back into her customary silence. I never lost sight of her for a moment, and it may readily be imagined that my plan was not framed or expounded without reference to her; whilst my passion gave such an air of truth and probability to my words, that for a moment I deceived

myself, imagined myself as lonely and helpless as my story supposed, and yet was filled with joy at the prospect of possessing her. Pylades' confession had culminated in marriage, and the question now arose among the rest of us, whether our plans would carry us as far as that. "I have not the least doubt on that score," said I, "for a wife is indeed necessary to every one of us, to help us to keep and enjoy at home the wealth which we have amassed abroad by such strange ways and means." I then made a sketch of a wife after my heart's desire, and ~~it would~~ have been strange indeed had she not been a perfect counterpart of Gretchen.

The profits of the dirge were now consumed; but luckily the epithalamium was still to hand. I overcame all fear and care, and contrived, as I had many acquaintances, to conceal from my family the actual way in which I spent my evenings. To see my dear Gretchen, and to be near her, was soon an indispensable condition of existence for me. My friends had grown just as accustomed to me, and we were almost daily together, as if nothing else were possible. Pylades had, in the mean time, introduced his sweetheart to the house, and the pair passed many an evening with us. Though their betrothal was of most recent date, yet they did not attempt to conceal their attachment; Gretchen's behaviour to me, on the contrary, was only such as to keep me at a distance. She gave her hand to no one, not even to me; she allowed no one to touch her; yet she often sat near me, particularly when I wrote or read aloud, and would lay her arm quite naturally upon my shoulders, as she looked over my book or paper. If, however, I ventured on a similar liberty with her, she would escape and keep away from me for some little time. Yet she would repeatedly take up this same position; and, indeed, all her attitudes and movements showed little variety, but were always appropriate and irresistibly charming. But I never saw her use such freedom towards anybody else.

One of the most innocent, and at the same time most amusing, expeditions in which I engaged with different sets of young companions, was this: we would take places in the Höchst market-boat, observe the strange passengers packed into it, and banter and tease, now this one, now that, as

pleasure or caprice prompted. At Höchst we would get out just as the market-boat from Mainz arrived. One hotel kept a good table, where the better sort of travellers met on their several ways, ate with each other, and then joined the boats on their return journey. Every time, after dining, we sailed up to Frankfort, having had the cheapest possible sail, and in a goodly company. Once I had taken this trip with Gretchen's cousins, when a young man joined us at table in Höchst, who might be a little older than we were. ~~They knew him,~~ and he got himself introduced to me. There was something very pleasing in his manner, though he was not otherwise remarkable. Coming from Mainz, he now went back with us to Frankfort, and we talked together of everything that related to the internal administration of the city, and to public offices and positions, on which topics he seemed to me to be very well informed. When we separated he bade me farewell, adding that he hoped he had impressed me favourably, and might on occasion avail himself of a recommendation from me. I did not know what he meant by this, but the cousins enlightened me some days after; they spoke well of him, and asked me to speak on his behalf to my grandfather, as a fairly good appointment was just now vacant, which this friend would like to obtain. I at first excused myself, because I had never meddled in such matters; but they went on urging me until I consented. I had already many times remarked that, in these appointments, which unfortunately were often regarded as matters of favour, the request of my grandmother or of an aunt had not been without effect. I had now come to an age when I might hope to have some influence of my own. For that reason, to gratify my friends, who declared they would be infinitely obliged to me for such a kindness, I overcame the timidity of a grandchild, and undertook to deliver a written application that was placed in my hands.

One Sunday, after dinner, when my grandfather was busy in his garden, all the more so because autumn was approaching, and I always tried to help him in every way, I ventured, after some hesitation, to approach him with my request and petition. He looked at it, and asked me whether I knew the young man. I told him in general what there was to

say, and he listened to my statement. "If he has merit, and moreover good testimonials, I will consider him favourably for your sake and his own." He said no more, and for a long while I heard nothing of the matter.

For some time I had observed that Gretchen span no more, but on the other hand was busy sewing, and that, too, on very fine work, which surprised me all the more, as the days were already shortening, and winter was coming on. I thought no more about it, only it troubled me that several times I had not found her at home in the ~~morning~~ as I used to, and could not learn, without being importunate, where she had gone. Yet I was destined one day to be very strangely surprised. My sister, who was getting ready for a ball, asked me to fetch her some so-called Italian flowers from a milliner's. They were made in convents, and were small and pretty; especially myrtles, cluster roses, and the like, which were imitated to perfection. I went on her errand, and came to the shop where I had already often been with her. Hardly had I entered and greeted the proprietress, when I saw sitting in the window a female figure, whose lace cape and silk mantilla looked as if they might conceal a young and pretty face and comely form. I could easily see that she was an assistant, for she was occupied in fastening a ribbon and feathers upon a hat. The milliner showed me the long box with single flowers of various sorts; I looked them over, and as I made my choice glanced again towards the figure in the window; but how great was my astonishment when I perceived an incredible likeness to Gretchen, nay, was forced to be convinced at last that it was Gretchen herself. No doubt remained, when by a glance she warned me that I must not betray our acquaintance. Now, what with choosing and rejecting, I drove the milliner to despair even more than a lady could have done. I had, in fact, no discrimination left, for I was excessively confused, and at the same time liked to linger, because it kept me near the girl, whose disguise annoyed me, though in that disguise she appeared to me more enchanting than ever. Finally, the milliner seemed to lose all patience, and with her own hands selected for me a whole bandbox full of flowers, which I was to take to my sister and let her choose for

herself. Thus I was, as it were, driven out of the shop, while she sent the box on by one of her girls.

Scarcely had I reached home than my father sent for me, and informed me that it was now quite certain that the Archduke Joseph would be elected and crowned King of the Romans. An event so highly important was not to be awaited without preparation, nor allowed to pass by in mere gaping astonishment. He wished, therefore, he said, to go through with me the diaries of the two last elections and coronations, as well as through the last election stipulations, in order to notice what new conditions might be added in the present instance. The diaries were opened, and we busied ourselves with them the whole day till far into the night, while the pretty girl, now in her old house-dress, now in her new costume, ever hovered before me, in and out among the most august concerns of the Holy Roman Empire. This evening it was impossible to see her, and I lay awake through a very restless night. Our yesterday's study was zealously resumed next day, and it was not till towards evening that I found it possible to visit my sweetheart, whom I found again in her usual house-dress. She smiled when she saw me, but I did not venture to mention anything before the others. When the whole company were once more quietly settled, she began, "It is unfair that you do not confide to our friend what we have lately resolved upon." She then went on to say, that after our late conversation, in which it was discussed how one could best get on in the world, something had also been said of the way in which a woman could enhance the value of her talents and work, and employ her time to the best advantage. The cousins had consequently proposed that she should make an experiment at a milliner's who was just then in want of an assistant. They had, she said, arranged with the woman; she went there so many hours a-day, and was well paid; only, when there, she was obliged, for propriety's sake, to conform to a certain dress, which, however, she left behind her every time, as it did not at all suit her other modes of life and employment. I was entirely set at rest by this explanation, but was not quite pleased to think that this pretty girl was in a public shop, and in a place which was not infrequently the resort of the fashionable world. But I

was careful not to betray my feelings, and did my best to conquer my jealous anxiety in silence. But I was not allowed much breathing-space, for the younger cousin once more brought forward a proposal for another occasional poem, gave me the personal details, and asked me to set to work at once to think out and arrange the subject-matter. He had already talked over the proper treatment of such a theme with me several times, and as I was always ready to talk on such points, he had had no difficulty in persuading me to explain to him circumstantially the rhetorical merits of such productions, with other general ideas on the subject, with illustrations from my own work in this line and that of others. The young man was not without brains, though quite devoid of poetical talent, and now he went so much into detail, and asked for such minute particulars, that I ventured to remark: "It looks as if you wanted to encroach upon my trade and steal away my customers!" "I will not attempt to deny it," he said, smiling, "as I shall do you no harm by it. It can only continue till you go to the university, and in the mean time you must allow me still to derive some profit from your society." "Very willingly," I replied, and encouraged him to draw out a plan, to choose a metre adapted to the nature of his subject, and so forth. He set to work very earnestly, but could not succeed. I was in the end compelled to re-write so much of it, that it would have been easier and more satisfactory for me to have written it all from the beginning myself. Yet this teaching and learning, this work in common, afforded us good entertainment: Gretchen took part in it, suggesting many a pretty notion, so that we were all contented, and, I may say, happy. During the day she worked at the milliner's: in the evenings we generally met together, and our contentment was not even disturbed when at last the orders for occasional poems began to drop off. Still we felt hurt once, when one of them came back rejected, because it did not suit the patron who had ordered it. We consoled ourselves, however, by setting him down as a bad judge, since we considered this our very best production. The cousin, who was determined at any rate to learn something, resorted to the expedient of inventing subjects, in the treatment of which we always found plenty

of amusement, but as they brought us in nothing, our little banquets had to be much more frugally managed.

The great political event, the election and coronation of a King of the Romans, was more and more engrossing public attention. The assembly of the Electoral College, originally appointed to take place at Augsburg in the October of 1763, was now transferred to Frankfort, and both at the end of this year and in the beginning of the next, preparations for this important gathering went busily forward. The beginning was made with a procession such as we had never yet witnessed. One of our chancery officials on horseback, escorted by four mounted trumpeters and surrounded by a guard of infantry, read out in a loud clear voice in the several quarters of the city, a lengthy edict, announcing the forthcoming proceedings, and exhorting the citizens to a becoming behaviour, worthy of the circumstances. The Council was engaged in weighty deliberations, and it was not long before the Imperial Quartermaster, despatched by the Hereditary Grand Marshal, made his appearance, according to an old-established custom, in order to arrange and designate the residences of the ambassadors and their suites. Our house lay in the Palatine district, and we had to provide for a new, but this time pleasant, billeting. The middle storey, formerly occupied by Count Thorane, was given up to a knight of the Palatinate, and as Baron von Königsthal, the Nuremberg *chargé d'affaires*, occupied the upper floor, we were even more crowded than at the time of the French occupation. This served me as a new pretext for being out of doors and passing the greater part of the day in the streets, seeing all there was to be seen.

We were first interested in watching the preliminary alterations and arrangements of the rooms in the Town Hall; then followed the arrival of the ambassadors one after another, and their first state procession in a body, on the 6th of February, and finally the entrance of the Imperial Commissioners, and their ascent also to the *Römer*, which took place with great pomp. The dignified bearing of the PRINCE of LICHTENSTEIN made a good impression on us; yet connoisseurs maintained that the showy liveries had already been used on another occasion, and that this election and coronation could hardly be said to equal that

of Charles VII. in magnificence. We younger ones were well content with what we saw; thought it all very fine, and much of it quite astounding.

The Electoral Congress was fixed at last for the 3rd of March. New formalities again set the city in a stir, and the interchange of visits of ceremony on the part of the ambassadors kept us in continual excitement. We were compelled, too, to watch closely, as we were not to be mere idle spectators, but to make careful observations which would enable us to give a full report at home, and even to write short sketches. These had been suggested by my father and Herr von Königsthal, partly as good exercise for us, and partly for their own information. This proved of peculiar advantage for me, as it enabled me to keep a very tolerable diary of current events during the whole coronation time.

The first person to make a lasting impression on me was the chief ambassador from the electorate of Mainz, BARON VON ERTHAL, afterwards Elector. Though there was nothing striking in his appearance, I always liked to see him in his black gown trimmed with lace. The second ambassador, BARON VON GROSCHLAG, had a well-built figure, with all the ease and decorum of manner befitting a man of the world. He gave one a general impression of affability. PRINCE ESTERHAZY, the Bohemian envoy, was not tall, though well-built, vivacious, and of aristocratic bearing, yet neither proud nor cold. I had a special liking for him, because he reminded me of Maréchal de Broglio. Yet the appearance and dignity of these worthies was quite cast into the shade by the general prejudice in favour of BARON VON PLOTHO, the Brandenburg ambassador. This man, distinguished by a certain parsimony, both in personal attire, in liveries and equipages, had been held in great esteem, ever since the Seven Years' War, as a diplomatic genius. At Ratisbon, when the notary Aprill had ventured, in the presence of witnesses, to serve him with the writ of outlawry which had been issued against the King, he had merely exclaimed, "What! you serve a writ?" and thrown him, or had him thrown, downstairs. We thought the former, because it pleased us best, and we could readily believe it of the little well-knit figure, with black, fiery, restless eyes. He was the centre of observation, and wherever he alighted

there would rise a kind of delighted murmur which would easily have broken out into loud acclamations and shouts of "*Vivat! Bravo!*" So high did the King, and all who were devoted to him, body and soul, stand in the favour of the crowd, which consisted not only of the inhabitants of Frankfort but of Germans from all parts of the kingdom.

On the one hand I took great pleasure in these things ; for every event, no matter of what nature, concealed a hidden meaning, pointed to inner developments, so that all these symbolic ceremonies seemed to restore to life that old German Empire, hitherto buried under the weight of parchments, papers, and books. But, on the other hand, when I was forced, at home, on my father's account, to transcribe the transactions of the assembly, I could not suppress a secret displeasure at the spectacle here afforded of several powers, balancing each other, standing in opposition, and only agreeing in their united purpose of restricting the powers of the new ruler even more than those of the old ; each one valuing his influence only in so far as he hoped to retain or enlarge his privileges, and better to secure his independence. Indeed, on this occasion they were more on their guard than usual, because they began to fear Joseph the Second, for his vehemence and his supposed intentions.

With my grandfather and other members of the council, whose families I used to visit, this was a tedious time, they were kept so busy meeting distinguished guests, making ceremonial visits and delivering presents. No less had the magistracy need, both as a body and individually, to defend itself, to resist, and to protest, since everyone on such occasions tries to extort something from it, or to lay some burden upon it, and few of those to whom it appeals support it, or lend it their aid. In short, I was forcibly reminded of all that I had read in *Lersner's Chronicle* about similar incidents on similar occasions, much admiring the patience and perseverance of those good old councillors.

Many troubles also arise from the fact that the city is gradually overrun with all kinds of people, both useful and useless. It is in vain for the city to remind the courts of the prescriptions of the Golden Bull, now, indeed, obsolete.

Not only the deputies with their attendants, but many persons of rank, and others who came from curiosity or for private reasons, claim official recognition, and the question as to who is to have free quarters, and who is to hire his own lodging, cannot always be decided at once. The confusion increases daily, and even those who have no concern or responsibility in the matter, begin to feel uncomfortable.

Even we young people, who were mere lookers-on, continually found something which did not quite satisfy our eyes or our imagination. The Spanish cloaks, the huge feathered hats of the ambassadors, and other objects of the kind, had the correct old-fashioned look; but there was a great deal, on the other hand, so comparatively new or thoroughly modern, that the appearance of the whole was often motley, unsatisfactory, and even out of taste. So we were glad to learn that great preparations were being made for the journey to Frankfort of the Emperor and future King; that the proceedings of the College of Electors, which were based on the last Capitulation, were now rapidly going forward; and that the Day of Election had been appointed for the 27th of March. The insignia of the Empire were to be fetched from Nuremberg and Aix-la-Chapelle, and next we expected the arrival of the Elector of Mainz, though the disputes with his ambassadors about the question of quarters still continued.

Meanwhile I pursued my clerkly labours at home very actively, and so had brought under my notice various suggestions as to detail, which came in from all sides, in order to be taken into consideration in the new Capitulations. Every rank hoped to see its privileges guaranteed and its importance increased by this instrument. Many of these criticisms and requests were, however, put aside; much remained unchanged; though the objectors received the most positive assurances that the disregard of their suggestions should in no wise prejudice their interests.

In the meanwhile the officers of the Imperial Marshal were forced to undertake many arduous duties; the crowd of visitors increased, and it became more and more difficult to find lodgings for them. Nor was there unanimity as to the limits of the different electoral districts. The magistracy wished to spare the citizens burdens which they

were not bound to bear, and thus day and night there were hourly grievances, redresses, contests, and misunderstandings.

The entrance of the Elector of Mainz into the town took place on the 21st of May. Then began those salvos of cannon which were to deafen us frequently for so long. This was an important event in the series of ceremonies; for all the men whom we had seen hitherto, high as was their rank, were still only subordinates; but now a sovereign appeared on the scenes, an independent prince, next in degree to the Emperor, preceded and accompanied by a large retinue befitting his position. Of the pomp which marked his entrance I should have much to tell, if I did not purpose recurring to it later, and in an unexpected context.

For, as it happened, that very day LAVATER, on his return home from Berlin, came through Frankfort, and saw the ceremony. Now, though such worldly formalities could not have the least value for him, this procession, with its display and all its accessories, must have made a distinct impression on his susceptible imagination; for, many years afterwards, when this distinguished but singular man showed me a poetical paraphrase of, I believe, the Revelation of St. John, I found that his description of the entrance of Anti-Christ was copied, in every step, form, and circumstance, from the entrance of the Elector of Mainz into Frankfort, with such exactness that not even the tassels on the heads of the dun-coloured horses were wanting. I shall have more to say on this point when I reach the epoch of that strange style of poetry, by which it was supposed that the myths of the Old and New Testaments were brought closer to our eyes and heart when completely travestied in modern guise, and endued with the vestments of modern life, whether high or low. How this mode of treatment gradually obtained favour, will be also more fully discussed in the sequel; yet I may here simply remark that it could not well be carried further than it was by Lavater and his emulators, one of these having described the three wise men riding into Bethlehem, in a travesty so modern that the princes and noblemen whom Lavater used to visit were easily recognizable in the various characters.

We will then for the present allow the ELECTOR EMME-
RICH JOSEPH to enter the Compostello incognito, as it were,
and turn to Gretchen, whom, just as the throng was dis-
persing, I spied in the crowd, accompanied by Pylades and
his lady-love, for the three now seemed inseparable. We
had no sooner met and exchanged greetings, than it was
agreed that we should pass the evening together, and I kept
the appointment punctually. The usual company had
assembled, and every one had something to tell, to say, or
to observe—how one had been most struck by one thing,
and another by another. “Your talk,” said Gretchen at
last, “perplexes me even more than the actual events
themselves. I cannot quite make out what I have seen,
and should very much like to know what a great deal of it
means.” I told her I could easily oblige her on this point.
She had only to mention what particularly interested her.
She did so, and as I was setting out to explain some individual
points, they agreed that it would be much better to take
things in order. I not unaptly compared these solemnities
and functions to a play, in which the curtain was let down
at will, while the actors played on, and was then raised
again, so that the spectators could once more, to some
extent, follow the action. And being very loquacious when
once allowed my own way, I began to describe the whole,
from the beginning to that very day, in uninterrupted
sequence; and to make my subject more intelligible, did
not fail to make use of the pencil and large slate which lay to
hand. With a few slight interruptions from questions and
obstinate assertions on the part of the others, I brought my
discourse to a satisfactory close, and the unbroken attention
which Gretchen had bestowed on my narrative encouraged
me not a little. At the end she thanked me, saying that
she envied all who were well informed in the affairs of this
world, and knew how things came about and what they
signified. She wished she were a boy, and managed to
acknowledge, in the friendliest way, that this was not the
first time she was indebted to me for valuable information.
“If I were a boy,” said she, “we would study properly
together at the university.” The conversation continued in
this strain; she definitively resolved to learn French, for the
milliner’s shop had made her realize how very necessary it

was. I asked her why she no longer went there ; for these last days, not being able to go out much in the evening, I had often passed the shop in the daytime for her sake, merely to see her for a moment. She explained that she had not liked to expose herself to any risks there in these unsettled times. As soon as the city reverted to its usual state, she intended to return.

Our talk next turned on the impending Election Day. I was able to tell them in full what was going to happen, ~~what~~ were the arrangements made, and to illustrate my demonstration by drawings on the slate ; for the conclave chamber, with its altars, thrones, seats, and chairs, was perfectly in my mind's eye. We separated at the usual time, and in an unusually pleasant frame of mind.

For there is no sweeter bond of union for a young couple, whom nature has endowed with common sympathies, than when the maiden is anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach. It gives rise to an intimate and happy relationship. She sees in him the creator of her mental life, and he sees in her a creature that owes her perfection, not to nature, not to chance, nor to any one-sided desire, but to a mutual will ; and this reciprocation is so sweet, that we cannot wonder, if from the days of the old and the new Abelard, the most violent passions, and equal weal and woe, have arisen from the intercourse of two such beings.

The very next day a great commotion began in the city, on account of the visits which were now to be paid and returned with the greatest ceremony. But what particularly interested me, as a citizen of Frankfort, and caused me much thought, was the oath to keep the peace, taken by the council, the military, and the body of citizens, not through representatives, but personally, and in a body : first, in the great Römer Hall, by the magistracy and staff-officers ; then in the great square, the Römerberg, by all the citizens, according to their respective ranks, grades, or quarters ; and lastly by the rest of the military. Here it was possible to survey the entire community at a glance, assembled for the honourable purpose of swearing to guard the Head and members of the Empire, and to keep unbroken peace during the great work now impending. The Electors of Treves and of Cologne had now also arrived in

person. On the evening before the Day of Election all strangers are sent out of the city, the gates are closed, the Jews are confined to their quarter, and the citizen of Frankfort prides himself not a little that he alone may be a witness of this solemn ceremony.

All we had seen hitherto was comparatively modern ; persons of noble and even of the highest rank had only driven about in coaches ; but now we were going to see them in the true ancient manner on horseback. The concourse and rush of people were extraordinary. I managed to squeeze my way through the Romer, which I knew as well as a mouse does its native corn-loft, till I reached the main entrance, where the Electors and ambassadors, after arriving in their state-coaches, and assembling above, were now to mount their horses. The stately, well-trained steeds were covered with rich laced trappings, and decorated in every possible way. The Elector Emmerich Joseph, a goodly man, looked well on horseback. Of the other two I remember less, except that we thought the princes' red mantles, trimmed with ermine, till then seen only in pictures, had quite a romantic look in the open air. The sight of the ambassadors of the absent temporal Electors, with their Spanish dresses of gold brocade, embroidered in gold, and trimmed with gold lace, pleased us too ; especially the large feathers magnificently waving from their hats, cocked in the antique style. But what I did not like were the short modern breeches, the white silk stockings, and fashionable shoes. We should have liked half-boots—with any amount of gilt—sandals, or something of the kind, more consistent with the rest of the costume.

By his behaviour the Ambassador von Plotho again stood out among all the rest. He looked lively and cheerful, and seemed to have no great respect for the whole ceremony. For when the man in front of him, an elderly gentleman, could not manage to mount at the first attempt, and so kept him waiting some time in the main entrance, he laughed quite openly, till his own horse was brought him, whereupon he swung himself very dexterously to the saddle, and again called forth our admiration as a most worthy representative of Frederick II.

And now the curtain for us once more fell. I had

indeed tried to force my way into the church; but with more inconvenience than profit. The voters had withdrawn into the *sanctum*, where endless ceremonies usurped the place of a serious deliberation over the election. After long delay, pressure, and bustle, the crowd at last heard the name of Joseph II., who was proclaimed King of the Romans.

The throng of visitors pouring into the city increased daily. Everybody went about in holiday attire, so that at ~~last~~ nothing less than a whole suit of cloth of gold was thought worthy of note. The Emperor and the King had already arrived at *Heusenstamm*, a castle of the Counts of Schönborn, and were there greeted and welcomed in the customary manner; but the city celebrated this important event by church festivals for all the creeds, by high masses and sermons; and on the temporal side by incessant firing of salutes, by way of accompaniment to the *Te Deums*.

If all these public ceremonies, from the beginning up to this point, were regarded in the light of a deliberately planned work of art, little fault could have been found with them. All had been well prepared. The public shows opened gradually, and went on increasing in importance; the actors grew in number, the personages in dignity, their appurtenances, as well as themselves, in splendour; and so the interest went on increasing from day to day, till at last even a forewarned, collected spectator might well have been bewildered.

The arrival of the Elector of Mainz, which we have not wished to describe more fully, was magnificent and imposing enough to suggest to the imagination of an eminent writer, the advent of a great prophesied Ruler of the world; we too had been not a little dazzled by it. But now our expectation was stretched to the utmost, as it was said that the Emperor and the future King were approaching the city. At a little distance from Sachsenhausen, a tent had been erected, and here all the magistrates of the city assembled, to do appropriate homage and to proffer the keys of the city to the Head of the Empire. Some distance further, on a spacious plain, stood another—a state pavilion, to which the whole body of electoral princes and ambassadors repaired, while their retinues extended along the whole route, in

readiness, as their turn came, to move once more in the direction of the city, and take their proper places in the procession. At this point the Emperor reached the tent, entered it, and the princes and ambassadors, after proffering him their most respectful welcome, withdrew, to prepare the way for their lord and sovereign.

We others who had remained in the city, where all this pomp and pageantry would show off to greater advantage, within the compass of walls and streets, than it could have done in the open fields, for a while found plenty of entertainment in the barricades raised by the townsmen in the streets, in the throng of people, and in the various jests and improprieties natural to such a crowd, till the ringing of bells and the thunder of cannon announced the immediate approach of his Majesty. What must have been particularly gratifying to the inhabitants of Frankfort was, that on this occasion, in the presence of so many sovereigns and their representatives, the Imperial City of Frankfort also ranked as a lesser sovereign; for her equerry opened the procession; he was followed by chargers with armorial trappings, on which the white eagle on a red field stood out in fine relief; then came attendants and officials, drummers and trumpeters, and deputies of the council, accompanied by the clerks of the council, in the city livery, on foot. Immediately behind rode the three companies of city cavalry, on excellent mounts—the same that we had seen from our youth upwards at the reception of escorts and on other public occasions. We rejoiced in our participation in these honours, and in our hundred-thousandth part of a sovereignty which now shone out in its full brilliancy. The various suites of the Hereditary Imperial Marshal, and of the envoys deputed by the six Electors temporal, followed after in due turn. None of them consisted of less than twenty attendants and two state-carriages—some even of a greater number. The retinue of the Electors spiritual was ever on the increase,—their servants and domestic officers seemed innumerable—the Elector of Cologne and the Elector of Treves had more than twenty state carriages, and the Elector of Mainz quite as many to himself alone. The servants, both on horseback and on foot, were all most splendidly equipped; the lords spiritual and temporal, in their carriages, had not failed to

appear in rich attire, suitable to the occasion, and adorned with all the badges of their orders. And now the train of his Imperial Majesty, as was but fitting, surpassed all the rest. The horsemen, the led horses, the equipment, the trappings and caparisons, attracted every eye, and the sixteen six-horse state-coaches of the Imperial Chamberlains, Privy Councillors, High Chamberlain, High Steward, and High Equerry, closed, with great pomp, this part of the procession, which, in spite of its magnificence and extent, still only a mere van-guard.

But now the procession grew more dense, while the pomp and show kept on increasing. For, in the midst of a picked escort of their own household attendants, most of them on foot, and a few on horseback, appeared the Electoral ambassadors as well as the Electors in person, in ascending order of rank, each one in a magnificent state-carriage. Immediately behind the Elector of Mainz, ten Imperial footmen, one and forty lackeys, and eight Hungarian guards heralded their Majesties. The most magnificent state-carriage, even the back of which was one whole mirror, ornamented with paintings and carved work, lacquered and gilt, covered with red embroidered velvet on the top and in the inside, allowed us every opportunity of contemplating the Emperor and the King, those long-desired sovereigns, in all their glory. The procession took a long circuitous route, partly from necessity, in order to unfold its full length, and partly that it might be seen by a larger multitude of people. It passed through Sachsenhausen, over the bridge, up the *Fahrgasse*, then down the *Zeil*, and turned towards the inner city through the *Katharinenpforte*, formerly a gate, and since the enlargement of the city, an open thoroughfare. Here it had fortunately occurred to the masters of the ceremonies that for many years the world had gone on expanding both in height and breadth, in the magnificence of its outward show. Measurements were taken, and it was found that the present imperial state-carriage could not, without injury to its carved work and other decorations, get through this gateway, which in its day had seen so many princes and emperors pass in and out. The matter was debated, and to avoid an inconvenient detour, it was resolved to take up the pavement, and to

devise a gentle downward and upward slope. With the same object in view, they had also removed all the projecting eaves from the shops and booths in the street, that neither crown, nor eagle, nor the genii should receive any shock or injury.

Eagerly as we directed our gaze to these great personages when this precious equipage with its precious contents approached us, we could not avoid turning our eyes upon the noble horses, their harness, and its embroidery; but we were particularly struck by the strange coachmen and postilions, both astride upon the horses. They looked as if they had come from some other nation, or even from another world, with their long black and yellow velvet coats, and their caps with large feathered plumes, after the imperial court fashion. The crowd now became so dense that it was impossible to distinguish much more. The Swiss guard on both sides of the carriage, the Hereditary Marshal holding the Saxon sword upright in his right hand, the Field-Marschals, as leaders of the Imperial Guard, riding behind the carriage, the Imperial pages in a body, and last of all, the Imperial State Bodyguard itself, in antique black velvet cloaks, the seams richly trimmed with gold, under which were red doublets and leather-coloured jerkins, also heavily laced with gold! The mere effort of looking, showing, and pointing out was almost overpowering, so that the bodyguards of the Electors, though barely inferior in splendour, passed almost unheeded, and we should perhaps have left the windows, but for the sake of seeing our own magistracy, who closed the procession in their fifteen double-horse coaches, and particularly the Clerk of the Council, with the city keys on red velvet cushions. That our company of city grenadiers should cover the rear, seemed to us sufficient honour, and we felt highly and doubly edified as Germans and as men of Frankfort by this red-letter day.

We had taken our place in a house which the procession would have to pass again when it returned from the cathedral. There was such an amount of religious services, of music, of rites and ceremonies, of addresses and answers, of speeches and readings, to be got through in church, choir, and conclave, before it came to the swearing of the articles of

election, that we had time enough to partake of an excellent lunch, and to empty many bottles to the health of our old and of our young ruler. The conversation, in the meanwhile, as is usual on such occasions, reverted to past times, and several of the aged members of our party declared these to be superior to the present day, at least as regards a certain power of human interest and impassioned sympathy which then prevailed. At the coronation of Francis the First things had not been as settled as they were now; peace had not yet been concluded; France and the Electors of Brandenburg and the Palatinate were opposed to the election; the troops of the future emperor were stationed at Heidelberg, where he had his head-quarters, and the insignia of the Empire coming from Aix, were almost carried off by the inhabitants of the Palatinate. Meanwhile negotiations went on, and neither side took the matter very seriously. MARIA THERESA, though she was then with child, came in person to see her husband's coronation, which was at last effected. She arrived at Aschaffenburg, and went on board a yacht in order to repair to Frankfort. Francis, coming from Heidelberg, expects to meet his wife, but comes too late; she has already left. Unknown, he throws himself into a little boat, hastens after her, reaches her ship, and the loving pair rejoice at this surprising meeting. The story spreads immediately, and all the world sympathizes with these devoted hearts, so richly blessed with children, who have been so inseparable since their union, that once on a journey from Vienna to Florence they were forced to keep quarantine together on the Venetian border. Maria Theresa is welcomed in the city with rejoicings, she enters the inn of the *Roman Emperor*, while a great tent for her husband's reception is erected on the Bornheim Heath. Of the Electors spiritual only Mainz is present, and of the ambassadors of the Electors temporal, only Saxony, Bohemia, and Hanover. The state-entry begins, and any lack of completeness and splendour is richly compensated by the presence of a beautiful lady. She stands upon the balcony of the house, well-situated on the route, and greets her husband with acclamations and clapping of hands; and the people join in, excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. As the greatest are, after all, but men, the ordinary citizen, when he wishes

to love them, thinks of them as his equals, and that he can best do when he can picture them to himself as loving husbands, tender parents, devoted brothers, and true friends. All happiness had been wished and prophesied on that occasion and had been fulfilled this day in their first-born son, whose handsome, youthful figure captured every heart, and whose noble qualities had excited the world's highest hopes.

We had become quite absorbed in the past and future, when the arrival of some friends recalled us to the present. They were of those who know the value of a piece of news, and are therefore eager to be the first to announce it. They had come to tell us of a fine humane trait in those exalted personages whom we had just seen go by in all their pomp. It had been concerted that on the way, between Heusenstamm and the great tent, the Emperor and the King should meet the Landgrave of Darmstadt in the forest. This old prince, now drawing near to the grave, longed to see once more the master to whom he had been devoted in earlier days. Both could remember the day when the Landgrave brought over to Heidelberg the Electors' decree choosing Francis as Emperor, and replied to the valuable presents he received with protestations of unalterable devotion. The noble visitors stood in a grove of firs, and the Landgrave, weak with age, had to support himself against a pine, to be able to continue a conversation, which could not be carried on without emotion on both sides. The place was afterwards marked by a modest memorial, and we young folk used to stroll there on our walks.

We had in this way spent several hours calling up memories of the old and speculating on the new, when the procession, now curtailed and more compact, again passed before us, and we were able to observe and mark details more closely, and stamp them more firmly in our memories for the future.

From that moment the city was in one continuous stir; for until every one whom it behoved, and of whom it was required, had paid their respects to the highest dignitaries, and presented themselves one after the other, there was no end to the passing and repassing, till we could have repeated with our eyes shut the details of the court dress of each of the notabilities present.

Now, too, the insignia of the Empire arrived. But that no ancient usage might be omitted even in this respect, they had to remain the whole half-day till late at night in the open field, on account of a dispute about territory and escort between the Elector of Mainz and the city. The latter yielded, the people of Mainz escorted the insignia as far as the barricade, and so the affair was settled for this time.

In these days I had no time to myself. At home I had to write and copy ; every sight was to be seen ; and so the month of March, the second half of which had been so rich in festivities for us, drew to a close. I had promised Gretchen a faithful and complete account of what had lately happened, and of what was to be expected on the Coronation Day. This great day was drawing near ; I thought more how I should tell it to her than of what there was exactly to be told ; I worked up a rapid sketch of everything that came under my eyes or to my pen for this sole and immediate purpose. At last I reached her house, rather late one evening, and was not a little proud to think how my narrative on this occasion would be much more successful than the first unprepared one. But an unexpected occasion often brings us, and others through us, more joy than the most deliberate purpose can afford. I found, indeed, very nearly the same company, with the addition of one or two strangers. They sat down to play, all except Gretchen and her younger cousin, who stopped with me by the slate. The dear child told us charmingly how delighted she had been, that she, though a stranger, had been taken for a citizen on the Election Day, and so had been able to have her share in that unique spectacle. She thanked me most warmly for having thought of her, and for having been so kind as to procure her, through Pylades, admission to all kinds of ceremonies, by means of tickets and orders, or by the help of friends and introductions.

She was delighted to hear me talk about the jewels of the Empire. I promised her that we should, if possible, see these together. She made one or two jesting remarks when she learned that the garments and crown had been actually tried on the young King. I had already settled where she should go to watch the ceremonies on Coronation

Day, and prepared her for everything that was impending, and particularly for those things which would be well seen from her position.

In such talk we forgot to think about the time ; it was already past midnight ; and I found that unfortunately I had not the house-key with me ; so that I should not be able to get into the house without making a great disturbance. I told her of my difficulty. "After all," she said, "it will be best not to break up the party." The cousins had already had the same idea, because they did not know where to put up their visitors for the night. So the matter was soon settled ; Gretchen brought in and lighted a large brass lamp, well supplied with oil and wick, because the candles threatened to burn out, and then went to make some coffee.

This helped to keep our spirits up for several hours, but the game gradually slackened ; conversation died away ; the mother went to sleep in the armchair ; the strangers, tired out with travelling, nodded, and Pylades and his sweetheart sat together in a corner. She had laid her head on his shoulder and had gone to sleep, and he soon followed her example. The younger cousin sitting opposite to us by the slate, had crossed his arms before him on the table, rested his head on them and gone to sleep. I sat in the window-corner, behind the table, and Gretchen by me. We talked in a low voice : but at last sleep overcame her also, she leaned her head on my shoulder, and sank at once to slumber. Thus I was left in this strange position, the only one awake, but death's kind brother soon closed my eyelids too. I went to sleep, and when I awoke it was already bright daylight. Gretchen was standing before the mirror arranging her little cap ; she looked more lovely than ever, and gave me a cordial hand-shake as I left. I crept home by a round-about way ; for, on the side of the house which looked on the Little *Hirschgraben*, my father had opened a sort of peep-hole in the wall, not without opposition from his neighbour. So we took care to avoid this side if we wanted not to be seen by him as we came home. My mother, who had always interceded on our behalf, had tried to excuse my absence in the morning at breakfast, by suggesting that I had gone out early, and I was able to escape any

disagreeable consequences from the innocent pleasures of the night.

Taken as a whole, this infinitely varied life which surrounded me, produced on me but a very simple impression. I had no other interest but to closely observe outward events, no other business but that laid upon me by my father and Herr von Königsthal, which, indeed, did help me to some knowledge of the hidden causes of events. I had no liking but for Gretchen, and no other object than to see and understand everything properly, that I might be able to repeat it and explain it to her. Often when a procession was going by, I described it to myself in an undertone, to make sure of all the particulars, so that I might win the praise of my lady-love by this care and accuracy; the applause and acknowledgments of others were comparatively unimportant to me.

I had certainly been introduced to many great and distinguished persons; but no one had then time to trouble about others, and besides, older people do not at once know how to talk to a young man and draw him out. Nor was I, on my side, particularly skilful in adapting myself in society. As a rule, I acquired their liking, but not their approval. My occupation for the moment always engrossed me completely; but I did not trouble to ask whether others would find it equally to their taste. I was for the most part too lively or too quiet, seeming either importunate or sullen, according to the degree in which persons attracted or repelled me; so they considered me to be indeed full of promise, but at the same time most eccentric.

The Coronation Day dawned at last, on the 3rd of April, 1764; the weather was favourable, and the whole town was astir. I and several of my friends and relatives had been provided with a good place in one of the upper storeys of the Römer itself, where we had a complete view of the whole. We were on the spot very early in the morning, and from our raised position enjoyed a bird's-eye view of the preparations, which we had inspected at closer quarters the day before. Here was the newly-erected fountain, with two large basins left and right, into which the double-eagle on its pedestal was to pour from its two beaks white wine on one side and red on the other. There, gathered in a heap,

lay the oats; here stood the large wooden hut, where several days ago we had seen a whole fat ox roasted and basted on a huge spit before a charcoal fire. All entrances and exits to the Römer were secured on both sides by barriers and guards. The great square gradually filled, and the swaying and pressure of the crowd grew stronger every moment, as everybody strove their hardest to reach any spot where some new spectacle was to be seen or something seemed about to happen.

All this time a tolerable stillness reigned, so that the sound of the alarm-bell seemed to strike every one with awe and amazement. What first attracted the attention of all who could overlook the square was the procession of the lords of Aix and Nuremberg carrying the crown-jewels to the cathedral. These, as palladia, had the place of honour in the carriage, and the deputies sat before them on the back seat with becoming reverence. At this moment the three Electors entered the cathedral. After the presentation of the insignia to the Elector of Mainz, the crown and sword were immediately carried to the Emperor's quarters. In the intervening space of time the chief actors in the pageant and the spectators in the church were, as we initiated were well aware, busily occupied in all kinds of introductory proceedings and ceremonies.

In the meanwhile we watched the ambassadors drive up to the Römer, whence the canopy is carried by under-officers to the imperial quarters. The Hereditary Marshal COUNT VON PAPPENHEIM instantly springs into the saddle; a slight, fine-looking figure of a man, well set off by his Spanish costume, rich doublet, gold mantle, high feathered hat, and loosely flowing hair. He leads the way, and, amid the pealing of all the bells, the ambassadors follow him on horseback to the Emperor's quarters in still greater state than on the Election Day. We would fain follow them, for on such a day as this it would be well to be ubiquitous. But we must perforce content ourselves with telling one another what is going on there. Now the Emperor is putting on his hereditary robes, we said, a new robe, made after the old Carolingian pattern. The hereditary officers receive the insignia, and mount their horses. The Emperor in his robes, the King of the Romans in his Spanish dress,

mount too without delay, and in the meanwhile the endless procession which precedes them already heralds their approach.

The multitude of richly-dressed attendants and magistrates, the stately throng of nobles riding by, were already strain enough upon the sight; but when the Electoral envoys, the hereditary officers, and last of all, under the richly brodered canopy, borne by twelve judges and senators, the Emperor himself, in picturesque attire, and to the left, a little behind him, his son, in Spanish dress, swept majestically by on magnificently caparisoned horses, the sight was completely overwhelming. One would have liked to arrest the pageant for a moment, by some magic spell; but the splendour passed on without a pause, and immediately in its wake the crowd poured in like a surging sea.

But now there was a rush in a new direction; for another passage from the market to the Römer was to be opened, and a bridge of planks to be constructed, on which the procession was to pass on its return from the cathedral.

An account of what passed within the minster itself, of the endless ceremonies which precede and accompany the anointing, the crowning, and the conferring of knighthood, was afterwards given us in full by those who had sacrificed much else in order to be present in the church.

The rest of us, meanwhile, had a frugal meal where we sat; for on this most festal day of our lives we had to be contented with cold meat. But, then, the best and oldest wine had been brought out of all the family-cellars, so that in this respect at least we celebrated the ancient festival in proper ancient style.

In the square, the sight now most worth seeing was the bridge, which had been finished, and covered with white and orange cloth; and we who had gazed upon the Emperor, first in his carriage and then on horseback, were now to admire him on foot. Strangely enough, this was the sight to which we looked forward most; for we thought that on foot he would look not only most natural, but most dignified too.

Older persons, who were present at the coronation of Francis the First, told how Maria Theresa, beautiful beyond

measure, had looked on at this solemn ceremony from a balcony window of the Frauenstein house, close to the Römer. As her consort returned from the cathedral in his strange garb, appearing to her like Charlemagne come to life again, he had, as if in jest, raised both hands, and shown her the imperial globe, the sceptre, and the curious gloves, at which she had broken out into immoderate laughter, much to the delight and edification of the crowd, thus honoured with a glimpse of the warm, natural affection which bound the most illustrious couple in Christendom. But when the Empress, to greet her consort, waved her handkerchief, and even shouted a loud hurrah, the enthusiasm and exultation of the people rose to the highest pitch, and their joyful cheering knew no bounds.

And now the clang of bells, and the van of the long train slowly wending over the gaily coloured bridge, told us that all was over. The strain of attention was greater than before, and the procession more distinctly visible, particularly for us, since it now came directly towards us. We could see it, as well as the whole of the square, which was thronged with people, almost as if on a ground-plan. Only towards the close of the procession its splendours seemed to press too close on one another; for the envoys, the hereditary officers, the Emperor and King, under the canopy, the three Electors spiritual immediately following, the jurymen and senators, dressed in black, the gold embroidered canopy,—all seemed as one mass, animated by one will, in splendid harmony, and as it stepped from the church amid the peal of bells, it shone in our eyes with the glory of holiness.

A ceremony at once religious and political possesses an infinite charm. We behold earthly majesty surrounded by all the attributes of its power; but as it bows before that of heaven, it serves to remind us that here the two are one. For even the individual can only prove his relationship with the Deity by subjecting himself and adoring.

The rejoicings, which resounded from the market-place, now spread over the great square, and a boisterous cheer burst from thousands upon thousands of throats, and doubtless from as many hearts. For this grand festival was to be the pledge of a lasting peace, with which Germany was indeed actually blessed for many a long year to come.

Several days before, it had been made known by public proclamation, that neither the bridge nor the eagle over the fountain were to be accessible to the people, and were not therefore, as at other times, to be touched. This was done to prevent the mischief inevitable in such vast crowds. But in order to sacrifice in some degree to the genius of the mob, persons expressly appointed went behind the procession, loosened the cloth from the bridge, wound it up in lengths, and threw it into the air. This gave rise, not indeed to a disaster, but to a laughable mishap; for the cloth unrolled itself in the air, and, as it fell, covered a considerable number of persons. Those who then had hold of the ends pulled at them, and so dragged those in the middle to the ground, smothering them and teasing them till they tore or cut themselves free, and everybody, in one way or another, had borne off a fragment of the stuff which had been hallowed by the footsteps of Majesty.

I did not stop to watch this rude sport long, but hurried from my high window by all kinds of little steps and passages, to the great Romer stairs, up which the noble throng we had been gazing at from a distance was now to pass on its majestic way. The crowd was not great, because the entrances to the Town Hall were well garrisoned, so I had no difficulty in reaching the iron balustrades above. Here all the grandees passed by me, while their followers remained below in the vaulted passages, and I could observe them on the three flights of stairs from all sides, and at last quite close.

Finally both their Majesties came up. Father and son looked like Menæchmi in their dress. The Emperor's hereditary robes, of purple silk, richly studded with pearls and stones, as well as his crown, sceptre, and imperial orb, were delightful to the eye. For all in them was new, and the imitation of the antique in perfect taste. He moved, too, quite at ease in his attire, and his noble-hearted, dignified expression revealed at once the emperor and the father. The young King, on the contrary, in his overpowering garb, bearing the crown-jewels of Charlemagne, dragged himself along as if he were wearing some disguise, so that he himself, looking at his father from time to time, could not refrain from smiling. The crown, in spite of a considerable amount of lining, stood out from his head like an

overhanging pent-house. The dalmatica and the stole, much as they had been fitted and taken in, still showed his figure to no great advantage. The sceptre and imperial orb excited some admiration; but it must be admitted, that, with a view to majestic effect, one would have preferred to see these garments investing and adorning a broader figure better adapted to their size.

Scarcely had the gates of the great hall closed behind these great ones, than I hurried to my former place, which I found taken by others, and had some trouble in regaining.

I came back to my window just in time; for the most remarkable part of all that was to be seen in public was just about to take place. All the people had turned towards the Römer, and reiterated cheers gave us to understand that Emperor and King, in their vestments, were showing themselves to the populace from the balcony of the great hall. But they were not to be the only spectacle, for another and a stranger one was enacted before their eyes. First of all, the Hereditary Marshal, slim and handsome, flung himself upon his steed; he had laid aside his sword; in his right hand he held a silver-handled vessel, and a tin spatula in his left. He rode within the barriers into the middle of the great heap of oats, filled the vessel to overflowing, pressed it down, and carried it back again with great dignity. And thus the imperial stable was provided for. Next the Hereditary Chamberlain rode to the spot, and brought back a basin with ewer and towel. But more entertaining for the spectators was the Hereditary Carver, who came to fetch a piece of the roasted ox. He also rode, with a silver dish, through the barriers to the large wooden kitchen, came out again with his covered dish, and so back to the Römer. Now it was the turn of the Hereditary Cup-bearer, who rode to the fountain and fetched wine. The imperial table was now furnished, and every eye waited upon the Hereditary Treasurer, who was to throw out the money. He, too, rode a fine steed, and from the saddle hung, instead of holsters, a couple of splendid bags embroidered with the arms of the Palatinate. As soon as he started, he plunged his hands into these pockets, and scattered generously right and left gold and silver coins, and each shower glittered brightly in the air like metallic rain. Instantly a thousand hands waved in the air to

catch these bounties ; but hardly had the money struck the ground, than the crowd tumbled over each other, struggling violently for any coins which might have fallen at their feet. And this fight, constantly renewed on either side as the giver rode forward, afforded to the spectators a most amusing sight. It was most lively at the close, when he threw out the bags themselves, and everybody tried to catch this highest prize of all.

Their Majesties had withdrawn from the balcony, and further offerings were now to be made to the mob, who, on such occasions, would rather steal the gifts than receive them quietly and gratefully. The custom prevailed, in ruder and more uncouth times, of handing over the oats at once to the crowd, as soon as the Hereditary Marshal had taken away his share, and the perquisites of the fountain and the kitchen, after the cup-bearer and the carver had performed their offices. But this time, to guard against all mischief, order and moderation were preserved as far as possible. But this did not prevent the revival of such old-standing jokes as that when one filled a sack with oats another cut a hole in it, with other sallies of the kind. As usual, a serious battle was being waged around the roasted ox. This could only be contested *en masse*. Two guilds, the butchers and the vintners, had, according to ancient custom, stationed themselves so that the monstrous roast must fall to one or the other of them. The butchers maintained they had the best right to an ox which they had provided entire for the kitchen ; the vintners, on the other hand, laid claim to it because the kitchen was built near the quarters of their guild, and because they had gained the victory the last time, the horns of the captured steer still projecting from the latticed gable-window of their guild and meeting-house as a trophy of their victory. Both companies had very strong and able members ; but which of them conquered this time, I can no longer remember.

But as a festival of this kind must always close with something dangerous and terrifying, here the frightful moment came, when the wooden kitchen itself was made the prize. Its roof instantly swarmed with men, as by a miracle. Boards were torn loose, and pitched down, so that it looked, particularly at a distance, as if each must kill

someone in the crowd surging round the spot. In a trice the hut was unroofed, and men hung here and there to the beams and rafters, in order to pull them, too, out of their joints ; nay, many still swayed above on planks of which the posts had been already sawn off from below, and the whole skeleton, as it swung backwards and forwards, threatened an imminent collapse. Sensitive persons turned their eyes away, and everybody expected a terrible accident ; but we heard no such report, and the whole affair, though fierce and violent, seems to have passed off happily.

Everybody knew that now the Emperor and the King would return from the private room to which they had retired from the balcony, in order to banquet in the great hall of the Römer. We had had the opportunity of admiring the arrangements made for it the day before : and I was most anxious, if possible, to catch a glimpse of it to-day. So I returned by my usual way to the great staircase, which stands directly opposite the entrance door. Here I gazed with astonishment on the distinguished men who this day acted as servants of the Head of the Empire. Forty-four counts, all splendidly attired, passed me, carrying dishes from the kitchen, so that the contrast between their dignity and their occupation might well be bewildering to a boy. The crowd was not great, but, considering the small space, perceptible enough. The hall-door was guarded, but those authorized were continually going in and out. I caught sight of one of the Palatine house-stewards, and I asked him whether he could not take me in with him. He did not hesitate long, but gave me one of the silver vessels he was carrying, which he could do all the more readily as I was neatly clad ; and in this way I found access into the sanctuary. The Palatine side-board stood to the left, directly by the door, and in a step or two I had taken up my position on its platform, behind the barriers.

At the other end of the hall, immediately by the windows, on raised seats, under canopies, the Emperor and the King sat enthroned in their robes ; but the crown and sceptre lay some way behind them on gold cushions. The three Electors spiritual, their side-boards behind them, had taken their places on separate daïses ; the Elector of Mainz opposite their Majesties, the Elector of Treves on the right, and

the Elector of Cologne on the left. This upper part of the hall presented an imposing and cheerful scene, and led me to make the observation that the spiritual power prefers to keep by the sovereign as long as possible. On the other hand, the side-boards and tables of all the Electors temporal, which were, indeed, magnificently ornamented, but unoccupied, called to memory the misunderstanding which had subsisted for centuries between them and the Head of the Empire. Their ambassadors had already withdrawn to eat in a side-chamber; and if the fact that so many invisible guests were being so magnificently waited on gave to the greater part of the hall a somewhat spectral appearance, a large unfurnished table in the middle was still more sad to look upon; for there, too, many empty covers showed that many who had a perfect right to sit there had, for propriety's sake, kept away, lest on this great day of honour any slight should be put upon their honour, if, indeed, they were by that time still to be found within the walls of the city.

Neither my age nor the mass of objects present to my view were conducive to many reflections. I did my best to take in the whole scene; and when the dessert was brought in and the ambassadors returned to pay their homage, I sought the open air and refreshment with good friends in the neighbourhood, after the day's short commons, so as to prepare for the illumination in the evening.

I had made arrangements to celebrate this brilliant night right merrily; for I had agreed with Gretchen, and Pylades and his lady-love, that we should meet somewhere at nightfall. The city was already resplendent in every hole and corner when I met my beloved Gretchen. I offered her my arm; we strolled from one part to another, and were perfectly happy in each other's society. The cousins at first were of our party too, but soon got lost in the crowd. Before the houses of some of the ambassadors, flaring with magnificent illuminations (and those of the Elector-Palatine were particularly splendid), the night was as bright as day. Lest I should be recognized, I had disguised myself to a certain extent, and Gretchen did not find it amiss. We admired the various brilliant shows and fairy-like fabrics of flame by which each ambassador strove

to outshine the others. But Prince Esterhazy's devices surpassed all the rest. Our little party were in raptures both with the plan and its execution, and we were about to enjoy examining it in detail, when the cousins met us again and told us of the glorious illumination with which the Brandenburg ambassador had adorned his quarters. We were not at all sorry to go all the long way from the Horse-market to the *Saalhof*; but found that we had been impudently hoaxed.

The *Saalhof*, on the side of the Main, is a regular, handsome building, but the side which faces the city is very old, irregular, and unimpressive. Small windows, corresponding neither in shape nor size, neither on the same level nor at equal distances, unsymmetrical gates and doors, a ground-floor for the most part turned into shops,—it presents a confused exterior, which is disregarded by everyone. Now here this accidental, irregular, unconnected mass of architecture had been outlined in detail, and every window, every door, every opening, was framed in lamps; such a thing is possible with a well-built house; but here this most inartistic and misshaped of façades was, by this injudicious plan, made to stand out in the brightest glare. It was possible, perhaps, to be amused at it, as at a clown's jests, yet even then not unreservedly, since it was obvious to everyone that the device was not quite unintentional,—just as we had before glossed over the outward behaviour of our otherwise highly esteemed von Plotho, and having once admitted him into our favour, admired even the rogue in him, considering him as one who, like his sovereign, could dispense with all formalities—still, in spite of these considerations, it was far preferable to get back to Esterhazy's fairy kingdom.

This eminent envoy, to honour the day, had discarded his own unfavourably situated quarters, and in their stead had had the great esplanade of lime-trees in the Horse-market decorated in front with an illuminated gateway in many colours, and at the back with a still more magnificent device. The entire enclosure was outlined in lamps. Between the trees stood pyramids and spheres of light, upon transparent pedestals; from one tree to another stretched glittering garlands, from which swung hanging

lanterns. In several places bread and sausages were distributed among the people, and there was no lack of wine.

Here we strolled pleasantly, four abreast, and I, by Gretchen's side, felt that I was wandering in those happy Elysian fields where from the trees they pluck crystal cups that immediately fill with the desired wine, and shake down fruits that change to the recipient's will. At last we too began to feel the need of such, and, led by Pylades, we found a very comfortable eating-house. We were all the better pleased to find we were the only guests, for everybody was out and about the streets, and we passed the greater part of the night most happily and merrily in feelings of tender friendship and love. I escorted Gretchen as far as her door, and she kissed me on the forehead. It was the first and last time that she granted me this favour; for, alas, I was never to see her again.

The next morning, while I was yet in bed, my mother entered, anxious and troubled. It was easy to see when she was at all distressed. "Get up," she said, "and prepare for something unpleasant. It has come out that you frequent very bad company, and have got involved in very dangerous and disreputable affairs. Your father is beside himself, and we have only been able to obtain thus much from him, that he will have the matter looked into by a third party. Keep to your room, and wait for what will happen. Councillor Schneider will come to you; he is the man commissioned both by your father and by the authorities; for the matter is already in the lawyer's hands, and may take a very bad turn."

I saw that they thought the matter far worse than it was; yet felt not a little uneasy, even if they discovered nothing more than the actual state of things. My old *Messiah*-loving friend at last came in to me, tears standing in his eyes; he took me by the arm, and said, "I am heartily grieved to come to you on such an errand. I could never have imagined you could go so far astray. But what will not wicked companions and bad example do! Thus can a young and inexperienced man be led step by step to crime!" "I am conscious of no crime," I replied, "and just as little of having frequented bad company." "It is not now a question of self-defence," he interrupted me, "but

of investigation, and on your part of upright confession." "What do you want to know?" I retorted. He sat down, drew out a paper, and began to question me: "Have you not recommended N. N. to your grandfather as a candidate for the post of * * ?" "Yes," I replied. "Where did you become acquainted with him?" "On my walks." "In what company?" I started: for I was unwilling to betray my friends. "Silence is useless now," he continued, "for quite enough is already known." "What is known then?" I asked. "That this man has been introduced to you by others like him—in fact, by * * *." Here he named three persons whom I had never seen nor known: and this I immediately explained. "You pretend," he resumed, "not to know these men, and yet have had frequent meetings with them." "Not at all," I replied; "for, as I have said, I do not know one of them, with the exception of the first, and even him I have never seen in a house." "Have you not often been in * * * street?" "Never," I replied. This was not strictly true. I had once accompanied Pylades on a visit to his sweetheart, who lived in that street; but we had entered by the back-door, and remained in the summer-house. I therefore presumed that I might permit myself the subterfuge of stating that I had not been in the street itself.

The good man put more questions, all of which I could answer in the negative: for of all the points on which he wished for information I knew nothing. At last he said, in apparent vexation, "You repay my confidence and goodwill very indifferently; I come to save you. You cannot deny that you have composed letters for these people themselves or for their accomplices, have supplied them with writings, and have thus been accessory to their evil acts; for it is a question of nothing less than forged papers, false wills, counterfeit bonds, and crimes of that nature. I come not only as a friend of the family, I come in the name and by order of the magistrates, who, in consideration of your connections and of your youth, would spare you and some other young men, who, like you, have been lured into the snare." It was strange to me that the names of the persons with whom I had been intimate did not occur among those he mentioned. The circumstances were not identical, though

they had points in common ; and I could still hope to save my young friends. But the good man grew more and more urgent. I could not deny that I had come home late many nights, that I had contrived to have a house-key made, that I had been seen at public places more than once with persons of low rank and suspicious appearance, that some girls were mixed up in the affair ; in short, everything seemed to be discovered but the names. This gave me courage to persist steadfastly in my silence. "Do not send me from you," said my worthy friend, "the affair allows of no delay ; I shall be immediately followed by others, who will not grant you so much latitude. Do not make the matter, which is bad enough, worse by your obstinacy."

Now I called up vividly before my mind the picture of the cousins, and of Gretchen in particular : I saw them arrested, tried, punished, disgraced, and then it went through me like a flash of lightning, that the cousins, though they were always scrupulously honest with me, might have engaged in such bad ways, at least the oldest, whom I never cared for much, who used to come home the latest, and then could give but a poor account of himself. Still I kept back my confession. "For myself," I said, "I am conscious of no crime, and can feel perfectly at ease on that score ; but it is not impossible that those with whom I have associated may have been guilty of some daring or illegal act. Let them be sought, found, convicted, punished ; I have hitherto nothing to reproach myself with ; and will not do any wrong to those who have behaved well and kindly by me." He did not let me finish, but exclaimed with some agitation, "Yes, they will be traced. These villains met in three houses. (He named the streets, he pointed out the houses, and, unfortunately, among them was the one which I was accustomed to frequent.) The first nest is already broken up, and by this time so are the two others. In a few hours the whole will be cleared up. Avoid, by a frank confession, a judicial inquiry, an appearance in court, and all other such unsavoury proceedings." The house then was known and marked. It seemed useless to keep silence now ; rather, by explaining the innocent character of our meetings, I could hope to be still more useful to them than to myself. "Sit down," I exclaimed, fetching him back from the door ; "I will tell

all, and remove a weight at once from your heart and mine ; but I ask one thing ; let there be no further doubt of my veracity."

I soon informed my friend of the whole course of affairs, and was, at first, calm and collected ; but as I brought to mind and pictured to myself persons, objects, and events, and had to confess to so many innocent pleasures and charming enjoyments, as if before a criminal court, my feelings grew more and more painful, till at last I burst into tears and gave way to unrestrained emotion. Our family friend, who hoped that now the real secret was coming to light (for he regarded my distress as a symptom that I was on the point of reluctantly confessing some monstrous crime), did his best to pacify me, for with him the discovery was the all-important matter ; and at last succeeded so far, that I managed to stammer out my story to the end. Though satisfied of the innocence of our meetings, he was still somewhat doubtful, and put further questions to me, which excited me afresh, so that I was beside myself with pain and anger. I asserted, finally, that I had nothing more to say, and was well assured I had nothing to fear, for I was innocent, of a good family and unblemished name ; but that my friends might be just as guiltless, without their innocence being recognized, nor any favour shown them. I declared at the same time, that if they were not spared like myself, if their follies were not regarded with indulgence, and their faults pardoned, if anything in any way harsh or unjust befell them, no one should prevent me from avenging their injuries on my own person. Here, too, my friend tried to reassure me ; but I did not trust him, and when at last he left me, I was in a deplorable condition. I now reproached myself for having revealed anything or thrown any light on the state of affairs. I foresaw that our childish actions, our youthful tastes and confidences, might be quite misinterpreted, and that I might perhaps have involved my worthy friend Pylades in the matter, and caused him much misery. These considerations pressed so overwhelmingly upon me, and so sharpened the edge of my distress, that I was half-maddened with grief. I threw myself full length upon the floor, and bedewed it with my tears.

I do not know how long I may have been lying there, when my sister entered, and, terrified at my violence, did all she could to raise me up. She told me that a person connected with the magistracy had waited below with my father for the return of our family friend, and that after they had been closeted together for some time, both the gentlemen had taken leave, talking to each other with apparent satisfaction, and even laughing aloud. She even thought she had heard the words—"It is all right; the affair is of no consequence." "Indeed!" I broke out, "the affair is of no consequence for me—for us; for I have committed no crime, and if I had, they would somehow contrive to help me out of it: but the others, the others," I cried, "who will stand by them?"

My sister tried to comfort me by arguing circumstantially that if those of higher rank were to be saved, a veil must also be drawn over the faults of the more lowly. All this was of no avail. She had scarcely left me when I again abandoned myself to my grief, conjuring up alternately the image both of the objects of my passionate devotion and of their actual and possible misfortunes. I told myself story after story, saw nothing but a succession of mishaps, and did not fail in particular to imagine Gretchen and myself plunged in utter wretchedness.

Our family friend had ordered me to remain in my room, and have nothing to do with any one but the members of my family. This was just what I wanted, for I was best alone. My mother and sister visited me from time to time, and did their utmost to help me by all kinds of comforting assurances; indeed, on the second day they came in the name of my father, who was now better informed, to offer me a complete amnesty, which indeed I gratefully accepted; but I stubbornly rejected his proposal that I should go out with him and look at the insignia of the Empire, which were now publicly exhibited, declaring that I wanted to know nothing either of the world or of the Roman Empire till I was informed how the whole distressing business, which could have no further evil consequences for me, had resulted for my poor acquaintances. They could give me no information on this point, and left me alone. Yet the next day they made further attempts to get me out of the house

and awake in me some interest in the public ceremonies. In vain ! neither the great gala-day, nor all the events connected with the conferring of titles, nor with the Emperor's and the King's public table—in short, nothing could move me. The Elector of the Palatinate might come and wait on both their Majesties ; these might visit the Electors ; the last electoral sitting might be held for the despatch of business in arrear, and the renewal of the electoral union ;—nothing could call me from my suffering solitude. I let the bells ring for the public rejoicings, the Emperor repair to the Capuchin church, the Electors and Emperor depart, without feeling moved to take a step from my room on their account. The final salvo of cannon, immoderate as it was, did not rouse me, and just as the smoke of the powder dispersed, and the sound died away, so had all these glories vanished from my soul.

My only satisfaction now was to chew the cud of my misery, and to multiply it a thousandfold in my imagination. All faculties of imagination, of poetry and of rhetoric, had taken hold of this diseased spot, and threatened, by their very vitality, to involve body and soul in an incurable disorder. In this melancholy condition, I could think of nothing that seemed to me worth a desire, nothing worth a wish. An infinite yearning, indeed, seized me at times to know how matters had gone with my poor friends and with my beloved Gretchen, what had been the result of a stricter investigation, how far they were implicated in those crimes, or had been found guiltless. This, too, I pictured to myself in detail, and under all kinds of aspects, never failing, however, to hold them as innocent and as miserably ill-used. Sometimes in my longing to be freed from this uncertainty I wrote vehement, threatening letters to our family friend, insisting that he should not withhold from me the further progress of affairs. But I soon tore them up again, for fear of learning what would only confirm my unhappiness, and of losing those shreds of consolation with which I had till now been able alternately to torment and to reassure myself.

Thus I passed both day and night in miserable restlessness, now raving, now utterly exhausted, so that I was glad at last to fall a prey to serious bodily illness, which compelled

them to call in the help of a physician, and to think of every possible way of soothing me. This they thought they could best do by giving me in general terms the solemn assurance that all who were more or less involved in the guilt had been treated with the greatest forbearance, that my nearest friends, being all but innocent, had been dismissed with a slight reprimand, and that Gretchen had left the town and had returned to her own home. They hesitated most over this last point, and indeed it gave me little comfort; for I could see in it no voluntary departure, but only a shameful banishment. So that my bodily and mental condition by no means improved; my distress seemed rather as if it had but just begun, and I had time and opportunity enough to torment myself by weaving the wildest romance of sorrowful events, all leading to an inevitable and tragic catastrophe.

PART THE SECOND

"The wishes of youth are garnered in age."

SIXTH BOOK

THUS was I driven alternately to assist and to retard my recovery, and a certain secret annoyance was now added to my other feelings, for I saw plainly that I was watched—that they rarely handed me any sealed paper without observing what effect it produced—whether I kept it secret—whether I laid it down open, and so forth. I therefore conjectured that Pylades, or one of the cousins, or even Gretchen herself, might have attempted to write to me, either to give or to obtain information. In addition to my sorrow, I was now for the first time thoroughly irritated, and had again fresh opportunities to indulge in suppositions and to delude myself by the wildest conjectures.

It was not long before they gave me a special custodian. Fortunately, it was a man whom I loved and valued. He had held the place of tutor in the family of one of our friends; but his former pupil had gone to the university. He often visited me in my sad condition, and they at last found it the most natural thing to give him a room next to mine, as it was to be his business to keep me occupied and quiet, and, as I could see, to keep his eye upon me. Still, as I esteemed him heartily, and had already confided many things to him, though not my affection for Gretchen, I determined all the more to be perfectly candid and straightforward with him, as it was intolerable to me to live in daily intercourse with any one, and at the same time to stand on a footing of uncertainty and constraint with

him. It was not long, then, before I spoke to him on the matter, and refreshed myself by telling and retelling the minutest circumstances of my past happiness. The result of this was, that, like a sensible man, he saw it would be better to inform me of the upshot of the story, and that in every detail and particular, so that being once acquainted with the whole, I might be earnestly persuaded of the necessity of regaining my self-control, throwing the past behind me, and beginning a new life. First he confided to me who the other young people of position were who had allowed themselves to be enticed, first, into daring hoaxes, then into jesting offences against the law, and further even to light-hearted acts of extortion, and other such dangerous exploits. Thus actually had arisen a little conspiracy, which unprincipled men had joined, who, by forging papers and counterfeiting signatures, had perpetrated many criminal acts, and had still worse crimes in contemplation. The cousins, after whom I at last impatiently inquired, had been found to be quite innocent, only very slightly acquainted with those others, and not at all implicated with them. My *protégé* was one of the worst, and indeed it was by recommending him to my grandfather that I had laid myself open to suspicion, for he had sued for that office chiefly that he might have the means of undertaking or concealing certain villainies. After all this, I could at last contain myself no longer, and asked what had become of Gretchen, for whom I, once for all, confessed the strongest attachment. My friend shook his head and smiled. "Make yourself easy," he replied; "the girl has stood her trial well, and been handsomely acquitted. They could discover nothing in her but what was good and kind, the examiners themselves were well-disposed to her, and could not refuse her request that she might leave the city. Even what she confessed in respect to you, too, my friend, does her honour; I have read her deposition in the secret reports myself, and seen her signature." "The signature," exclaimed I, "which makes me so happy and so miserable! What has she confessed, then? To what has she subscribed?" My friend hesitated before answering; but his cheerful look showed me that he concealed nothing dangerous. "If you must know, then," he replied

at last, "when she was interrogated concerning you and her intercourse with you, she said quite frankly, 'I cannot deny that I have seen him often and with pleasure; but I have always treated him as a child, and my affection for him was truly that of a sister. In many cases I have given him good advice, and, far from instigating him to any doubtful actions, I have hindered him from taking part in wanton tricks, which might have brought him into trouble.'"

My friend still went on making Gretchen speak as a governess might; but I had already for some time ceased to listen to him; for I was terribly affronted that she had set me down in the reports as a child, and thought myself instantly cured of all passion for her. I even hastily assured my friend that all was now over. I spoke no more of her, her name never crossed my lips; but I could not leave off the bad habit of thinking about her, and of recalling her form, her manner, her demeanour, though now, in fact, it all appeared to me in quite another light. I felt it intolerable that a girl, at the most only a very few years older than I, should regard me as a child, while I imagined I passed for a very sensible and clever youth. Her cold and repelling manner, which had before so charmed me, now seemed quite repugnant to me; the liberties which she had allowed herself to take with me, but had not permitted me to return, altogether odious. Yet all would have been well enough for me, if by signing that poetical love-letter, in which she had confessed a formal attachment to me, she had not given me a right to regard her as a sly and selfish coquette. Her masquerading at the milliner's, too, no longer seemed to me so innocent; and I turned these irritating thoughts over and over in my mind, until I had entirely stripped her of all her amiable qualities. My judgment was convinced, and I thought I must cast her off; but her image!—her image gave me the lie whenever it hovered before me, and that was often enough.

Nevertheless, this barbed arrow was torn out of my heart, and the question then was, how best to assist the natural healing powers of youth. I did indeed resolve to play the man; and the first thing I instantly laid aside was the weeping and raving, which I now regarded as childish

in the highest degree. A great step in the right direction ! For I had often given myself up to such violent grief, half the night long, that at last my tears and sobs brought me to such a pass that I could scarce swallow any more, eating and drinking became painful to me, and my chest even began to be affected. The vexation which I constantly felt since the discovery made me banish every weakness. It seemed frightful to me that I had sacrificed sleep, repose and health, for the sake of a girl who was pleased to consider me a babe, and to imagine herself, with respect to me, something very much like a nurse.

These depressing reflections, I was soon convinced, were only to be banished by activity ; but on what should I set to work ? I had, indeed, much lost ground to regain in many things, and to prepare myself, in more than one sense, for the university, which I was about to attend ; but I found neither pleasure nor success in any occupation. Much appeared to me familiar and trivial ; I found neither sufficient determination in myself nor external opportunity for extending my studies in several possible directions, and so was easily persuaded by the predilections of my next-door neighbour, to enter upon a subject which was altogether new and strange to me, and which for a long time offered me a wide field of thought and knowledge. My friend began, namely, to make me acquainted with the secrets of philosophy. He had studied in Jena, under DARIES, and, possessing a well-regulated mind, had clearly grasped the trend of thought of that school, and now sought to impart it to me. But, unfortunately, these things would not order themselves in my brain after the same manner. I put questions, which he promised to answer in due course ; I made demands, which he promised to satisfy in the future. But our most important difference was this, that I maintained a separate system of philosophy was not necessary, as the whole of it was already contained in religion and poetry. This he would by no means allow, but rather tried to prove to me that these must first be founded on philosophy ; this I stubbornly denied, and at every step in the course of our discussions, found arguments in support of my opinion. For, as room must be found in poetry for a certain faith in the impossible, and in religion for a like faith in the

inscrutable, philosophers appeared to me to be in a very false position, since they attempted to demonstrate and explain both of them from their own point of view. Moreover, the history of philosophy soon proved that each of its exponents always sought a reason different from that of the rest, so that the sceptic, in the end, pronounced everything devoid of reason and finality.

However, this very history of philosophy, which my friend was compelled to study with me, because I could learn nothing from dogmatic expositions, amused me very much, but only for this reason, that one doctrine or opinion seemed to me as good as another, so far, at least, as I was capable of penetrating it. What pleased me most in the most ancient philosophers and schools was that poetry, religion, and philosophy were in them completely combined; and I could maintain my original opinion all the more eagerly since the Book of Job and the Song and Proverbs of Solomon, as well as the lays of Orpheus and Hesiod, seemed to bear valid witness in its favour. My friend had taken the smaller work of Brucker as the foundation of his course; and the further we went on, the less I could make of it. I could not clearly see what was the aim the early Greek philosophers had in view. Socrates I esteemed as an excellent, wise man, who in his life and death might well be compared with Christ. His disciples, on the other hand, seemed to me to bear a strong resemblance to the Apostles, who fell apart immediately after their Master's death, each manifestly only accepting the truth with limitations of his own. Neither the keen insight of Aristotle nor the depth of Plato appealed to me in the least. For the Stoics, on the contrary, I had already some liking, and I now procured an Epictetus, which I studied with much interest. My friend unwillingly let me have my way in this partiality, from which he could not draw me; for, in spite of his varied studies, he did not know how to narrow the main issue to a point. He need only have said to me that in life action is the main thing, and that joy and sorrow come of themselves. However, the young should be allowed to go their own course; they do not stick to false maxims very long, for life soon drives or allures them on.

The weather had improved; and we often went out

together, and visited the pleasure resorts which surrounded the city in great numbers. But it was precisely in such places that I was most ill at ease ; for I still saw the ghosts of the cousins everywhere, and feared, at any moment, to see one of them step forward. Even the most casual glances of my fellow men annoyed me. I had lost that happy state of unconsciousness when I could wander about unknown and unblamed, unaware of observation, even in the greatest crowds. Now hypochondriacal fancies began to torment me, as if I attracted the people's attention, as if all eyes were turned on my behaviour, to fix it on their memories, to scrutinize and to find fault.

I therefore drew my friend into the woods, and shunning the monotonous firs, I sought those fine leafy groves, which are not indeed of any great extent, but are yet large enough for a poor wounded heart to find a refuge there. In the remotest depth of the forest I had sought out a solemn spot magnificently shaded by the oldest oaks and beeches. The ground was somewhat sloping, which only brought out more clearly the grandeur of the massive trunks. This open space was encircled by dense thickets, in the midst of which emerged venerable, moss-grown rocks, over which a stream of water hurled itself.

Scarcely had I compelled the company of my friend, who would rather have been in the open country by the river, among men, than he playfully assured me that I showed myself a true German. He related to me circumstantially, out of Tacitus, how our ancestors delighted in the feelings which nature awakens in us, in such solitudes, by her artless architecture. He had not long continued in this strain, when I exclaimed, "Oh! why does not this precious spot lie still deeper in the wilderness! why may we not train a hedge around it, to hallow and separate from the world both it and ourselves! Surely no worship of the Deity is more fitting than that which needs no graven image, but which springs up in our hearts merely from intercourse with nature!" What I then felt, is still present with me; what I said, I know not now how to recall. This much, however, is certain, that the undefined and all-embracing feelings of youth and of uncivilized nations are alone adapted to receive the impression of the sublime. If this

impression is excited in us through indefinite or incomprehensible external objects, it must be because we are brought face to face with a greatness beyond our ken.

All men, more or less, feel such a disposition of the soul, and seek to satisfy this noble craving in various ways. But as a feeling for the sublime is easily produced in us by twilight and night, when objects are blended, and is, on the other hand, dispelled by the light of day, which separates and sunders, in the same way must it also be destroyed by every increase of culture, unless it be fortunate enough to find refuge in the apprehension of the beautiful, and to be incorporated with it, when both may thus become equally undying and indestructible.

The brief moments of such delights were still more shortened by my philosophical friend; but when I turned back into the world, it was in vain that I sought, in a bald and unfruitful environment, to reawaken such feelings within me; nay, I could scarce retain even the remembrance of them. But my heart had grown too exacting to be easily satisfied; it had loved, and the beloved object had been snatched away from it; it had lived, and life had been embittered for it. A friend who makes it too evident that he intends to educate you, can inspire no comfort; while a woman who is educating, while she seems to spoil you, is adored as a heavenly source of joy and happiness. But the form under which the idea of beauty first manifested itself to me, had vanished in the distance; it often visited me under the shade of my oak trees, but I could not hold it fast, and I felt a powerful impulse to wander forth in search of a similar experience.

I had by slow degrees accustomed, and indeed compelled my friend and guardian to leave me alone; for even in my sacred grove, those vast and undefined feelings did not suffice me. It was through the eye, more than any other organ, that I received my impressions of the external world. I had, from childhood, lived among painters, and had accustomed myself to look at objects, as they did, with reference to art. Now I was left to myself and to solitude, this gift, part natural, part acquired, revealed itself. Wherever I looked, I saw a picture, and whatever struck me, whatever gave me delight, aroused in me the desire to fix it, so that I

began, though most unskilfully, to draw from nature. I had no single qualification for such work ; yet, though lacking in all technical means, I obstinately persisted in trying to imitate the most magnificent things that offered themselves to my sight. Thus, to be sure, I acquired a great power of observation, but I only grasped objects as a whole, and in respect to the effect they produced ; and nature would no more grant me the capacity of a draughtsman for details than she would equip me with the qualities of a descriptive poet. Since, however, this was the only way left me of expressing myself, I held to it with stubbornness, nay even with a melancholy ardour, continuing my labours the more zealously, the less apparent the result they produced.

But I will not deny that my motives were not entirely innocent ; for I had remarked that if I chose such a difficult study as an old trunk, lying half in shadow, with the sun shining full upon the ferns clinging to its huge gnarled roots and playing upon the grasses all around, my friend, who knew from experience that I should not be done in less than an hour, usually resolved to seek out, with his books, some other pleasant little spot. Now there was nothing to disturb me in prosecuting my hobby all the more eagerly, since my drawings were made dearer to me by the fact that I had accustomed myself to see in them not so much what they actually represented, as the subject of my meditations at the time and hour when I drew. Thus plants and flowers of the commonest kind may form a charming diary for us, because nothing that calls back the remembrance of a happy moment can be insignificant ; and even now it would be hard for me to destroy as worthless many such mementoes that have remained to me from different periods of my life, because they transport me immediately to those occasions, which I remember with sadness indeed, yet not unwillingly.

But whatever intrinsic interest such drawings may have had they owed to my father's sympathy and attention. He was well pleased to hear from my guardian that I had become gradually reconciled to my condition, and, in particular, had devoted myself passionately to drawing from nature,—partly because he himself set a high value on drawing and painting, partly because his friend Seekatz had once said to him, that it was a pity I was not destined for a

painter. But here the peculiar characteristics of father and son came again into conflict : for it was almost impossible for me to make use in my drawing of a perfectly good, white, clean sheet of paper ; old grey sheets, even if scribbled over on one side already, suited me best, as if my imperfect skill feared the touchstone of a white background. Nor were any of my drawings quite finished ; for how should I have executed a whole, which indeed I saw with my eyes, but could not grasp as such, or how have reproduced an individual object, which was indeed within my knowledge, but which I had neither skill nor patience to carry out in full ? My father's pedagogic methods on this point were, indeed, to be admired. He kindly asked after my attempts, and drew lines round every imperfect sketch. He wished, by this means, to urge me to completeness and fulness of detail. He cut rough sheets straight, and thus made the beginning of a collection, in which he hoped, at some future time, to be able to trace and rejoice over the progress of his son. He was therefore by no means displeased when my wild, restless disposition sent me roving about the country ; on the contrary, he seemed gratified when I brought back a parcel of drawings in which he could find an exercise for his patience, and in some measure a confirmation of his hopes.

They were no longer anxious lest I should relapse into my former habits and connections ; but left me by degrees perfect liberty. In the company of casual acquaintances I took several casual trips to that mountain-range which, from my childhood, had risen before me, far and stately. Thus we visited Homburg, Kroneburg, and ascended the Feldberg, from which the view enticed us to further explorations. Königstein, too, was not unvisited ; Wiesbaden, Schwalbach and its environs, occupied us many days ; we reached the Rhine, which we had seen from the heights winding away in the distance. Mainz astonished us, but could not long enthrall a youthful mind, longing to range the open country ; Biberich and its situation delighted us, and, contented and happy, we resumed our journey home.

This whole tour, from which my father had promised himself many a drawing, might have been almost fruitless ; for what taste, what talent, what experience does it not require

to compose a picture from a widespread landscape ! My inclinations again drew me imperceptibly to a narrower sphere, which provided me with some spoil ; for I met no ruined castle, no piece of wall redolent of antiquity, that I did not think an object worthy of my pencil, and reproduce as well as I could. Even the stone of Drusus, on the ramparts of Mainz, I copied at some risk, and with those inconveniences which everyone must experience who wishes to carry home with him some pictorial reminiscences of his travels. Unfortunately I had again taken with me nothing but the most miserable common paper, and had clumsily crowded several subjects on one sheet. But my paternal mentor soon overcame this difficulty ; he cut the sheets apart, had the parts which belonged to each other bound by the book-binder, drew margins round the single sheets, and actually compelled me to prolong the outline of various mountains up to the margin, and to fill up the foreground with weeds and stones.

If his faithful endeavours could not increase my talent, nevertheless this mark of his love of order had a secret influence on me, which afterwards revealed itself to some purpose in more ways than one.

From such rambling excursions, undertaken partly for pleasure, partly for art's sake, and which could be taken in a short time and often repeated, I was again drawn home, and that by a magnet which always acted upon me strongly : this was my sister. (Only a year younger than I, she had lived my whole life with me as far back as I could remember, and was thus bound to me by the closest ties. To these natural causes was added a forcible motive, springing from the conditions of our family life. There was on the one hand a father, certainly affectionate and well-meaning, but grave, hiding, with incredible persistence, the impulses of a naturally affectionate heart under an iron sternness of demeanour, that he might attain his end of giving his children the best education, and of building up, regulating, and maintaining his prosperous household ; on the other hand, a mother, as yet almost a child, who first grew up to womanhood with and in her two eldest children ; these three, looking out on the world with healthy eyes, eager for life, and desiring present enjoyment. This contradiction, ever present in the

family, increased with years. My father followed out his views unmoved and undeterred; the mother and children could not give up their feelings, their claims, their desires.

Under these circumstances it was natural that brother and sister should be closely drawn to one another, and cling to their mother, that they might snatch singly the pleasures forbidden as a whole. But since the hours of solitude and toil were very long compared to the moments of recreation and enjoyment, especially for my sister, who could never leave the house for so long a time as I could, the necessity she felt for intercourse with me was further sharpened by the longing with which she accompanied me in my wanderings.

And as, in our early years, lessons and play, growth and education, had been shared in common, so that we might well have been taken for twins, in the same way this community of thought, this confidence, persisted during the development of our physical and moral powers. That interest of youth, that amazement at the awakening of sensual impulses which clothe themselves in processes of mind, of cravings of the mind assuming sensual images, all our broodings upon these themes, which obscure rather than enlighten us, as the fog covers rather than illumines the vale from which it is about to rise, the many errors and aberrations springing therefrom,—all these the brother and sister shared and endured hand in hand. Yet the nearer they wished to approach each other, to draw from one another light upon their strange condition, the more forcibly did the sacred awe of their close relationship keep them apart.

It is with reluctance that I set forth in vague terms what I attempted to express years ago and failed. The early loss of this dear and inscrutable being was sufficient inducement to make me attempt to form some idea of her whole worth, and thus arose in me the conception of a poetic whole, in which it might be possible to unfold her personality: but no other form presented itself than that of the Richardsonian novel. Only by minutest detail, by endless detached instances which all vividly bear the character of the whole, and as they spring from a wonderful depth give some clue to that depth;—only in such a manner would it have been in some degree possible to give an idea of this remarkable

personality ; for the spring can be apprehended only while it is flowing. The stress of the world drew me back from this fair, profitable purpose, as from so many others, and nothing now remains for me but to conjure up for a moment that blessed spirit, as by the aid of a magic mirror.

She was tall, finely and delicately formed, with a natural dignity of manner, which melted easily into a sweet graciousness. Her features, neither striking nor beautiful, indicated a character which was not and could not be in unity with itself. Her eyes were not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, with most hidden depths, and with an unrivalled power of expressing love and affection. And yet, properly speaking, their expression was not tender, like that which comes from the heart, and at the same time brings with it something of longing and desire ; it came rather from the soul, full and rich, eager, apparently, only to give, not anxious to receive.

But what peculiarly disfigured her face, so that she would often appear positively ugly, was the fashion of those times, which not only bared the forehead, but, either accidentally or on purpose, did everything apparently or really to enlarge it. Now, as she had the most feminine, most well-rounded forehead, and moreover thick black eyebrows, and prominent eyes, these formed a contrast, which, if it did not repel every stranger at the first glance, at least did not attract him. She early felt it, and this feeling became constantly more painful to her as she approached those years when both sexes find an innocent pleasure in being mutually attractive.

Nobody can find his own appearance repugnant ; the ugliest as well as the most beautiful has a right to enjoy his own presence ; and as liking beautifies, and everyone regards his own reflection in the looking-glass with liking, it may be asserted that everyone must see his own face with complacency, even if he may wish to struggle against the feeling. Yet my sister had such a firm good sense, that she could not possibly be blind and foolish in this respect ; on the contrary, she perhaps knew more clearly than she ought, that she came far behind her girl friends in external beauty, without feeling consoled by the fact that she infinitely surpassed them in inner qualities.

If a girl can ever be recompensed for the want of beauty, she could have found rich compensation in the

unbounded confidence, regard, and love which all her friends bore her, whether older or younger than herself. A very pleasant circle had gathered round her; even some young men had succeeded in gaining admission; nearly every girl found an admirer; she alone remained unmated. Indeed, if her exterior was in some measure repulsive, the mind that pierced through it was also rather repelling than attractive; for the presence of excellence makes others reflect upon themselves. She felt this keenly, and did not conceal it from me, but her love for me grew all the stronger. The case was singular enough. As confidants to whom one reveals a love-affair by their genuine sympathy become lovers also, nay, grow into rivals, and at last, perchance, attract the passion to themselves, so it was with us two: for, when my connection with Gretchen was broken off, my sister consoled me the more warmly, because she secretly felt the satisfaction of having got rid of a rival; and I, too, could not but feel a quiet, half-malicious pleasure, when she did me the justice to assure me that I was the only one who truly loved, understood, and esteemed her. If now, from time to time, my grief for the loss of Gretchen revived, and I suddenly began to weep, to lament, and to lose my self-control, my despair over my loss awakened in her too a similar desperate impatience at her failure to gain, or prosper in, or keep, the joy of such youthful attachments; we then both thought ourselves infinitely unhappy, the more so as, in this singular case, the confidants could not change into lovers.

Fortunately, however, the capricious god of Love, who does so much needless mischief, for once interfered beneficially, to help us out of all perplexity. I had much intercourse with a young Englishman who was educated in Pfeil's boarding-school. He was well-grounded in his own language, I practised it with him, and thus learned much concerning his country and people. He came and went in our house for some time without my remarking in him any attachment to my sister, yet he may have been nourishing one in secret till it grew to a passion, for at last it declared itself suddenly and unexpectedly. She knew him, she esteemed him, and he was worthy of it. She had often been a third at our English conversations, we had both tried to catch from his

lips the irregularities of English pronunciation, and so had grown accustomed not only to the peculiarities of its accent and sound, but even to what was most peculiar in the personal qualities of our teacher ; so that at last our speech sounded strangely enough as if it proceeded from one mouth. The pains he took to learn as much German from us in the like manner were to no purpose, and I think I remarked that even this little love-affair was carried on in English both in speaking and writing. The young folk were both very well suited to each other ; he was tall and well-built, as she was, only slighter still ; his small, set face might really have been good-looking, had it not been too much disfigured by small-pox ; his manner was calm, precise, it might even be called at times dry and cold ; but his heart was full of kindness and love, his soul full of generosity, and his affections as lasting as they were firm and controlled. Now this serious-minded pair, who had but lately been drawn together, had formed an attachment very different from that of others, who, though better acquainted with one another, are of a more frivolous character, more careless as to the future, and enter light-heartedly into connections, which commonly pass away as a mere fruitless prelude to subsequent and more serious ties, and very seldom produce a lasting effect upon life.

The fine weather and lovely country were enjoyed to the full by our gay company ; water excursions were frequently arranged, because these are the most sociable of all pleasure parties. Yet whether we were on water or on land, the mutual powers of attraction immediately showed themselves ; they drew together in couples, and for some unengaged men like myself, there remained either no conversation with the ladies at all, or only such as no one would have chosen for a holiday. A friend who found himself in a like condition and who may have had no partner chiefly for the reason that, though thoroughly good-natured, he lacked tenderness, and, with all his intelligence, failed in that delicate attention, without which no one may hope to form ties of this kind ;—this man, as I was saying, often lamenting his condition, with much wit and humour, promised at the next meeting to make a proposal which would benefit himself and the whole company. Nor did he fail to keep his word. We had all

enjoyed a merry trip by water and a pleasant walk, had cheerfully discussed our rustic fare, stretched on the grass under shady knolls, or sitting on mossy rocks and roots of trees. Our friend seized this moment of good cheer to address us with mock-dignity, bade us form a semi-circle round him, before which he stepped, and began the following emphatic oration:—

“Most worthy friends of both sexes, paired and unpaired!—It is already evident, from this address, how necessary it is that a preacher of repentance should arise to quicken the consciences of this company. A certain number of my honourable friends have found a mate, and they may be quite happy; others are still unmated, and these are utterly miserable, as I can assure you from my own experience; and although loving couples are here in the majority, yet I would have them consider whether it is not a social duty to take thought for the whole? Why do we gather together in large numbers but to take a mutual interest in each other? and how can that be done when so many little cliques are to be seen in our circle? Far be it from me to insinuate anything against such tender ties, or even to wish to disturb them; but ‘there is a time for all things!’ an excellent and weighty saying, which, indeed, everyone disregards when his own amusement is sufficiently provided for.”

He then went on with increasing liveliness and gaiety to contrast social virtues and tender sentiments. “The latter,” said he, “can never fail us: we always carry them about with us, and everyone becomes proficient in them without practice; but we must go in quest of the former, we must take some trouble about them, and whatever progress we may make in them, we have never done learning them.” He now went into particulars. Many felt themselves hit, and could not help casting glances at each other; yet our friend was so far a privileged person, that nothing he did was taken amiss, so he could proceed without interruption.

“It is not enough to discover deficiencies; indeed, it is unjust to do so, if at the same time one cannot suggest a means of improvement. I will not, therefore, my friends, like a preacher in Passion week, exhort you in general terms

to repentance and amendment ; I rather wish all these gracious couples the longest and most enduring happiness, and to contribute to it myself in the surest manner, I propose to sever and abolish these most delightful cliques during our hours of social intercourse. I have," he continued, "already provided for the execution of my project, if it should meet your approval. Here is a bag in which are the names of the gentlemen ; now draw, my fair ones, and be pleased to favour as your servant, for a week, him whom fate shall send you. This is binding only within our own circle ; 'as soon as that is broken up, these ties are also abolished, and the heart may decide who shall attend you home."

A large part of the company had been delighted with this address and the manner in which it was delivered, and seemed to approve of the notion ; yet a few couples looked at each other as if they thought that it would not answer their purpose : he therefore cried with humorous vehemence : —

"Truly ! though some still hesitate, no one has risen to extol my plan, explain its advantages, and spare me the pain of being my own encomiast. I am the oldest among you ; may God forgive me that ! I am already bald, and that is due to my deep cogitations."

Here he took off his hat—

"But I would expose my bald head to view with joy and pride if my meditations, which dry up my skin, and rob me of my finest ornament, could only be in some measure beneficial to myself and others. We are young, my friends,—that is well ; we shall grow older,—that is bad ; we take each other in good part,—that is right, and fits the season. But soon, my friends, the days will come when we shall have in ourselves much cause of discontent ; then let everyone see that he is reconciled with himself ; but, at the same time, others will take things amiss from us, and for reasons we cannot understand ; we must prepare ourselves for this, and that without delay."

He had delivered the whole speech, but especially the last part, with the tone and gestures of a Capuchin ; for as he was a Catholic, he had had abundant opportunity of studying the oratory of these fathers. He now seemed out of breath, mopped his prematurely bald head, which really

gave him the look of a priest, and by such drolleries put the light-hearted company into such good humour that every one was eager to hear more. But instead of proceeding, he opened the bag, and turned to the nearest lady—"Now let us put it to the test!" he exclaimed; "the master shall be honoured by his works. If in a week's time we do not like it, we will give it up, and stick to the old plan."

Half willingly, half on compulsion, the ladies drew their tickets, and it was easy to see that various passions were evoked by this trifling act. Fortunately it happened that whilst the more light-hearted were separated, the more serious-minded remained together; and so my sister kept her Englishman, which both considered a mark of favour from the god of Love and Luck. The new couples, whom chance had united, were blessed by our Master of the Ceremonies, their healths were drunk, and we wished them joy all the more heartily, as its duration was to be but short. This was certainly the merriest moment that our company had enjoyed for a long time. The young men to whose share no lady had fallen, held, for this week, the office of providing for mind, soul, and body, as our orator expressed it, but especially, he hinted, for the soul, since the other two already knew how to look after themselves.

The officers thus appointed, who at once wished to do themselves credit, introduced some very pretty new games, prepared for us supper near by, which we had not reckoned on, and illuminated the yacht on our return at night, although this was quite unnecessary in the bright moonlight; but they excused themselves by saying that it was quite conformable to our new social regulations to outshine the tender rays of the heavenly moon by earthly candlelight. The moment we touched the shore, our Solon cried, "*Ite, missa est!*" Each one now helped the lady who had fallen to him by lot out of the boat, and then surrendered her to her proper partner, receiving his own in exchange.

At our next meeting this weekly institution was established for the summer, and the lots were drawn once more. There was no question but that this jest gave a new and unexpected turn to our social meetings, every one was stimulated to display whatever he possessed of wit and grace, and to pay court to his temporary sweetheart with the greatest fervour,

since he might depend on having a sufficient store of pretty speeches for one week at least.

We had scarcely settled ourselves, when, instead of thanking our orator, we reproached him for having kept to himself the best part of his speech—the conclusion. He thereupon protested that the best part of a speech was persuasiveness; and that he who did not aim at persuading should make no speech; for, as to conviction, that was a ticklish matter. As, however, they gave him no peace, he began a Capuchinade, on the spot, more comical than ever, perhaps, for the very reason that he took it into his head to speak on the most serious subjects. For, by the help of texts out of the Bible which did not bear on the subject in the least, of inappropriate similes, and of irrelevant allusions, he maintained the proposition, that whoever does not know how to conceal his passions, inclinations, wishes, purposes and plans, will come to no good in the world, but will be made a butt and a dupe on every hand; and that especially if one would be happy in love, one must take pains to keep it a most profound secret.

This thought ran through the whole, though never, as a matter of fact, expressed in words. To form some conception of this singular man, it should be borne in mind, that starting with good capacities, he had cultivated his talents, and especially his acuteness, in Jesuit schools, and had amassed an extensive knowledge of the world and of men, but only of the worse side of both. He was some two-and-twenty years old, and would gladly have made of me a proselyte to his contempt for mankind; but this was foreign to me, as I always had a great desire to be good myself, and to find good in others. Meanwhile he drew my attention to much that was new.

The *dramatis personæ* of every merry company is incomplete without an actor, who is amused when the others, to enliven a dull moment, point the arrows of their wit at him. If he is not merely a stuffed Saracen, like those against whom the knights used to practise their lances in mock encounters, but understands himself how to skirmish, to rally and to challenge, how to wound lightly, and recover himself again, and, while seeming to expose himself, knows how to drive home, no better sport could be devised. We

possessed such a man in our friend HORN, whose name, to begin with, gave occasion to all sorts of jokes, and who, on account of his small stature, was called nothing but *Hörnchen* (little Horn). He was, in fact, the smallest in the company, sturdy, yet pleasant-looking; a pug-nose, pouting lips, little sparkling eyes, made up a swarthy countenance, which always seemed to invite laughter. His small compact head was well covered with curly black hair; his beard was prematurely blue, and he would have liked to let it grow, that his comical appearance might always provide the company with subject for mirth. For the rest, he was neat and nimble, but insisted that he had bandy legs, which everybody granted, since he was bent on having it so, but which were the object of many a joke; for since he was in request as a very good dancer, he reckoned it among the peculiarities of the fair sex, that they always liked to see bandy legs on the floor. His cheerfulness was inexhaustible, and his presence at every gathering was indispensable. We two were particularly friendly because he was to follow me to the university; and he well deserves that I should mention him with all esteem, as he held to me for many years with infinite love, loyalty, and patience.

My faculty for rhyming, and for seizing the poetical aspect of commonplace things, had enticed him into similar labours. Our little social excursions and pleasure-parties, with their trivial occurrences, were clothed by us in poetic garb, so that our description of an event always gave rise to a new one. But as such social jests commonly degenerate into personal ridicule, and my friend Horn did not always keep within proper bounds in his burlesque mimicry, many a misunderstanding arose, which, however, could soon be softened down and forgotten.

He tried his skill also in a kind of poetry which was then very much in vogue—the mock-heroic poem. Pope's *Rape of the Lock* had called forth many imitations; Zacharia cultivated this branch of poetry on German soil, and it pleased every one, because the ordinary subject was some loutish fellow, of whom the genii made game, while they favoured the better man.

It is not wonderful, but yet excites wonder, to observe, in contemplating any literature, especially the German, how

a whole nation cannot rid itself of a subject which has been once given, and happily treated under a certain form, but will have it repeated in every possible variety, until, at last, the original itself is hidden, and stifled by innumerable imitations.

My friend's heroic poem bears out this statement. At a great sledging party, a lady falls to the lot of a clumsy partner whom she dislikes; comically enough there befalls him, one after another, every accident that can happen on such an occasion, until at last, as he is entreating for the sledge-driver's right (a kiss), he falls from the back seat, tripped up, of course, by the spirits at the critical moment. His fair partner seizes the reins, and drives home alone, where a favoured wooer receives her, and triumphs over his presumptuous rival. For the rest, the conceit was prettily worked out, each of the four different kinds of spirits worrying him in turn, till the gnomes at last hoist him completely out of the saddle. The poem, written in Alexandrines, and founded on a true story, highly delighted our little circle, and we were convinced that it could well be compared with Lowen's *Walpurgisnacht*, or Zacharia's *Renommist*.

As our social pleasures only took up one evening, and the preparations for them only a few hours, I had enough time to read, and, as I thought, to study. To please my father, I worked diligently at Hoppe's abridged edition, till I knew it from cover to cover, and so completely mastered the chief contents of the Institutes. But an unquenchable thirst for knowledge urged me further; I lit upon the history of ancient literature, and from that fell into a craving for encyclopedic knowledge, in which I read through Gessner's *Isagoge* and Morhof's *Polyhistor*, acquiring thus some general idea of the marvellous developments of life and learning. This voracious and persistent industry, continued day and night, did more to confuse than instruct me; but I lost myself in a still greater labyrinth when I found Bayle in my father's library, and plunged into the study of him.

But a leading conviction, continually revived within me, was that of the importance of the ancient tongues; since from amidst this literary hurly-burly, thus much continually

forced itself upon me, that in them were preserved all the models of oratory, and at the same time everything else of worth that the world has ever possessed. Hebrew, together with Biblical studies, had retired into the background, and so had Greek, since my acquaintance with it did not extend beyond the New Testament. So I kept all the more zealously to Latin, whose master-pieces lie nearer to us, and which, besides its splendid original productions, offers us the wealth of all subsequent ages in translations and the works of the greatest scholars. I consequently read much in this language, with great ease, and was bold enough to believe I understood the authors, because I missed nothing of the literal sense. Indeed I was very indignant when I heard that Grotius had insolently declared, "he did not read Terence as boys do." Oh, happy limitations of youth! --nay, of men in general, by which they can, at any moment of their life, imagine themselves perfected in wisdom, and care not to search out either truth or falsehood, either heights or depths, but merely such things as are on a level with their understanding.

I had thus learned Latin, like German, French, and English, merely by practice, without rules, and without grasping the nature of the language at the time. Whoever knows the condition of school instruction, will not think it strange that I skipped grammar as well as rhetoric; it all seemed to come naturally to me; I retained the words, their forms and inflexions, in my ear and mind, and used the language with ease in writing and in conversation.

Michaelmas, the time when I was to go to the university, was drawing near, and my mind was quite as much excited about the life there as about its learning. I grew more and more clearly conscious of an aversion to my native city. The loss of Gretchen had snapped the main stem of the boyish, youthful plant; it needed time to put out fresh side-shoots, and to recover from the original injury by new growth. My ramblings through the streets had ceased; I now, like others, only went where necessity impelled. I never went again into Gretchen's quarter of the city, nor even into its vicinity; and just as its old walls and towers became gradually offensive to me, I began too to dislike the

constitution of the city; all that had hitherto seemed so estimable now appeared distorted in my eyes. As grandson of the *Schultheiss*, I had been well aware of the hidden defects of such a republic, and that all the more because of that peculiar surprise and busy curiosity to which children are excited, as soon as something which they have hitherto implicitly revered becomes in any degree suspicious to them. The fruitless indignation of upright men, struggling against such as are to be influenced and even bribed by factions, had become but too plain to me; I had a boundless hatred of injustice; for all children are moral rigorists. My father, who was concerned in the affairs of the town merely as a private citizen, expressed himself with very lively indignation about many abortive efforts. And after so much study and pains, so many travels and endeavours, after such wide and varied culture, did I not see him leading within four walls a solitary life, such as I could never desire for myself? All this weighed on my mind as a horrible burden, from which I could only free myself by trying to contrive a plan of life altogether different from that which had been marked out for me. In imagination I cast aside my legal studies and devoted myself solely to languages, to antiquarian research, to history, and to interests connected with them.

Indeed, at all times, the reproduction in poetic form of what I had perceived in myself, in others, and in nature, afforded me the greatest pleasure. I did it with ever-increasing facility, because it came by instinct, and no criticism had led me astray; and if I did not feel full of confidence in my productions, I could certainly regard them as defective, but not such as to be utterly rejected. In spite of adverse criticism on individual points, I still retained in private my conviction that I could not but gradually improve, and that some time my name might be honourably mentioned along with Hagedorn, Gellert, and other such men. Yet I could not feel that so empty and inadequate a distinction could satisfy me. I wished to devote myself professionally and with zeal to those aforesaid fundamental studies, and, even while making more rapid progress in my own work by a more thorough insight into antiquity, to qualify myself for a university professorship, which seemed

to me the most desirable position for a young man who intended to educate himself and to contribute to the education of others.

With these intentions, I always had my eye upon Göttingen. My whole confidence was placed in men like Heyne, Michaelis, and so many others; my most ardent wish was to sit at their feet and listen to their teaching. But my father remained inflexible. Though some family friends, who were of my opinion, tried their best to influence him, he persisted that I must go to Leipzig. I was now resolved, in self-defence, contrary to his views and wishes, to choose a line of studies and of life for myself. My father's obstinacy in unconsciously opposing my plans strengthened me in my rebellion, so that I made no scruple of listening to him by the hour, while he repeatedly described to me the course of life and study which I was to pursue at the universities and in the world at large.

Since all hopes of Göttingen were cut off, I now turned my attention to Leipzig. There Ernesti seemed a star to me, and Morus, too, awakened my confidence. I planned in secret a rival career, or rather I built a castle in the air, on tolerably solid foundations, thinking it quite dignified and romantic to mark out for myself a path in life, which seemed all the less visionary, as Griesbach had already made great progress in a similar direction, and was commended for it by everyone. The secret joy of a prisoner, when he has loosed his fetters and rapidly filed through the bars of his gaol-window, cannot be greater than mine was as day after day slipped by and October drew near. The inclement season and the bad roads, a universal topic of complaint, did not frighten me. The idea of making a beginning in a strange place, and in winter, did not daunt me; suffice it to say, that I only saw my present situation was a depressing one, and imagined the rest of the unknown world as bright and cheerful. So I dreamed my dreams, and grew absorbed in them, promising myself nothing but happiness and satisfaction in the distant future.

Closely as I kept these projects a secret from everyone else, I could not hide them from my sister, who, though very much alarmed about them at first, was finally consoled by my promise to send for her, so that she might enjoy with

me the brilliant station I was to win, and share my comfort with me.

Michaelmas, so longingly expected, came at last, and I set out joyfully, in the company of the bookseller Fleischer and his wife, whose maiden name was Triller, and who was going to visit her father in Wittemberg ; leaving the noble city in which I had been born and bred, with utter indifference, as if I wished never to set foot in it again.

Thus, at certain epochs, children part from parents, servants from masters, *protégés* from their patrons ; and whether it succeed or not, such an attempt to stand on one's own feet, to make oneself independent, to live for oneself, is always in accordance with the law of nature.

Driving out through All Saints' Gate, and leaving Hanau behind us, we reached scenes which aroused my attention by their novelty, if, at this season of the year, they offered little that was pleasing. Continual rain had completely spoiled the roads, which, in any case, were not then in such good repair as we find them now ; and our journey was thus neither comfortable nor pleasant. Yet I was indebted to the wet weather for the sight of a natural phenomenon which must be exceedingly rare, for I have seen nothing like it since, nor have I heard of its being observed by others. We were driving by night up a rising ground between Hanau and Gelhausen, and, in spite of the darkness, preferred walking to exposing ourselves to the dangers and difficulties of the road at that point. All at once, in a ravine on the right-hand side of the way, I saw a sort of amphitheatre, wonderfully illuminated. In a funnel-shaped space gleamed innumerable little lights, ranged in steps one over the other, and so brilliant that they dazzled the eye. But what confused the sight still more was, that they did not keep still, but flickered hither and thither, upwards and downwards, and in every direction. Most of them, however, remained stationary and shining. It was with the greatest reluctance that I let myself be torn away from this sight, which I would have liked to examine more closely. The postillion could give no answer to my questions about the phenomenon, but said that there was in the neighbourhood an old stone-quarry, where the middle-pit had got swamped with water. Now whether this had become a pandemonium

of will-o'-the-wisps, or a company of shining creatures, I am unable to decide.

The roads through Thuringia were yet worse, and unfortunately, at night-fall, our coach stuck fast in the neighbourhood of Auerstadt. We were far removed from all human aid, and did our very best to help ourselves. I exerted myself to the utmost, and may possibly have overstrained the ligaments of my chest; for soon afterwards I began to feel an intermittent pain, which never quite left me for many years.

Yet, as though that same night were destined to alternate vicissitudes of fortune, I was still to undergo an annoying experience on the heels of what seemed a most happy chance. We met, in Auerstadt, a distinguished-looking married couple, who had also just arrived, having been delayed by a similar accident; a pleasing, dignified man, in the prime of life, with a very handsome wife. They politely persuaded us to join them at supper, and I felt very gratified when the fine lady addressed a friendly word to me. But when I was sent out to hurry on the soup which had been ordered, unaccustomed as I was to loss of sleep, and to the fatigues of travelling, such an unconquerable drowsiness overcame me, that I actually fell asleep as I walked, returned into the room with my hat on my head, and not noticing that the others were saying grace, stood with composed unconsciousness behind the chair, and never dreamed that I was disturbing their devotions by my ridiculous conduct. Madame Fleischer, who lacked neither spirit, nor wit, nor volubility, entreated the strangers, before they sat down, not to be surprised at anything they might see; for their young fellow-traveller had strong sympathies with the Quakers, who believe they cannot honour God and the king better than with covered heads. The handsome lady, who could not restrain her laughter, looked prettier than ever in consequence, and I would have given everything in the world not to have been the cause of a merriment which was so charmingly becoming. But almost before I could put down my hat, the polished manners of our hosts led them immediately to drop the joke, and the best wine from their bottle-case soon banished utterly my drowsiness, my chagrin, and the memory of all past troubles.

I arrived in Leipzig just at the time of the fair, which particularly delighted me : for it revived memories of my native city by the sight of familiar wares and traders, only exhibited in other places, and differently arranged. I rambled about the market and the booths with much interest, but my attention was particularly attracted by the inhabitants of the East in their strange dresses, Poles and Russians, and above all, Greeks, whose handsome forms and dignified costume brought me back repeatedly to examining them.

But this animated bustle was soon over, and now the city itself drew my attention, with its fine, lofty, regular buildings. It impressed me very favourably, and I must admit, that in general, but especially in the quiet hours of Sundays and holidays, it presents a striking appearance ; and the lights and shadows of its moonlit streets often invited me to nocturnal rambles.

In the meantime, compared with those to which I had hitherto been accustomed, my new surroundings were by no means satisfactory. Leipzig calls up in the observer no memories of bygone times ; its monuments speak of a new and recent epoch ; a period of commercial activity, ease, and wealth. Yet I appreciated those huge buildings, fronting two streets at once, whose vast court-yards embrace a world of citizen life within their towering walls, and which are like great castles, or even whole quarters of towns. It was in one of these strange dwellings that I took up my quarters, in the *Feuerkugel* (Bombshell Tavern), between the Old and the New *Neumarkt*. A couple of pleasant rooms looking out upon a court-yard, which, being a thoroughfare, was fairly animated, had been taken by the bookseller Fleischer during the fair ; and I was able to rent them for the rest of the time at a moderate price. My fellow-lodger was a theological student, well versed in his professional studies, well-meaning, but poor, and suffering from a weakness of the eyes, which caused him great anxiety for the future. He had brought this trouble upon himself by his inordinate reading till dusk advanced, and even by moonlight, to save a little oil. Our old hostess showed herself kind to him, always friendly to me, and attentive to both of us.

I now hastened with my letters of introduction to HOFRAT BÖHME, once a pupil of Mascow, now his successor, and professor of history and jurisprudence. A little, thick-set, lively man, who received me kindly enough, and introduced me to his wife. Both of them, as well as other persons on whom I called, gave me reason to entertain the pleasantest hopes as to my future residence ; but at first I let no one know of the design I entertained, although I could scarcely wait for the favourable moment to declare myself free from jurisprudence, and a follower of the classics. I cautiously waited till the Fleischers had left, that my purpose might not be too prematurely betrayed to my family. But I then went, without delay, to Hofrat Bohme, who I thought ought to be my first confidant, and with much self-importance and plain-speaking disclosed my views to him. However, my proposal was by no means well received. As professor of history and jurisprudence, he had a declared hatred for everything that savoured of *belles lettres*. Unfortunately he did not stand on the best footing with those who cultivated them, and Gellert in particular, in whom I had been tactless enough to express much confidence, was a special bug-bear of his. To deprive himself of a faithful disciple by sending him to such men, and especially under such circumstances, seemed to him altogether out of the question. He therefore read me a severe lecture on the spot, in which he protested that he could not permit such a step without the permission of my parents, even if he approved of it himself, which was not the case in this instance. He then passionately inveighed against philology and the study of languages, but still more against the practice of poetry, which I had indeed allowed to peep out in the back-ground. He finally concluded that, if I wished to follow more closely the study of the ancients, it could be done much better through jurisprudence. He brought to my recollection many philosophical jurists, such as Eberhard Otto and Heineccius, promised me wonders from the study of Roman antiquities and the history of law, and made it clear as daylight to me, that by adhering to these I should not be going out of my way, even if afterwards, on more mature deliberation, and with the consent of my parents, I should determine to follow out my own plan. He begged me, in a friendly

manner, to think the matter over once more, and to inform him soon of my conclusion, as it would be necessary to come to a determination at once, as the beginning of the session was impending.

It was, however, very polite of him not to insist more at the time. His arguments, and the weight with which he presented them, had already convinced my pliant youth, and I now for the first time saw that the course which I had in private pictured as so feasible, was in reality both difficult and questionable. Frau Hofrat Bohme invited me to call on her shortly afterwards. I found her alone. She was no longer young, and in very delicate health, and her exceeding gentleness and kindness formed a decided contrast to her husband's blustering good-nature. She spoke of the conversation her husband had lately had with me, once more placed the subject before me, in all its bearings, and was so cordial, so affectionate, so sensible, that I could not help yielding; whilst the few reservations on which I insisted were accepted by the other side.

Thereupon her husband regulated my hours: for I was to attend lectures on philosophy, history of law, the Institutes, and some other subjects. I acquiesced; but I carried my point so far as to attend Gellert's history of literature (with Stockhausen for a text-book), and his *Practicum* also.

The reverence and love with which Gellert was regarded by all young people was extraordinary. I had already visited him, and had been kindly received by him. Not tall, slender yet not gaunt, with soft and rather pensive eyes, a very fine forehead, a moderately aquiline nose, a delicate mouth, a fine oval face,—all this gave him a pleasing and attractive appearance. He was not easy of access. His two *Famuli* were like priests who guard a sanctuary, approach to which is not permitted to everybody, nor at every time; and such a precaution was very necessary: for he would have sacrificed his whole time, had he consented to receive and satisfy all those who wished to become intimate with him.

At first I attended my lectures zealously and assiduously: but philosophy failed to enlighten me at all. In logic it seemed strange to me that I should have so to pick to pieces, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of

the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upwards, and this in order to understand the right use of them. Of the object of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the professor himself, and again and again he seemed to be confronted with most inextricable difficulties. Yet all went on tolerably well till towards Shrovetide, when, in the neighbourhood of Professor Winckler's house in St. Thomas' Churchyard, the most delicious fritters came hot out of the pan just at the hour of lecture, and these delayed us so long, that our note-books grew meagre, and the conclusion of them, towards spring, melted away with the snow, and was lost.

Matters soon went as badly with the law lectures: for I already knew just as much as the professor thought good to communicate to us. My persistent industry in writing down the lectures at first, was paralyzed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to note down once more what I had repeated, either by question or answer, so often with my father as to retain it for ever in my memory. The harm which is done when young people at school are carried on too far in many branches of study, was shown still more clearly at a later date, when time and attention were diverted from linguistic exercises and essentially preparatory studies, in order to devote them to so-called practical subjects, which dissipate more than they cultivate the faculties, unless they are methodically and thoroughly taught.

I here mention, in passing, another evil by which students are much hindered. Professors, as well as other men in office, cannot all be of the same age; but as the younger ones, as a matter of fact, only teach in order to learn, and, if they have talent, in order to be in advance of their time, they acquire their own education entirely at the expense of their hearers, since these are not taught what they really need, but that which the professor wishes to work out for his own needs. Among the oldest professors, on the contrary, many have long been at a standstill; they expound on the whole only fixed views, and, in single instances, much that time has already condemned as false and useless. Between the two a sad conflict arises, in which young minds are torn hither and thither, and which can scarcely be

corrected by the middle-aged professors, who, though sufficiently well-informed and cultivated, always feel within themselves an active striving after further thought and knowledge.

Now as in this way I learned much more than I could digest, which was the cause in me of an ever-increasing discomfort, so also my life laid upon me many trifling disagreeables, such as everyone must endure who comes into new surroundings and relationships. The first thing the ladies blamed in me was my dress; for I had come from home to the university rather oddly equipped.

My father, who detested nothing so much as waste of time due either to lack of knowledge or lack of opportunity to turn it to account, carried his economy of time and strength so far, that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to kill two birds with one stone. So he never engaged a servant who could not at the same time be useful in the house in some other way. Now, as he had always written everything with his own hand, and had, latterly, the convenience of dictating to his young inmate, he found it most advantageous to have tailors for servants; these were obliged to make good use of their time, as they not only had to make their own liveries, but clothes for my father and the children, besides doing all the mending. My father himself saw to it that we had the best cloth and material, by getting the best goods from the foreign merchants at the fairs and laying them up in store. I still well remember that he always visited the house of von Löwenich, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and from my earliest youth made me acquainted with these and other eminent merchants.

Thus the quality of the material was ensured, and there was a plentiful stock of different kinds of cloth, serge, and Göttingen cloth, besides the requisite kinds of lining, so that, as far as the material went, we need not be ashamed of our appearance. But the cut spoiled everything. For though one of our home-tailors might have been a clever hand at sewing and making up a coat which had been cut out for him by a master-hand, he was now obliged also to cut out the suit himself, and in this he did not always succeed to perfection. In addition to this, my father kept his clothing

in excellent and neat repair, giving them more care than use for many years. Thus he had a predilection for old-fashioned shapes and trimmings, which often contributed not a little to the oddity of our appearance.

The wardrobe which I took with me to the university had been prepared on these principles : it was very complete and handsome, and even included a laced suit. Quite accustomed to this kind of attire, I thought myself sufficiently well dressed ; but it was not long before my lady friends, first by gentle raillery, then by rational remonstrances, convinced me that I looked as if I had dropped down from another world. Great as was my vexation, I did not at first see how I could help myself. But when Herr von Masuren, the favourite rustic poet, once entered the theatre in a similar costume, and was heartily laughed at, more by reason of the absurdities of his outer than of his inner man, I took courage, and ventured at once to exchange my whole wardrobe for a new-fashioned one, suited to the place, which, however, considerably diminished it in quantity.

But this trial was only surmounted to give place to a new one, which proved to be far more unpleasant, because it concerned a matter not so easily doffed or exchanged.

I had been born and bred in the use of the Upper German dialect, and although my father always laboured after a certain purity of diction, and had always pointed out to us children, from our earliest youth, what may be really called the defects of that idiom, and so prepared us for a better manner of speaking, I still retained many underlying peculiarities, which, because they pleased me by their *naïveté*, I was fond of airing, incurring on every such occasion a severe reprimand from my new fellow-townsmen. An Upper German, and perhaps especially one who lives by the Rhine and Maine (for great rivers, like the sea-coast, always have a quickening influence), likes to express himself in similes and allusions, and clothes a sound common-sense in apt proverbial sayings. In both cases he is often blunt, but when one grasps the drift of the expression, always apposite ; only something, it is true, may often slip in, which proves offensive to a more delicate ear.

Every province loves its own dialect : for it is, properly

speaking, the element in which the soul draws its breath. But everyone knows with what obstinacy the dialect of Meissen has contrived to domineer over the rest, and even, for a long time, to exclude them. We have suffered for many years under this pedantic tyranny, and only by reiterated struggles have all the provinces again established themselves in their ancient rights. How much an impulsive youth had to endure from this continual tutoring, may be easily inferred by anyone who considers that the alteration in accent, at length reluctantly conceded, involved the sacrifice of modes of thought, imagination, feeling, and native character. And this intolerable demand was made by cultured men and women, whose views I could not adopt, whose injustice I dimly felt, though I could not explain it even to myself. Henceforth pithy allusions to Biblical texts were downright forbidden me, as well as the use of good old expressions from the Chronicles. I had to forget that I had read *Geiler von Kaisersberg*, and eschew the use of proverbs, which, without mincing matters, hit the nail straight on the head ;—all these eagerly acquired youthful forms were now to be abandoned ; I felt paralyzed to the very soul, and scarcely knew any more how to express myself on the most trivial topics. I was told, besides, that one should speak as one writes, and write as one speaks ; while, to me, speaking and writing seemed two absolutely different things, each of which might well hold its own. Nor would everything I heard in the Meissner dialect have seemed so very fine on paper.

This decided influence exerted by men and women of education, by the learned, and others who delight in refined society, on the mind of a young student, would immediately convince any of our readers that we were in Leipzig, even if the fact had not been already mentioned. Each one of the German universities has an individual character : for, as no common form of education can spread through the whole of our fatherland, every place adheres to its own fashion, and carries out, to the last extreme, its own characteristic peculiarities ; the same precisely is true of the universities. Jena and Halle were rough in the extreme : strength of body, skill in fighting, unrestrained club-law, were there the order of the day ; and such a state of

things can only be maintained and transmitted by a general system of violence and unrest. The relations of the students with the inhabitants of those towns, though they varied in many respects, nevertheless agreed in this, that the wild intruder had no regard for the citizen, and looked upon himself as a peculiar being, licensed to commit all kinds of insolence. In Leipzig, on the contrary, a student must needs be courteous, if he wished to have any intercourse with its rich, well-bred, and refined inhabitants.

All politeness, indeed, when it is not the outcome of a lofty and broad-minded view of life, must appear restrained, unprogressive, and from some points of view, perhaps, absurd; and so those wild huntsmen from the Saale* thought themselves infinitely superior to the tame shepherds of the Pleisse.† Zacharia's *Renommist* will always be a valuable indication of the manner of life and thought at that time; and indeed all his poems must be invaluable to everyone who wishes to form a conception of the then prevailing state of social life and manners, a state weak indeed, but attractive for its innocence and childlike simplicity.

All manners resulting from a given social state will have a character of permanence, and, in my time, many things still reminded us of Zacharia's epic poem. Only one of our fellow-academicians thought himself rich and independent enough to snap his fingers at public opinion. He pledged himself to all the hackney-coachmen, whom he allowed to sit inside the cab as if they were gentlemen, while he drove on the box, thought it a great joke to upset them now and then, and contrived to give them satisfaction for their smashed vehicles as well as for their occasional bruises; but otherwise offended no man, merely making a mock of the public *en masse*. Once, on a fine gala-day, he and a comrade of his seized upon the donkeys of the miller of St. Thomas'; well-dressed, and in shoes and stockings, they rode around the city with the greatest solemnity, stared at by all the throng which filled the promenade. When some sensible persons remonstrated with him on the subject, he assured them, quite calmly, that he only wanted to see how

* The river on which Halle and Jena lie.—*Trans.*

† The river that flows by Leipzig.—*Trans.*

the Lord Christ might have looked in a like case. Yet he found no imitators, and few companions.

For students of any wealth and standing had every reason to show due respect to the mercantile class, and to be solicitous about external proprieties, since the colony* was a true model of French manners. The professors, deriving good incomes both from private property and from liberal salaries, were not dependent upon their scholars, and many natives, educated at the Princes' Schools or other gymnasia, and hoping for preferment, did not venture to throw off traditional customs. The neighbourhood of Dresden, whence all our movements were carefully followed, and the genuine piety of the directors of our education, could not be without a moral, nay, a religious influence.

At first this kind of life was not repugnant to me; my letters of introduction had given me the *entrée* into good families, and I was well received also by their friends. I was soon forced to feel, however, that society had much to find fault with in me: after dressing in their fashion, I must now talk in their tongue; moreover, I could plainly see that my hopes of instruction and general culture to be derived from my residence at the University were not being fulfilled: so I began to be lazy, and to neglect the social duties of calls, and other such attentions; indeed I should have withdrawn earlier from all such intercourse, had not fear and respect bound me fast to Hofrat Bohme, and confidence and affection to his wife. The husband, unfortunately, had not the happy gift of dealing with young people, of winning their confidence, and of guiding them, for the moment, as occasion might require. My visits to him were never of any good to me; his wife, on the contrary, showed a genuine interest in me. Her ill-health kept her constantly at home. She invited me to spend many an evening with her, and knew how to put me right and correct me in many little points of behaviour; for though my manners were good enough, I had not yet acquired much *savoir-vivre*. There was only one lady who ever spent the evenings with her, but she was more dictatorial and pedantic; hence I disliked

* A large and influential portion of the inhabitants of Leipzig were sprung from a colony of Huguenots, who settled there after the revocation of the edict of Nantes.—*Trans.*

her exceedingly, and, to defy her, would often resume those unmannerly habits from which the other had already weaned me. Yet my good friends always had patience with me, taught me piquet, ombre, and similar games, the knowledge and use of which are considered essential in good society.

But it was in the matter of taste that Madame Böhme had the greatest influence upon me; in a negative way it is true, yet entirely in accordance with the critics of the day. The stream of Gottsched's influence had so inundated the German world that its waters threatened to cover the highest mountains. It takes a long time for such a flood to subside again, and for the mire to dry up; and as every age has its countless aping poetasters, the imitation of these watery platitudes produced an amount of rubbish of which we can barely conceive in the present day. To find that trash was trash was hence the greatest sport, the highest triumph of the critics of those days. Anyone possessing a little common sense, a superficial acquaintance with the ancients, and a somewhat closer one with the moderns, thought himself provided with a standard capable of universal application. Madame Böhme was an educated woman, averse to the trivial, weak and commonplace; she was, besides, the wife of a man who was at war with poetry in general, condemning even such verse as might perhaps have met with her approval. She certainly listened, for some time, with patience, when I ventured to recite to her the verse or prose of famous poets, whose names already ranked high—for then, as always, I knew by heart everything that chanced at all to please me; but her complaisance did not last long. The first work to call forth her fierce abuse was *Die Poeten nach der Mode* (Fashionable Poets), by Weisse, which had just been repeatedly acted with great success, and had delighted me very particularly. Yet a more careful inspection convinced me she was right. I had sometimes even ventured to recite to her, though anonymously, some of my own poems; but these fared no better than the rest. So, little by little, the beautiful gay meadows at the foot of the German Parnassus, where I so loved to wander, were mercilessly mowed down, and I was even compelled to toss the drying hay myself, and to ridicule as

lifeless that which, a short time before, had stirred within me a living joy.

This teaching of hers was further confirmed, though all unwittingly, by Professor Morus, an extremely gentle, kindly man, whose acquaintance I had made at the table of Hofrat Ludwig, and who received me very cordially when I begged for the privilege of visiting him. In my conversations with him on the subject of the classics, I took the opportunity of showing him what most delighted me among the moderns. His opinions on this point, delivered more calmly, but, what was still worse, with far more competence, than Madame Böhme's, were for me a complete eye-opener, first to my great chagrin, but afterwards to my surprise, and finally to my edification.

To these I may add the jeremiads, with which Gellert, in his classes, was wont to warn us against poetry. He liked us to write only prose essays, and always criticised these first. Verses he treated as a paltry adjunct, and worst of all, even my prose found little favour in his eyes ; for I still continued my old habit of making some little romance the groundwork of my writing, working it out by preference in epistolary form. The subjects were full of passion, the style overstepped the bounds of ordinary prose, and the contents probably did not display any very deep knowledge of human nature in the author ; and so I stood in very little favour with our professor, although he carefully looked over my efforts with those of the others, corrected them in red ink, and here and there added some moral observation. Many of these essays, which it pleased me to keep for a long time, have, in the course of years, at last unfortunately disappeared from among my papers.

If elderly persons wish to act the pedagogue efficiently, they should neither prohibit nor render distasteful to a youth any of his pleasures, whatever they may be, unless, at the same time, they have something else to put in their place, or can contrive some distraction. Everybody protested against my tastes and inclinations ; and, on the other hand, what they commended to me, either stood so far removed from me that I could not discern its excellencies, or so near me that I thought it no whit better than the objects of their

censure. Utterly perplexed, I hoped great things from a lecture of Ernesti's on Cicero's *De Oratore*. Something, indeed, I learned from this lecture, but it threw no light on the subject which particularly concerned me. What I wanted was a standard by which to judge, and this seemed nowhere to be found, for no two thought alike, even when they brought forward examples; and where were we to find a basis of criticism when such fault could be found with a man like Wieland, whose delightful writing was so captivating to our youthful minds?

During this period of conflicting and destructive influences in my life and studies, it happened that I dined daily at Hofrat Ludwig's. He was a physician and a botanist, and the society that frequented his table, with the exception of Morus, consisted of medical men, either just beginning or approaching the close of their academic course. Hence during these hours the conversation I heard turned exclusively on medicine or natural history, and my imagination was thus drawn into a perfectly new field. I heard the names of Haller, Linnæus, Buffon, mentioned with great respect; and even if disputes often arose about mistakes which they were said to have made, yet in the end all differences were forgotten out of deference to their acknowledged greatness. The subjects discussed were of such interest and weight as to enthrall my attention. By degrees I grew familiar with many names and copious terms, which I absorbed all the more readily as I was afraid to write down a rhyme, however spontaneously conceived, or to read a poem, for fear that, though pleased with it for the moment, I might very soon be forced, as in so many other cases, to condemn it.

This uncertainty in matters of taste and judgment disturbed me more and more every day, and at last drove me to despair. I had brought with me those early productions of mine which I thought the best, partly because I hoped to win credit by them, partly that I might be able to test my progress with greater certainty; but I found myself in the miserable situation of one who is required to completely change his way of thinking and to renounce all that he has hitherto loved and appreciated. However, after some time, and many struggles, I was filled with such contempt

for all my efforts, complete and incomplete, that one day I made a bonfire of all poetry, prose, plans, sketches, and projects on the kitchen hearth, and gave our good old landlady considerable fright and anxiety by the smoke which pervaded the whole house.

SEVENTH BOOK

So much has been written about the condition of German literature at that time, and to such good purpose, that every one who takes any interest in it can obtain full information; the opinions with regard to it, too, are fairly unanimous; so that anything I say about it here, in my fragmentary and desultory fashion, is not so much an analysis of its characteristics as of its relation to me. I will therefore first speak of those branches which especially react upon the public, those two hereditary foes of all easy-going life, and of all cheerful, self-sufficient, living poetry:—I mean, satire and criticism.

In quiet times every one desires to live after his own fashion; the citizen wishes to carry on his trade or his business, and then enjoy himself; so, too, the author likes to produce something, see his work published, and, in the consciousness of having done something good and useful, looks, if not for remuneration, at any rate for praise. From this state of tranquillity the citizen is roused by the satirist, the author by the critic, and so it comes that peaceful society is rudely disturbed.

The literary epoch in which I was born developed out of the preceding one by opposition. Germany, so long inundated by foreign people, pervaded by other nations, employing foreign languages in learned and diplomatic transactions, could not possibly cultivate her own. Together with so many new ideas, innumerable strange words were obtruded necessarily and unnecessarily upon her, and even for objects already known people were induced to make use of foreign expressions and turns of language. The Germans, brutalized by nearly two centuries of misery and confusion, took lessons from the French in manners and from the Latins in the art of expression. This art ought to

have been cultivated in German, since the use of French and Latin idioms, and their partial translation into German, made both their social and business style ridiculous. Besides this, they recklessly adopted figures of speech belonging to the southern languages, and employed them most extravagantly. In the same way the stately ceremoniousness of prince-like Roman citizens had been transferred to the educated circles in German provincial towns. As a result, they nowhere felt themselves at home, least of all in their own houses.

But in this epoch works of genius had already appeared, and the German independence of mind and enjoyment of life began to assert themselves. This cheerful spirit, combined with an honest sincerity, led to the demand for purity and naturalness in writing, without the intermixture of foreign words, and in accordance with the dictates of plain common sense. By these praiseworthy endeavours, however, the flood-gates were thrown open to a prolix national insipidity, nay, the dam was broken down, and an inundation was bound to follow. Meanwhile, a stiff pedantry continued for some time to hold sway in the four learned professions, and eventually, at a much later date, fled for refuge first to one and then to another.

Men of parts, children of nature looking freely about them, had therefore two objects on which they could exercise their faculties, against which they could direct their energies, and, as the matter was of no great importance, vent their mischievousness : these were, on the one hand, a language disfigured by foreign words, forms, and turns of speech ; and on the other, the worthlessness of such writings as had been careful to avoid those faults ; but it never occurred to anyone that each evil was being combated by fostering the other.

LISKOW, a daring young man, first ventured to attack by name a shallow, silly writer, whose foolish behaviour soon gave him an opportunity for yet more drastic treatment. He then sought other subjects, invariably directing his satire against particular objects and persons, whom he despised and sought to render despicable ; indeed, he pursued them with passionate hatred. But his career was short ; for he died early, and was remembered only as a restless, irregular youth. The talent and character shown in what he did, in

spite of the smallness of his production, may well have seemed valuable to his countrymen: for the Germans have always shown a peculiar piety towards the promise of genius prematurely cut off. Suffice it to say that in our early youth Liskow was praised and commended to us as an excellent satirist, who might justly claim preference even before the universally beloved Rabener. But we did not gain much from him; for the only thing we discovered from his works was that he considered the absurd absurd, and this seemed to us a matter of course.

RABENER, well educated, grown up under good school discipline, of a cheerful and by no means passionate or malicious disposition, turned to general satire. His censure of so-called vices and follies is the outcome of clear-sighted and unimpassioned common sense, and of a definite moral conception as to what the world ought to be. His denunciation of faults and failings is harmless and cheerful; and in order to excuse even the slight daring of his writings, he assumes that the attempt to improve fools by ridicule is not in vain.

Rabener's personal character was such as we do not often meet. A thorough and strict man of business, he did his duty, and so gained the good opinion of his fellow-townsmen and the confidence of his superiors; at the same time, by way of relaxation he indulged in a genial contempt for all that immediately surrounded him. Learned pedants, vain youngsters, every sort of narrowness and conceit, he made fun of rather than satirized, and even his fun expressed no scorn. Just in the same way he jested about his own condition, his unhappiness, his life, and his death.

There is little of the æsthetic in the manner in which this writer treats his subjects. In external form he is indeed varied enough, but throughout he makes too much use of direct irony, that is, in praising the blameworthy and blaming the praiseworthy, whereas this rhetorical device should be adopted extremely sparingly; for, in the long run, it becomes annoying to the clear-sighted, perplexes the foolish, but appeals, it is true, to the great majority, who without special intellectual effort imagine themselves cleverer than other people. But all that he presents to us, whatever

its form, bears witness to his rectitude, cheerfulness, and equanimity, so that we are always favourably impressed. The unbounded admiration of his own times was a consequence of these moral excellencies.

It was natural that people should try to discover originals for his general descriptions and should succeed ; and consequently he was attacked on this score by certain individuals : his over-long apologies denying that his satire was personal, prove the annoyance to which he was subjected. Some of his letters do honour to him both as a man and an author. The confidential epistle in which he describes the siege of Dresden and the loss of his house, his effects, his writings, and his wigs, without having his equanimity in the least shaken or his cheerfulness clouded, is most estimable, although his contemporaries and fellow-citizens could not forgive him his happy temperament. The letter in which he speaks of the decay of his strength and of his approaching death is in the highest degree worthy of respect, and Rabener deserves to be honoured as a saint by all happy sensible people, who cheerfully accept their earthly lot.

I tear myself away from him reluctantly, and merely add this remark : his satire refers throughout to the middle classes ; he lets us see here and there that he is also acquainted with the upper classes, but does not hold it advisable to discuss them. It may be said that he had no successor ; it would be impossible to point to anyone at all equal, or even similar to him.

Let us turn to criticism ; and first of all to the theoretic attempts. It is not going too far to say that idealism had at that time fled from the world to religion ; it was hardly discoverable even in ethics ; of a supreme principle in art no one had a notion. They put Gottsched's *Critical Art of Poetry* into our hands ; it was useful and instructive enough, for it gave us historical information about the various kinds of poetry, as well as about rhythm and its different movements ; poetic genius was taken for granted ! But besides this the poet was to have education, and even learning, he should possess taste, and other things of the same nature. Finally, we were referred to Horace's *Art of Poetry* ; we gazed at single golden maxims of this invaluable work with

veneration, but did not know in the least what to do with it as a whole, or how to use it.

The Swiss came to the front as Gottsched's antagonists ; hence they must intend to do something different, to accomplish something better : accordingly we heard that they were, in fact, superior. BREITINGER'S *Critical Art of Poetry* was now studied. Here we entered a wider field, or, properly speaking, only a greater labyrinth, which was the more wearisome, as an able man in whom we had confidence drove us about in it. Let a brief review justify these words.

As yet no one had been able to discover the essential principle of poetry ; it was too spiritual and too evanescent. Painting, an art which one could keep within sight, and follow step by step with the external senses, seemed more adapted to such an end ; the English and French had already theorized about the arts of painting and sculpture, and it was thought possible to explain the nature of poetry by drawing a comparison from these arts. Painting presented images to the eyes, poetry to the imagination ; poetical images, therefore, were the first thing to be taken into consideration. Parables came first, then descriptions and whatever it was possible to represent to the external senses came under discussion.

Images, then ! But whence should these images be taken except from nature ? The painter obviously imitated nature ; why not the poet also ? But nature, just as she is, cannot be imitated : she contains so much that is insignificant and unsuitable, that a selection must be made ; but what determines the choice ? what is important must be selected ; but what is important ?

The answer to this question the Swiss probably took a long time to consider : for they arrived at an idea which is indeed strange, but pretty, even amusing ; for they said what is new is always most important : and after they had considered this for a while, they discovered that the marvellous is always newer than anything else.

Apparently they now had the essentials of poetry before them, but it had further to be taken into consideration that the marvellous may be barren and without human interest. This human interest which is indispensable must be moral,

and would then obviously tend to the improvement of man ; hence that poem would fulfil its ultimate aim which in addition to its other merits possessed utility. It was the fulfilment of all these demands which constituted the test they wished to apply to the various kinds of poetry, and that species which imitated nature, and furthermore was marvellous, and at the same time moral in purpose and effect, they placed first and highest. And after much deliberation this great pre-eminence was finally ascribed, with the utmost conviction, to AEsop's fables ! •

Strange as such a deduction may now appear, it had the most decided influence on the best minds. That GELLERT and subsequently LICHTWER devoted themselves to this department of literature, that even LESSING attempted to do work in it, that so many others applied their talents to it, speaks for the faith they put in this species of poetry. Theory and practice always act upon each other ; one can see from men's works what opinions they hold ; and, from their opinions, it is possible to predict what they will do.

Yet we must not dismiss our Swiss theory without doing it justice. BODMER, with all the pains he took, remained in theory and practice a child all his life. BREITINGER was an able, learned, sagacious man, who, after making a careful survey, recognized all the requirements to be fulfilled by a poem ; in fact, it can be shown that he was dimly conscious of the deficiencies of his system. Noteworthy, for instance, is his query, whether a certain descriptive poem by König, on the *Review Camp of Augustus the Second*, is properly speaking a poem ? and the answer to it displays good sense. But it may serve for his complete justification that, after starting on a wrong track and nearly completing his circle, he yet discovers the main issue, and at the end of his book, as a kind of supplement, feels it incumbent on him to urge the representation of manners, character, passions, in short the inner man—which surely constitutes the chief theme of poetry.

It may well be imagined into what perplexity young minds were thrown by such maxims torn from their contexts, half-understood laws, and random dogmas. We clung to examples, and there, too, were no better off ; the foreign as well as the classical ones were too remote from us ; behind

the best native ones always lurked a distinct individuality, the good points of which we could not arrogate to ourselves, and into the faults of which we could not but be afraid of falling. For anyone conscious of productive power it was a desperate condition.

When one considers carefully what was wanting in German poetry, it was a significant theme, especially of national import; there was never any lack of gifted writers. It is only necessary to mention GÜNTHER, who may be called a poet in the full sense of the word. A decided genius, endowed with sensuousness, imagination, memory, the gifts of conception and representation, productive in the highest degree, possessing rhythmic fluency, ingenious, witty, and at the same time well-informed;—he possessed, in short, all the requisites for creating by his poetry a second life out of the actual commonplace life around him. We admire the great facility with which, in his occasional poems, he ennobles all situations by appealing to the emotions, and embellishes them with suitable sentiments, images, and historical and fabulous traditions. The roughness and wildness in them belong to his time, his mode of life, and especially to his character, or, if you will, his want of character. He did not know how to curb himself, and so his life, like his poetry, proved ineffectual.

By his vacillating conduct, Gunther had trifled away the good fortune of being appointed at the Court of Augustus the Second, where, with their love of magnificence, they desired to find a laureate who would impart warmth and grace to their festivities, and immortalize a transitory pomp. VON KÖNIG was more self-controlled and more fortunate; he filled this post with dignity and success.

In all sovereign states the material for poetry begins with the highest social ranks, and *Das Lustlager bei Muhlberg* (*Review Camp at Muhlberg*) was, perhaps, the first worthy subject of provincial, if not of national importance which presented itself to a poet. Two kings saluting one another in the presence of a great host, their whole court and military state around them, well-appointed troops, a sham-fight, *fêtes* of all kinds,—here was plenty to captivate the senses, and matter enough and to spare for descriptive poetry.

This subject, indeed, suffered from an inner defect, in that it was only pomp and show, from which no real action

could result. None except the very highest were involved, and even if this had not been the case, the poet could not render anyone conspicuous lest he should offend the others. He had to consult the *Court and State Calendar*, and the delineation of the persons was therefore not particularly exciting; nay, even his contemporaries reproached him with having described the horses better than the men. But should not the fact that he showed his art as soon as a fitting subject presented itself redound to his credit? The main difficulty, too, seems soon to have become apparent to him—for the poem never advanced beyond the first canto.

Amidst such studies and reflections, an unexpected event surprised me, and frustrated my laudable design of becoming acquainted with our modern literature at the outset. My countryman, JOHANN GEORG SCHLOSSER, after working industriously during his academic years, had entered the legal profession in the usual way at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but his aspiring mind, interested in generalities rather than particulars, could not accommodate itself to this situation for many reasons. He accepted, without hesitation, a post as private secretary to Duke LUDWIG of WÜRTENBERG, who resided in Treptow; for the Prince was one of those great men whose aim was to work nobly and independently for their own enlightenment and that of their families and the world at large, and to foster united effort for high ends. It was this Prince Ludwig who had written to Rousseau to ask advice about the education of his children, and received the famous answer beginning with the ominous phrase—“*Si j'avais le malheur d'être né prince.*”

Schlosser now undertook, if not to direct the affairs of the Prince, at any rate to assist willingly in their conduct, as well as in the education of his children. This noble young man, who cherished the highest aims and strove to preserve absolute purity of morals, might perhaps have repelled people by a certain dry austerity, if his fine and rare literary culture, his knowledge of languages, and his facility in expressing himself both in verse and prose, had not attracted everyone, and made living with him agreeable. I had been informed that he would pass through Leipzig, and I anxiously expected him. He arrived and put up at a little inn or wine-house that stood in the *Brühl* (Marsh), and was

kept by a man named Schönkopf. This man had a wife from Frankfort, and although he entertained few persons during the rest of the year, and could lodge no guests in his little house, yet at fair-time he was visited by many Frankforters, who used to dine there, and, in case of need, take quarters there also. Thither I hastened to find Schlosser, when he had sent to inform me of his arrival. I scarcely remembered having seen him before, and found a young, well-built man, with a round, puckered-up face, but with features still retaining their definiteness of contour. The shape of his rounded forehead, between the black eyebrows and black locks, indicated earnestness, sternness, and perhaps obstinacy. He was, in a certain measure, the opposite of myself, and this very fact doubtless laid the foundation of our lasting friendship. I had the greatest respect for his talents, the more so as I saw plainly that in the certainty of aim shown in all his actions he was undoubtedly my superior. The respect and the confidence which I showed him confirmed his affection, and increased the indulgence demanded by my lively, impetuous, and excitable disposition, which was such a contrast to his own. He studied the English writers diligently; Pope, if not his model, was the object of his attention, and in refutation of that author's *Essay on Man*, he had written a poem in the same form and measure in which the Christian religion was to triumph over the deism of the earlier work. From the great store of papers which he carried with him, he showed me poetical and prose compositions in all languages, which challenged me to imitation, and once more caused me infinite disquietude. Yet I found an immediate remedy in activity. I wrote German, French, English and Italian poems, addressed to him on themes suggested by our conversations which were invariably significant and instructive.

Schlosser did not wish to leave Leipzig without having seen face to face the men whose names were well known. I willingly introduced him to those I knew; with those whom I had not yet visited, I became honourably acquainted by this means, since he was received with distinction as a well-informed man of established character, and was well able to provide his contribution to the conversation. I cannot pass over our visit to GOTTSCHED, as it throws light on

the character and habits of that man. He lived very respectably in the first storey of the Golden Bear, where the elder Breithkopf had promised him a lodging for life, in view of the great profit which Gottsched's writings, translations, and other contributions had brought to the firm.

We were announced. The servant conducted us into a large chamber, saying his master would come immediately. Whether we misunderstood a gesture which he made, I cannot say; at any rate, we thought he directed us into an adjoining room. We entered, and beheld a singular scene; for, on the instant, Gottsched, a tall, broad, gigantic man, came in at the opposite door in a dressing-gown of green damask lined with red taffeta; but his enormous head was bald and uncovered. This omission, however, was to be immediately supplied; for the servant sprang in at a side-door with a great full-bottomed wig in his hand (the curls came down to the elbows), and handed the head-decoration to his master with gestures of alarm. Gottsched, without manifesting the least vexation, raised the wig from the servant's arm with his left hand, swung it very dexterously on to his head, and at the same time gave the poor fellow such a box on the ear with his right fist, that the latter went spinning out at the door in true comedy style; whereupon the venerable patriarch invited us quite gravely to be seated, and maintained a somewhat lengthy discourse with great propriety.

As long as Schlosser remained in Leipzig, I dined daily with him, and became acquainted with a very pleasant set of men who met at the same table. Some Livonians, and the son of HERMANN (chief court-preacher in Dresden), afterwards burgomaster in Leipzig, and their tutors; HOFER, author of the *Count von P.*, a companion-piece to Gellert's *Swedish Countess*; ZACHARIÆ, a brother of the poet; and KREBEL, editor of geographical and genealogical manuals;—all these were well-bred, cheerful, and friendly men. Zacharia was the most silent, Pfeil, an accomplished man, who had something almost diplomatic about him, yet without affectation, and of great good-humour; Krebel, a veritable Falstaff, tall, corpulent, fair, with prominent, bright, sky-blue eyes, always happy and in good spirits. These persons all treated me with the greatest politeness,

partly on Schlosser's account—partly, too, on account of my own frank good-humour and obliging disposition; and it needed no great persuasion to make me eat at their table in future. In fact, I remained with them after Schlosser's departure, deserted Ludwig's table, and found myself much better off in this society, which was limited to a certain number, particularly as the daughter of the house, a very nice, pretty girl, pleased me greatly, and gave me an opportunity for the exchange of friendly glances—a pleasure which I had neither sought nor accidentally enjoyed since the mischance with Gretchen. I spent the dinner-hours with my friends cheerfully and profitably. Krebel was really fond of me, and used to tease me and excite me in moderation; Pfeil, on the contrary, showed his serious affection for me by trying to direct and form my judgment on various subjects.

During this intercourse, as a result of discussions, examples, and my own reflection, I came to see that the first step towards escape from the wishy-washy, long-winded, empty epoch could be taken only by definiteness, precision, and brevity. In the style which had hitherto prevailed, it was impossible to distinguish the commonplace from what was better, since a uniform insipidity prevailed on all hands. Authors had already tried to escape from this widespread disease, with more or less success. HALLER and RAMLER were inclined to compression by nature; LESSING and WIELAND were led to it by reflection. The former became by degrees quite epigrammatic in his poems, terse in *Minna*, laconic in *Emilia Galotti*,—it was not till later that he returned to that serene *navet * which becomes him so well in *Nathan*. Wieland, who had been occasionally prolix in *Agathon*, *Don Sylvio*, and the *Comic Tales*, became wonderfully condensed and precise, as well as exceedingly graceful, in *Musarion* and *Idris*. KLOPSTOCK, in the first cantos of the *M ssiah*, is not without diffuseness; in his *Odes* and other minor poems he appears concise, as also in his tragedies. By his emulation of the ancients, especially Tacitus, he was constantly forced into narrower limits, so that at last he became obscure and unpleasing. GERSTENBERG, a rare but eccentric genius, also concentrated his powers; one feels his merit, but on the whole he gives

little pleasure. GLEIM, by nature diffuse and easy-going, was scarcely once concise in his war-songs. RAMLER was properly more of a critic than a poet. He began to collect what the Germans had accomplished in lyric poetry. He discovered that scarcely one poem entirely satisfied him ; he was obliged to omit, rearrange, and alter, so that the things might assume some sort of form. By this means he made himself almost as many enemies as there are poets and amateurs, since everyone, properly speaking, recognizes himself only in his defects ; and the public takes greater interest in a faulty individuality than in what is produced or amended in accordance with a universal law of taste. Rhythm was still in its cradle, and no one knew of a method to shorten its childhood. Poetical prose was gaining ground. GESSNER and KLOPSTOCK found many imitators ; others, again, still put in a plea for metre, and translated this prose into intelligible rhythms. But even these emended versions gave nobody satisfaction ; for they were obliged to omit and add, and the prose original always passed for the better of the two. But in all these attempts the greater the conciseness aimed at, the more possible is it to criticize them, since whatever is significant when presented in a condensed form, in the end admits of definite comparison. Another result was the simultaneous appearance of a number of truly poetical forms ; for while attempting to reproduce solely whatever was essential in any one subject, it was necessary to do justice to every subject chosen for treatment, and hence, though none did it consciously, the modes of representation were multiplied ; though some were grotesque enough, and many an experiment proved unsuccessful.

Without question, WIELAND possessed the finest natural gifts of all. He had developed early in those ideal regions in which youth loves to linger ; but when so-called experience, contact with the world and women, spoilt his delight in those realms, he turned to the actual, and derived pleasure for himself and others from the conflict between the two worlds, where, in light encounters, half in earnest, half in jest, his talent found fullest scope. How many of his brilliant productions appeared during my student days ! *Musarion* had the greatest effect upon me, and I can yet remember the place and the very spot where I looked at

the first proof-sheet, which Oeser showed me. It was here that I seemed to see antiquity living anew before me. Everything that is plastic in Wieland's genius showed itself here in the highest perfection; and since the Timon-like hero Pharias, after being condemned to unhappy abstinence, is finally reconciled to his mistress and to the world, we may be content to live through the misanthropic epoch with him. For the rest, we were not sorry to recognize in these works a cheerful aversion to exalted sentiments, which are apt to be wrongly applied to life, and then frequently fall under the suspicion of fanaticism. We pardoned the author for pursuing with ridicule what we held to be true and venerable, the more readily, as he thereby showed that he was unable to disregard it.

What a miserable reception was accorded such efforts by the criticism of the time may be seen from the first volumes of the *Universal German Library*. Honourable mention is made there of the *Comic Tales*, but there is no trace of any insight into the character of the literary species. The reviewer, like everyone at that time, had formed his taste on examples. He never takes into consideration that in criticizing such parodistical works, it is necessary first of all to have the noble, beautiful original before one's eyes, in order to see whether the parodist has really discovered in it a weak and comical side, whether he has borrowed anything from it, or whether, under the pretence of imitation, he has given us an excellent invention of his own. Of all this there is not a word, but isolated passages in the poems are praised or blamed. The reviewer, as he himself confesses, has marked so much that pleased him, that he cannot quote it all in print. When they go so far as to greet the exceedingly meritorious translation of Shakspeare with the exclamation: "By rights, a man like Shakspeare should not have been translated at all!" it will be understood, without further remark, how immeasurably the *Universal German Library* was behindhand in matters of taste, and that young people, animated by true feeling, had to look about them for other guiding stars.

The subject-matter which in this manner more or less determined the form, was sought by the Germans in the most varied quarters. They had handled few national

subjects, or none at all. Schlegel's *Hermann* only pointed the way. The idyllic tendency had immense vogue. The want of distinctive character in Gessner, with all his gracefulness and childlike sincerity, made everyone think himself capable of the like. In the same manner, those poems which were intended to portray a foreign nationality were founded merely on a common humanity, as, for instance, the Jewish pastoral poems, all those on patriarchal subjects, and any others based on the Old Testament. Bodmer's *Noachide* was a perfect type of the watery deluge that swelled high around the German Parnassus, and abated but slowly. The dailings of Anacreon likewise made it possible for numberless mediocre writers to meander aimlessly in a vague prolixity. The precision of Horace compelled the Germans, though but slowly, to conform to him. Neither did the burlesques, modelled, for the most part, on Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, succeed in inaugurating better times.

Yet I must here mention a delusion, which was taken as seriously as it appears ridiculous on closer inspection. The Germans had now an adequate historical knowledge of all the kinds of poetry in which the various nations had excelled. This assignment of poetry to its respective pigeon-holes—a process in reality fatal to its true spirit—had been accomplished with approximate completeness by Gottsched in his *Critical Art of Poetry*, and at the same time he had shown that in all the divisions were to be found excellent works by German poets. And so it went on. Every year the collection became more considerable, but every year one work ousted some other from the place in which it had hitherto shone. We now possessed, if not Homers, yet Virgils and Miltons; if not a Pindar, yet a Horace; of Theocrituses there was no lack; and thus they soothed themselves by comparisons from abroad, whilst the mass of poetical works constantly increased, so that at last it was possible to make comparisons at home.

Now, though matters of taste stood on a very uncertain footing, there could be no denying that within the Protestant part of Germany and of Switzerland, what is generally called common-sense showed signs of vigorous life at that epoch. The scholastic philosophy—which at any rate has

the merit of treating everything of interest to men according to accepted principles, on accredited lines, under definite headings—had, by the frequent obscurity and apparent unprofitableness of its teaching, by its unseasonable application of a method in itself estimable, and by its too great comprehensiveness, become alien, displeasing, and, finally, superfluous to the majority. Many a man became convinced that nature had endowed him with the modicum of good plain sense requisite for forming a clear conception of things, such as would enable him to cope with them and conduct himself in relation to them to his own advantage and that of others, without necessarily troubling himself about ultimate principles, and without inquiring into the connection of the most remote things, which do not particularly concern us. Men made the experiment, opened their eyes, looked straight before them, were observant, industrious, active, and believed that if they reasoned and acted rightly in their own sphere, they might venture to have an opinion on other matters, less close at hand.

In accordance with this theory, everyone was now entitled, not only to philosophize, but also in course of time to consider himself a philosopher. Philosophy was, therefore, a more or less sane and practical common-sense, which ventured to discuss general principles and dogmatize about inner and external experiences. The clear-sighted discrimination and decided moderation of writings and oral pronouncements of this sort—for the *via media* and fairness towards all opinions was deemed the only right course—inspired esteem and confidence; and thus eventually philosophers were to be found in all the professions, nay more, in all classes and trades.

In this way the theologians inevitably tended towards what is called natural religion, and when the question was discussed how far the light of nature may suffice to advance us in the knowledge of God and the improvement and ennobling of man, they usually ventured to decide in its favour without much hesitation. From the same principle of moderation, they assigned equal rights to all positive religions, with the result that they all became equally unimportant and uncertain. For the rest, everything was allowed to stand, and since the Bible is so full of meaning,

that it surpasses every other book, in offering material for reflection and opportunity for meditation on human affairs, it could still, as before, be made the foundation of all sermons and other religious treatises.

But a singular fate, which, in course of time, was not to be averted, was awaiting this book as well as the whole body of profane literature. Hitherto it had been accepted as a matter of implicit faith, that this book of books was composed in one spirit; nay, more, that it was inspired, and, as it were, dictated by the Divine Spirit. But for a long time the discrepancies of the different parts had been now criticized, now defended, by believers and unbelievers. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans had attacked the Bible with more or less violence, acumen, audacity, and maliciousness; and again and again it had been taken under the protection of earnest, high-minded men of each nation. As for myself, I loved and valued it; for to it almost alone did I owe my moral education, and the events, the doctrines, the symbols, the similes, had all impressed themselves deeply upon me, and had influenced me in one way or another. These unjust, scoffing, and perverse attacks, therefore, displeased me; but people were already sufficiently advanced to be glad to assume, partly as a cogent ground of defence for many passages, that God had accommodated himself to human modes of thought and powers of comprehension; that even those moved by the Spirit had not on that account been able to renounce their individuality; and that Amos, a cowherd, does not use the language of Isaiah, who is said to have been a prince.

From such views and convictions, aided by the constantly increasing knowledge of languages, there naturally developed that branch of study which attempted to investigate more accurately oriental localities, nationalities, natural products, and phenomena, and so make it possible to picture that ancient time. Michaelis applied the whole strength of his talents and his knowledge to this subject. Descriptions of travels contributed greatly to the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, and later travellers were supplied with numerous questions, so that, by the answers to them, they might bear witness for the prophets and apostles.

In this way an effort was being made on all hands to bring the Holy Scriptures into a natural light, and to render modes of thought and representation peculiar to them more generally intelligible, so that by this historico-critical aspect many objections might be removed, much that was offensive effaced, and all shallow scoffing be made ineffective. At the same time a tendency in the opposite direction was apparent: there were men who chose the darkest, most mysterious writings as the subject of their meditations, and wished, not to elucidate them, but to corroborate them by internal evidence, by conjectures, calculations, and other ingenious and strange combinations, and so far as they contained prophecies, to confirm them by the events, and thus to justify a faith in what was to be expected in the near future.

The venerable BENGEL had procured a wide acceptance of his commentary on the Revelation of St. John, from being known as an intelligent, upright, God-fearing, and blameless man. Deep thinkers are compelled to live in the past as well as in the future. The ordinary movements of the world can be of no importance to them, if they do not give reverent heed both to prophecies which have been verified in the course of ages down to the present time, as well as to predictions still wrapped in obscurity, as to the immediate and also the most remote future. Hence arises a continuity that is wanting in history, which seems to tell us only of fortuitous action and reaction in a necessarily limited sphere. Doctor CRUSIUS was one of those who was more interested in the prophetic part of Scripture than in any other, since it calls into play the two most opposite qualities of the human mind, the feelings and the intellect. Many young men had espoused this point of view, and already formed a considerable body, which attracted the more attention, as ERNESTI and his followers threatened, not to illuminate, but completely to disperse the obscurity in which they delighted. Hence arose controversies, hatred, persecution, and much that was unpleasant. I adhered to the partisans of enlightenment, and sought to appropriate to myself their principles and advantages, although I ventured to forebode, that by this extremely praiseworthy, intelligent method of interpretation,

the poetic value of the writings would eventually be lost, together with their prophetic significance.

But those who devoted themselves to German literature and *belles lettres* were more in sympathy with the efforts of men like JERUSALEM, ZOLLIKOFER, and SPALDING, who endeavoured in their sermons and treatises, by purity and nobility of style, to awaken among persons of sense and taste feelings of approbation and affection for religion, and for ethical teaching, so closely related to it. A pleasing manner of writing began to be absolutely essential, the first requisite of which was intelligibility; consequently writers arose, on many sides, who undertook to write about their studies and their professions clearly, perspicuously, and impressively, for adepts as well as for the multitude.

Following the example of Tissot, a foreigner, the physicians also began to contribute their share to general culture. HALLER, UNZER, ZIMMERMAN had very great influence, and whatever may be said against them in detail, especially the last, they made a decided mark in their time. They should be made the subject of history, but especially of biography; for the lasting importance of a man consists not so much in what he leaves behind him as in his activity and enjoyment, and the way in which he stimulates activity and enjoyment in others.

The jurists, accustomed from their youth upwards to a grotesque, abstruse style, invariably employed in all legal papers, from the petty court of the Independent Knight up to the Imperial Diet at Ratisbon, found it difficult to attain to any degree of freedom of expression, the more so as the subjects of which they had to treat were most intimately connected with external form, and consequently also with style. Yet the younger VON MOSER had already shown himself an independent and original writer, and PÜTTER, by the clearness of his delivery, had also brought clearness into his subject and the style in which he treated it. The productions of all his pupils were distinguished by the same qualities. And even the philosophers, if they wished to be popular, found themselves compelled to write clearly and intelligibly. MENDELSON and GARVE appeared, and excited universal interest and admiration.

With the cultivation of the German language and style in every department, the power of criticism also increased, and we admire the reviews then published of works upon religious and ethical, as well as medical subjects ; while, on the other hand, we remark that the critiques of poems, and of whatever else relates to *belles lettres*, will be found, if not pitiful, at least very feeble. This holds good of the *Literaturbriefe* (*Literary Epistles*), and of the *Universal German Library*, as well as of the *Library of Belles Lettres*, and might easily be verified by notable instances.

However great the confusion of these varied efforts, the only thing to be done by anyone who contemplated producing anything original, and was not content to take the words and phrases out of the mouths of his predecessors, was to search unremittingly for some subject-matter for treatment. Here, too, we were greatly misled. People were constantly repeating a saying of KLEIST'S, which we had to hear often enough. He had replied playfully, with humour and truth, to those who took him to task on account of his frequent lonely walks : " that he was not idle at such times,— he was hunting for images." This simile was very suitable for a nobleman and soldier, for in it he contrasted himself with men of his own rank, who never missed an opportunity of going out, with their guns on their shoulders, to shoot hares and partridges. Accordingly we find in Kleist's poems, many such individual images, happily seized, although not always happily elaborated, which remind us pleasantly of nature. But now we, too, were admonished quite seriously to go out hunting for images, and in the end to some slight purpose, although Apel's Garden, the Cake Gardens, the Rosental, Gohlis, Raschwitz and Konnewitz, would be the oddest ground in which to beat up poetical game. And yet I was often induced from this motive to contrive that my walk should be solitary, and, because few either beautiful or sublime objects met the eye of the beholder, and in the truly splendid Rosental, the gnats in summer-time made all gentle thoughts impossible, by dint of unwearied, persevering endeavour, I became extremely attentive to the small life of nature, (I should like to use this word after the analogy of "still life,") and since the charming little incidents to be observed within this circle are but

unimportant in themselves, I accustomed myself to see in them a significance, tending now towards the symbolical and now towards the allegorical, according as intuition, feeling, or reflection predominated. I will relate one incident, in place of many.

I was, after the fashion of humanity, in love with my name, and, as young uneducated people commonly do, I wrote it everywhere. Once I had carved it very beautifully and carefully on the smooth bark of a lime-tree of moderate age. The following autumn, when my affection for Annette * was in its fullest bloom, I took pains to cut hers above it. Towards the end of the winter, however, being a capricious lover, I had seized many opportunities to tease her and cause her vexation; in the spring I chanced to visit the spot, and the sap, which was rising strongly in the trees, had welled out through the incisions which formed her name, and which were not yet crusted over, and moistened with the tree's innocent tears the already hardened traces of my own. To see her here thus weeping over me,—me, who had so often called up her tears by my ill-conduct, filled me with consternation. At the remembrance of my injustice and of her love, the tears even came into my eyes, I hastened to implore pardon of her, doubly and trebly, and I turned this incident into an idyl, which I never could read to myself without pleasure, or to others without emotion.

Whilst I was playing the part of shepherd on the Pleisse, and was childishly absorbed in such tender subjects, always choosing such only as I could easily recapture and lock in my heart, greater and more important themes had long before been provided for German poets.

It was Frederick the Great and the events of the Seven Years' War which first gave to German literature a real and noble vitality. All national poetry cannot fail to be insipid, or inevitably becomes so, if it is not based on the man who stands first among men, upon the experiences which come to the nations and their leaders, when both stand together as one man. Kings should be represented in the midst of warfare and danger, for there they are made to appear the highest, just because the fate of the lowest depends upon

* Kathchen Schönkopf, see p. 239.

them and is shared by them. In this way they become far more interesting than the gods themselves, who, when they have decided the destinies of men, do not share them. In this sense every nation that wishes to count for anything ought to possess an epic, though not necessarily in the form of an epic poem.

The war-songs first sung by Gleim deserve their high place in German poetry, because they were the outcome of and contemporary with the events they celebrate; and furthermore, because the felicitous form, suggestive of a combatant's utterance in the thick of the fray, impresses us with its absolute effectiveness.

Ramler sings in different but dignified strains the exploits of his king. All his poems are thoughtful, and fill our minds with great and elevating subjects, and on that account alone possess an indestructible value.

For the significance of the subject treated of is the Alpha and Omega of art. Yet no one will deny that genius, or cultivated artistic talent, can by its method of treatment make anything out of anything, and render the most refractory subject amenable. But on close inspection the result is rather an artistic feat than a work of art, which latter should be based on a fitting subject, so that in the end the skill, the care, the diligence of the artist's treatment only brings out the dignity of the subject in greater attractiveness and splendour.

Prussians, and with them Protestant Germany, therefore gained a treasure-trove for their literature, which was lacking to the other party, who were unable to repair its loss by subsequent efforts. In the high idea which they cherished of their King, the Prussian writers first found inspiration, and fostered it all the more zealously because he in whose name they did everything would have nothing whatever to say to them. French civilization had been widely introduced into Prussia at an earlier date by the French colony, and again later by the King's preference for French culture and French financial methods. The effect of this French influence was to rouse the Germans to antagonism and resistance—a result decidedly beneficial in its operation. Equally fortunate for the development of literature was Frederick's antipathy to German. They did everything to

attract the King's attention, not indeed to be honoured, but only to be noticed by him ; yet they did it in German fashion, from inner conviction ; they did what they held to be right, and desired and wished that the King should recognize and prize this German right. That did not and could not happen ; for how can it be expected that a king, who wishes to live and enjoy himself intellectually, should waste his years waiting to see what he thinks barbarous developed. and rendered enjoyable too late ? In matters of trade and manufacture, it is true, he pressed upon himself, but especially upon his people, very mediocre substitutes instead of excellent foreign wares ; but in this department of life everything is perfected more rapidly, and it does not take a man's life-time to bring such things to maturity.

But I must here, first of all, make honourable mention of one work, the most genuine product of the Seven Years' War, altogether North German in its national sentiment ; it is the first dramatic work founded upon important events of specific temporary value, and therefore produced an incalculable effect, — *Minna von Barnhelm*. Lessing, who, unlike Klopstock and Gleim, was fond of laying aside his personal dignity, because he was confident that he could resume it at any moment, delighted in a dissipated, worldly life and the society of taverns, as he always needed some strong external excitement to counterbalance his exuberant intellectual activity ; and for this reason also he had joined the suite of General Tauentzien. It is easy to see how the drama just mentioned was generated betwixt war and peace, hatred and affection. It was this production which successfully opened to the literary and middle-class world, in which poetic art had hitherto moved, a view into a higher, more significant world.

The hostile relations in which Prussians and Saxons had stood towards each other during this war, could not be removed by its termination. The Saxons now felt for the first time the whole bitterness of the wounds which the upstart Prussian had inflicted upon him. Political peace could not immediately re-establish a peace between their hearts. But the establishment of this peace was represented symbolically in the above-mentioned drama. The grace and amiability of the Saxon ladies conquer the worth, the

dignity, and the stubbornness of the Prussians, and, in the principal as well as in the subordinate characters, a happy union of bizarre and contradictory elements is artistically represented.

If I have caused my readers some bewilderment by these cursory and desultory remarks on German literature, I have succeeded in giving them a conception of the chaotic condition of my poor brain at a time when, in the conflict of two epochs so important for the national literature, so much that was new crowded in upon me before I could come to terms with the old, so much that was old still maintained its hold upon me, though I already believed I might with good reason renounce it altogether. I will now try to indicate, if possible, the path I pursued to extricate myself, if only step by step, from this dilemma.

With conscientious industry I had worked my way through the period of prolixity in which my youth had fallen, in company with many worthy men. The numerous quarto volumes of manuscript which I left behind with my father might serve as sufficient witness; and what a mass of attempts, rough draughts, and half-executed designs, had, more from despondency than conviction, ended in smoke! Now, through conversation in general, through instruction, through so many conflicting opinions, but especially through my fellow-boarder, Hofrat Pfeil, I learned to value more and more the importance of the subject-matter, and the conciseness of the treatment; without, however, being able to make clear to myself where the former was to be sought, or how the latter was to be attained. For, what with the limitations of my life, what with the indifference of my companions, the reserve of the professors, the exclusiveness of the educated inhabitants, and what with the complete insignificance of external nature, it was vain to look for any inspiration from without. If, therefore, I desired a true basis in feeling or reflection for my poems, I was forced to seek it in my own heart; if I required for my poetic representation a first-hand impression of an object or an event, I must necessarily remain within the circle from which an appeal to my feelings, an awakening of my interest, was likely to come. With these convictions I first wrote certain little poems, in the form of songs or in

a less regular measure; they are founded on reflection, treat of the past, and for the most part take an epigrammatic turn.

(And thus began that habit from which I could not break away my whole life through—the habit of turning into an image, into a poem, whatever delighted or troubled, or otherwise occupied me, and thus of coming to some definite conclusion with regard to it, so that I might both rectify my conceptions of external things and satisfy my inner cravings. To no one was the faculty for so doing more necessary than to me, for by nature I was constantly carried from one extreme to the other. Whatever, therefore, of mine has become public, are but fragments of a great confession, and this little book is a bold attempt to render it complete.)

My early affection for Gretchen I had now transferred to a certain *Annchen*, of whom I can only say that she was young, pretty, sprightly, loving, and so attractive that she well deserved to be set up for a time in the shrine of the heart as a little saint, that she might receive all that reverence which it often causes more pleasure to bestow than to receive. I saw her daily without hindrance; she helped to prepare the meals which I enjoyed, she brought, in the evening at least, the wine which I drank, and indeed our select circle of noon-day boarders was a warrant that the little house, which was visited by few guests, except during the Fair, well merited its good reputation. Opportunity and inclination were found for various kinds of amusement. But as she neither might nor could leave the house often, our pleasures were somewhat sparse. We sang the songs of Zacharia, acted Kruger's *Duke Michael*, in which a knotted handkerchief had to take the place of the nightingale; and so, for a while, the time fled pleasantly enough. But since such connections are in the long run lacking in variety in proportion to their innocence, I was seized with that base craving which tempts us to derive amusement by tormenting the girl we love, and to domineer over her devotion with wanton and tyrannical caprice. I thought I might vent on her my ill-humour at the failure of my poetical attempts, at the apparent impossibility of coming to a clear understanding about them, and at

whatever else went wrong with me, because she really loved me with all her heart, and did whatever she could to please me. By unfounded and absurd fits of jealousy, I spoiled our most delightful days both for myself and her. She endured it for a time with incredible patience, which I was cruel enough to try to the uttermost. But to my shame and despair, I was at last forced to remark that her heart was alienated from me, and that I might now have good ground for the madness in which I had indulged without necessity and without cause. There were also terrible scenes between us, from which I gained nothing; and now for the first time I felt that I really loved her, and could not bear to lose her. My passion grew, and assumed all the forms of which it is capable under such circumstances; nay, at last I even took up the *rôle* which the girl had hitherto played. I devised all possible means of making myself agreeable to her, even of procuring her pleasure by means of others; for I could not renounce the hope of winning her again. But it was too late! I had lost her really, and the frenzy with which I revenged my wrong-doing upon myself, by frantic attempts to injure my physical self, in order to inflict pain on my moral self, contributed very much to the maladies which spoilt some of the best years of my life; indeed, I should perhaps have been completely ruined by this loss, had not my poetic talent shown itself particularly helpful with its healing power.

Even at an earlier date, I had from time to time clearly realized my baseness. I really pitied the poor child, when I saw that I had hurt her needlessly. I pictured to myself so often and so circumstantially her position and my own, and, in contrast, the contented state of another couple in our company, that at last I could not refrain from treating this situation dramatically, as a painful and instructive penance. Hence arose the earliest of my extant dramatic works, the little piece entitled, *Die Laune des Verliebten* (*The Lover's Caprice*); the unpretentious form of which does not wholly disguise the strength of surging passion.

But before this I had already come into contact with a world, serious, significant, insistent. Through my adventure with Gretchen and its consequences, I had early looked into

the strange tortuous passages, undermining civil society. Religion, morals, law, rank, position, custom, hold sway only over the surface of city life. The streets, bordered by splendid houses, are kept clean, and every one in them behaves with propriety; but within the confusion is often only so much the greater; and a smooth exterior, like a thin coat of plaster, often conceals rotten masonry which collapses overnight, and produces an effect the more frightful, from breaking into a condition of repose. How many families, far and near, had I not already seen, either overwhelmed in ruin or dangling miserably on its brink, by bankruptcies, divorces, seduced daughters, murders, house-robberies, poisonings; and young as I was, I had often, in such cases, lent a hand to help and preserve. For as my frankness awakened confidence, as my discretion was proved, as my activity feared no sacrifice, and loved best to exert itself in the most dangerous predicaments, I had often enough found opportunity to mediate, to hush up, to divert the lightning-flash, and do whatever else was possible; in so doing I could not but meet with many depressing and humiliating experiences as well in my own person as in that of others. To relieve myself I designed several plays, and wrote the opening scenes* of most of them. But since the intrigues were inevitably painful, and almost all these plays threatened to have a tragical conclusion, I let them drop one after another. *Die Mitschuldigen* (*The Fellow-sinners*) is the only one that was finished. Its cheerful and burlesque tone, contrasting with the gloomy background of family life, seems accompanied by an apprehensive strain, so that when acted the general effect is painful, although it is amusing in detail. The illegal deeds, harshly expressed, wound our æsthetic and moral feelings, and the piece could therefore find no favour on the German stage, although the imitations of it, which steered clear of those rocks, were received with applause.

Both the above-mentioned pieces were however written from a more elevated point of view, without my having been aware of it. They direct us to a considerate forbearance in

* "*Exposition*," in a dramatic sense, properly means a statement of the events which take place before the action of the play commences.—*Trans.*

making moral imputations, and in somewhat harsh and coarse touches lightly express that most Christian maxim: *Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone.*

Owing to this earnestness, which cast a gloom over my first pieces, I committed the fault of neglecting very promising themes for which my natural gifts peculiarly fitted me. In the midst of these grave, and, for a young man, terrible experiences, I developed a reckless humour, which felt itself superior to the moment, and not only feared no danger, but rather wantonly courted it. The cause of this lay in the exuberance of spirits in which the vigour of youth so much delights, and which, if it manifests itself in a frolicsome way, causes much pleasure, both at the moment and in remembrance. Such outbreaks are so usual that in the vocabulary of our young university friends they are called *Suites*, and on account of the close similarity of signification, to say "play *suites*," means just the same as to "play pranks." *

Such humorous escapades, if put on the stage with wit and sense, are most effective. They are distinct from the comedy of intrigue, inasmuch as their appeal is instantaneous, and their purpose, if they have one, must not be far-fetched. Beaumarchais realized their full value, and hence comes the effectiveness of his *Figaros*. When, therefore, such good-humoured roguish and half-knavish pranks are carried out at personal risk for noble ends, the situations which arise from them are, from an æsthetic and moral point of view, of the greatest value for the theatre; for instance, the opera of the *Water-Carrier* treats perhaps the happiest subject which we have ever yet seen upon the stage.

To enliven the endless tedium of daily life, I played numberless tricks of the sort, partly without any aim at all, partly at the instigation of my friends whom I liked to please. For my own part, I could not say that I had ever once acted with ulterior motive, nor did it ever occur to me to consider a feat of the kind as a subject for art. Had I, however, laid hold on and elaborated such materials, which lay so close at hand, my earliest efforts would have

* The real meaning of the passage is that the idiom "*Possen reissen*," is used also with the university word "*Suite*," so that one can say "*Suiten reissen*."—*Trans.*

been more cheerful and fit for use. Some incidents of this kind, it is true, occur among my later works, but are still isolated and aimless. For since we are always more ready to listen to the voice of the heart rather than that of the head, and the former causes us trouble when the latter knows well how to look after itself, so to me the affairs of the heart had always appeared as the more important. I was never weary of reflecting upon the transient nature of attachments, the mutability of human character, moral sensuality, and all nobility and baseness, the combination of which in our nature may be considered the riddle of human life. Here, too, I sought to rid myself of my perplexity in a song, an epigram, in some kind of rhyme, which, since they referred to the most individual feelings and the most peculiar circumstances, could scarcely interest anyone but myself.

In the meanwhile, my external position had very much changed in the lapse of a short time. Madame Bohme, after a long and melancholy illness, had at last died; she had latterly ceased to admit me to her presence. Her husband could not be particularly satisfied with me; I seemed to him not sufficiently industrious, and too frivolous. In particular he took it very ill of me, when he heard that, instead of taking proper notes at the lectures on German jurisprudence, I had drawn the personages presented to our notice in them on the margin of my note-book, such as the President of the Chamber, the Moderators and Assessors, in wonderful wigs; and by these absurdities had disturbed my attentive neighbours and set them laughing. After the loss of his wife he lived in still greater retirement than before, and at last I shunned him in order to avoid his reproaches. But it was peculiarly unfortunate that Gellert would not use the power which he might have exercised over us. Naturally he had not time to play the father-confessor, and to inquire after the character and failings of each one; he therefore dealt with us in somewhat wholesale fashion, and used the rites of the church as a means of restraining us. For this reason, when we were once admitted to his presence, he generally used to lower his little head, and, in his pleasant lachrymose voice, to ask us whether we went regularly to church, who was our confessor, and

whether we partook of the Holy Communion? If we came off badly at this examination we were dismissed with lamentations; we were more vexed than edified, yet could not help loving the man heartily.

On this occasion, I cannot forbear reverting to a period of my earlier youth, in order to make it obvious that the important functions of the state religion must be exercised logically and coherently if they are to prove as efficacious as they may be. The Protestant service has too little depth and consistency to be able to hold the congregation together; hence, members are apt to secede from it, and either form little congregations of their own, or, without ecclesiastical connection, quietly carry on their citizen-life side by side. Thus for a considerable time complaints were made that the church-goers were diminishing from year to year, and, in the same ratio, the persons who partook of the Lord's Supper. With respect to both, but especially the latter, the cause lies close at hand; but who dares put it into words? We will make the attempt.

In moral and religious, as in physical and civil matters, man does not like to do anything on the spur of the moment; he needs a connected series of acts which then become habitual; what he is to love and to perform, he cannot imagine as single or detached, and if he is to repeat anything willingly, it must not have become unwonted. If the Protestant worship in general lacks depth, let it be investigated in detail, and it will be found that the Protestant has too few sacraments, in fact he has only one in which he is himself an active participator,—the Lord's Supper: for baptism he sees only when it is performed on others, and is not greatly edified by it. The sacraments are the highest part of religion, the visible symbols of an extraordinary divine favour and grace. In the Lord's Supper earthly lips are allowed to receive the embodiment of a Divine Being, and partake of heavenly food in the form of earthly nourishment. The meaning of the sacrament is identical in all Christian churches; whether the Sacrament is taken with more or less acceptance of the mystery, or with more or less accommodation to the intelligible, it always remains a great holy act, representative in the world of fact of the possible or the impossible, of what man can neither

attain nor do without. But such a sacrament should not stand alone; no Christian can partake of it with the true joy for which it is given, if the symbolical or sacramental sense is not fostered within him. He must be accustomed to regard the inner religion of the heart and that of the external church as absolutely one, as the great universal sacrament, which again resolves itself into many others, and communicates to these separate rites its holiness, indestructibleness, and eternity.

Here a youthful pair give their hands to one another, not for a passing salutation or for the dance; the priest pronounces his blessing upon them, and the bond is indissoluble. It is not long before this wedded pair bring their counterpart to the threshold of the altar; it is purified with holy water, and incorporated into the church in such a way that it cannot forfeit this benefit except by the most monstrous apostacy. The child in the course of life gains for himself experience in earthly things, in heavenly things he must be instructed. Should it prove on examination that this has been fully done, he is received into the bosom of the church as an actual citizen, as a sincere and voluntary professor of the faith, not without outward tokens of the significance of this act. Now for the first time he is definitely a Christian, now for the first time he knows his privileges, and also his duties. But, in the meanwhile, much that is strange has befallen him in his human life; instruction and punishments have brought home to him how precarious is the state of his soul, and the question of doctrines and of transgressions will still confront him; but he will no longer be punished. At this point, in the infinite confusion, in which he cannot fail to become entangled in the conflict between natural and religious claims, a glorious expedient is provided for him, enabling him to confide his deeds and misdeeds, his weaknesses and doubts, to a worthy man, appointed expressly for that purpose, who knows how to calm, to warn, to strengthen him, to chasten him likewise by symbolical punishments, and at last by completely wiping out his guilt, to render him happy and restore his manhood to him no longer stained and sullied. Thus prepared, and calmed to rest by various sacramental rites, which, on closer examination, consist of

a number of minor sacramental acts, he kneels down to receive the host ; and that the mystery of this high act may be still enhanced, he sees the chalice only in the distance ; it is no common eating and drinking that satisfies, it is a heavenly feast, which makes him thirst after heavenly drink.

Yet let not the youth believe that this is all he has to do ; let not even the man believe it. In earthly relations, in the end we grow accustomed to depend on ourselves, and, even there, knowledge, understanding, and character will not always suffice ; in heavenly things, on the contrary, we have never finished learning. Those higher feelings within us, which often seem hardly to be really our own, are, besides, assailed by so much from without, that our own strength can hardly supply us with all the counsel, consolation, and help we need. But this remedy has been prescribed for us all our life long ; and a wise, holy man is ever ready to show the wanderers the path they should go, and to relieve the distressed.

And what has been so well tried throughout the whole of life, will then show forth all its healing power with tenfold strength at the gates of death. According to the familiar custom, followed from youth upwards, the dying man receives with fervour those symbolical, significant assurances, and there, where every earthly pledge fails, he is assured, by a heavenly one, of a blessed existence for all eternity. He feels himself perfectly convinced that no hostile element nor malignant spirit can hinder him from donning a glorified body, so that, in closest union with the Godhead, he may partake of the boundless happiness which flows forth from Him.

Then at the last, that the whole man may be made holy, the feet are anointed and blessed. Even in the event of recovery they will shrink from touching this earthly, hard, impenetrable soil. A wondrous swiftness is imparted to them, making them spurn the clod of earth which hitherto attracted them. And thus a glorious round of acts of equal sanctity, the beauty of which we have only briefly hinted at, binds the cradle to the grave by one unbroken chain, however far asunder they may chance to be.

But all these spiritual wonders do not spring, like other

fruits, from the natural soil: they can neither be sown, nor planted, nor fostered. We must petition for them from another region, and they will not be granted to everyone, nor at all times. Here we find the highest of these symbols, derived from ancient pious tradition. We are told that one man may be more favoured, blessed, and sanctified from above than another. But that this may not appear as a natural gift, this great boon, carrying with it great responsibility, must be handed on by one authorized person to another; and the greatest good that a man can attain—although beyond the reach of his own efforts and struggles—must be preserved and perpetuated on earth by spiritual succession. In truth, in the ordination of the priest is comprehended all that is necessary for the effectual solemnizing of those holy acts by which the multitude receive grace, without the need of any other activity on their part than that of faith and implicit confidence. And thus we see the priest in the line of his predecessors and successors, in the circle of those anointed with him, representing the highest source of blessings, in all the greater glory inasmuch as it is not he, the priest, whom we reverence, but his office; it is not the motion of his hand to which we bow the knee, but the blessing which he imparts, and which seems the more holy, and to come the more immediately from heaven, because the earthly vessel cannot at all weaken or still less invalidate it by its own sinful, or even wicked nature.

How wantonly is this truly spiritual continuity broken in the Protestant religion! For some of the symbols we have been discussing are declared apocryphal, and only a few canonical;—and how, with its indifference to some of them, can it prepare us for the sanctity of the others?

In my time my religious instruction had been entrusted to a good infirm old clergyman, who had been confessor to the family for many years. I had the catechism, a paraphrase of it, and the doctrine of salvation at my fingers' ends, all the Biblical textual proofs I had made my own, but from all these I reaped no fruit; for as they assured me that the worthy old man ordered his final examination according to an antiquated form, I lost all interest and pleasure in the matter, spent the last week in all sorts of diversions, put in my hat the loose leaves borrowed from

an older friend, who had obtained them from the clergyman, and without feeling or understanding, read aloud all that I could very well have recited with feeling and conviction.

But when the time came for approaching the confessional, I found my good-will and my aspirations in this important matter still more paralyzed by the dry, lifeless routine. I was indeed conscious of many failings, but of no great faults; and that very consciousness diminished them, since it directed me to the moral strength which lay within me, and which, with resolution and perseverance, would in the end triumph over the old Adam. We were taught that our own superiority to the Catholics consisted in the fact that we were not obliged to acknowledge anything in particular in the confessional, nay more, that this would not be proper, even if we wished to do so. This latter opinion did not seem right to me; for I had the strangest religious doubts, which I would willingly have had cleared up on such an occasion. Now as this was not to be, I composed a form of confession for myself, which, while expressing my state of mind, would confess to an intelligent man in general terms what I was forbidden to tell him in detail. But when I entered the old chancel of the Barefoot Friars, when I approached the strange latticed cupboards in which the clergy used to take their places for that purpose, when the sexton opened the door for me, when I saw myself shut up in the narrow place face to face with my spiritual father, and he bade me welcome with his weak nasal voice, a sudden darkness fell on my mind and heart, the well-conned confession died away on my lips; I opened, in my embarrassment, the book which I had in my hand, and read from it the first short form I saw, which was so general, that anybody might have said it with a safe conscience. I received absolution, and withdrew neither warm nor cold; I went the next day with my parents to the Table of the Lord, and, for a few days, behaved myself as was becoming after so holy an act.

Subsequently, however, I fell a victim to that complaint which is apt to attack scrupulous men, because our religion is complicated by various dogmas, and founded on texts of scripture which admit of more than one interpretation. It often brings in its wake a hypochondriacal condition, and

assumes in its most acute stage the form of fixed ideas. I have known several men who, though their manner of thinking and living was perfectly rational, could not shake off the thought of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the fear that they had committed it. A similar trouble threatened me on the subject of the communion, for the text that one who unworthily partakes of the Sacrament *eateth and drinketh damnation to himself*, had, while I was still very young, made a tremendous impression upon me. Every fearful thing that I had read in the histories of the middle ages, about ordeals, the strangest tests by red-hot iron, flaming fire, rising water, and even what the Bible tells us of the draught of water which does not harm the innocent, but causes the guilty to swell and their thigh to come away,—all this presented itself to my imagination and blended with the most frightful terrors, since false promises, hypocrisy, perjury, blasphemy, all seemed to rest upon the head of the unworthy participator in this most holy act; and my state was the more desperate inasmuch as no one might dare to pronounce himself worthy, and the forgiveness of sins, with its final atonement, was seen to be dependent upon so many conditions, that one could not with certainty freely claim it for oneself.

These gloomy scruples troubled me greatly, and the baldness and feebleness of the expedients recommended to me as sufficient only increased the fearsomeness of the bugbear, so that, as soon as I had reached Leipzig, I tried to free myself altogether from my connection with the church. How oppressive, then, must the exhortations of Gellert have been to me; for his usual laconic style, which he used to repel our obtrusiveness, made me naturally unwilling to trouble him with such singular questions, the more so as in my more cheerful hours I was myself ashamed of them; and in the end I entirely left behind me this strange anguish of conscience, together with church and altar.

Gellert, in accordance with his pious feelings, had worked out a system of ethics, on which he lectured in public from time to time, and in this way honourably fulfilled his duty to the public. Gellert's writings had for a long time formed the basis of German moral culture, and hence everyone anxiously wished to see his lectures in print; but as this

was not to be till after the good man's death, people thought themselves very fortunate to hear him deliver them himself in his lifetime. On these occasions the philosophy lecture-hall was crowded, and the nobility of soul, the purity of aim, and the interest of the noble man in our welfare, his exhortations, warnings, and entreaties, uttered in a somewhat hollow and sorrowful tone, certainly made an impression for the moment; but it did not last long, especially as there were many scoffers, who cast doubt upon this tender and, as they thought, enervating manner. I remember a Frenchman travelling through the town, who made inquiries about the maxims and opinions of the man who attracted such an immense concourse. When we had given him the necessary information, he shook his head and said, smiling, *Laissez le faire, il nous forme des dupes*.

So, too, polite society, which does not like to see anything good in its midst, frequently weakened the moral influence which Gellert exercised over us. At one time he was accused of giving more instruction to the Danes of distinction and wealth, who were particularly recommended to him, than to the other students, and of showing a marked solicitude for them; another time he was charged with selfishness and nepotism for causing a *table d'hôte* to be arranged for these young men at his brother's house. This brother, a tall, good-looking, blunt, uncereemonious and somewhat coarse man, had, it was said, been a fencing-master, and notwithstanding the too great lenity of his brother, often treated his aristocratic boarders harshly and roughly; hence people felt called upon to take the part of these young folks, and bandied about the good reputation of the excellent Gellert to such a degree, that, to avoid making mistakes about him, we became indifferent towards him, and visited him no more; yet we always saluted him in our best manner when he came riding along on his docile grey horse. This horse the Elector had sent him, to oblige him to take the exercise so necessary for his health;—a mark of distinction which was not easily forgiven him.

And thus, by degrees, the epoch approached when all authority was to cease to exist for me, and even the greatest and best individuals whom I had known or pictured to myself became a source of doubt or even of despair.

Frederick the Second still stood at the head of all the distinguished men of the century in my opinion, and it therefore appeared very surprising to me, that it was as impossible to praise him in the presence of the inhabitants of Leipzig as formerly in my grandfather's house. It is true they had felt the hand of war heavily, and therefore they were not to blame for not thinking the best of the man who had begun and continued it. So they were willing to let him pass as a distinguished, but by no means a great man. There was no particular merit, they said, in achieving success with lavish means; and when neither lands, nor money, nor blood, were spared, it was easy to accomplish one's purpose in the end. Frederick had not shown himself great in any of his plans, nor in anything that he had himself undertaken. So long as it depended on himself, he had only gone on making blunders, and what was extraordinary in him had only come to light when he had been compelled to make these blunders good again. It was simply in this way that he had obtained his great reputation, since every man covets this talent of skilfully erasing the blunders which he frequently commits. It was only necessary to follow the Seven Years' War, step by step, to see that the King had sacrificed his fine army quite uselessly, and that it was his own fault that this ruinous feud had been protracted to so great a length. A truly great man and general would have got the better of his enemies much sooner. In support of these opinions they could cite infinite details, which I did not know how to refute; and I was conscious of the gradual cooling in the unbounded reverence which from my youth up I had felt for this wonderful sovereign.

In the same way that the inhabitants of Leipzig had succeeded in destroying in me the pleasant feeling of reverence for a great man, a new friend I made at the time greatly diminished the respect which I entertained for my present fellow-citizens. This friend was one of the strangest fellows in the world. He was named BEHRISCH, and was tutor to the young Count Lindenau. Even his exterior was singular enough. He was lean and well-built, far advanced in the thirties, had a very large nose, and prominent features; from morning till night he wore a wig of false hair which might perhaps have been called a periwig; he

dressed very neatly, and never went out without his sword by his side, and his hat under his arm. He was one of those men who have quite a peculiar gift of killing time, or rather, know how to make something out of nothing, in order to pass time away. Everything that he did must be done slowly and with a certain dignity which might have been called affected, if Behrisch had not naturally had something affected in his manner. He resembled an old Frenchman; he also spoke and wrote French very well and easily. His greatest delight was to occupy himself seriously with ridiculous trifles, and to carry an absurd freak to any length. Thus he was invariably dressed in grey, and as the different parts of his attire were of different stuffs, and consequently of different shades, he could reflect for whole days how to introduce yet one grey more into his attire, and was happy when he had succeeded and could cover us with confusion, because we had doubted it, or had pronounced it impossible. He then gave us long lectures on our lack of inventive power, and our want of faith in his talents.

For the rest, he was a well-instructed man, with a special knowledge of modern languages and their literature, and wrote an excellent hand. He was very well disposed to me, and I, having been always accustomed and inclined to the society of older persons, soon attached myself to him. My intercourse, too, provided him with special amusement, since he took pleasure in taming my restlessness and impatience, with which, on the other hand, I gave him enough to do. In the art of poetry he had what is called taste, a certain general opinion about what was good or bad, mediocre or passable; but his judgment was for the most part censorious, and he destroyed even the little faith in contemporary writers which I still cherished, by unfeeling remarks, which he passed with wit and humour upon the writings and poems of this man and that. My own productions he treated indulgently, and let me go on my own way, but only on the condition that I should have nothing printed. He promised me, on the other hand, that he himself would copy those pieces which he thought good, and would present me with them in a handsome volume. This undertaking now afforded an opportunity for the greatest possible waste of time. For before he could find the right paper, before he

could make up his mind as to the size, before he had settled the width of the margin, and the form of handwriting, before the crow-quills were provided and cut, and Indian ink was rubbed, whole weeks passed without a single stroke having been done. The same elaborate process was gone through every time he set about his writing, and by degrees he did really produce a most charming manuscript. The title of the poems was in black-letter type, the verses themselves in a perpendicular Saxon hand, and at the end of every poem was an appropriate vignette, which he had either selected somewhere or other, or had invented himself, and in which he contrived to imitate very neatly the hatching of the wood-cuts and colophons which are used for such purposes. To show me these things in progress, to vaunt in a comico-pathetic manner my good fortune in seeing myself immortalized in such exquisite handwriting, and in a style which no printing-press could emulate, again gave occasion for passing the most agreeable hours. At the same time, his intercourse was always instructive in a quiet way because of his extensive learning, and, as he knew how to calm my restlessness and impetuosity was also beneficial for me morally. He had, too, a particular aversion to everything coarse, and his jests were exceedingly quaint, without ever becoming vulgar or trivial. He indulged in an absurd dislike of his countrymen, and described with ludicrous touches whatever they took in hand. In particular he was never tired of giving a comical representation of individual persons, as he found some flaw in the exterior of everyone. Thus, when we lay together at the window, he could occupy himself for hours criticising the passers-by, and when he had censured them sufficiently he would point out in detail exactly how they ought to dress themselves, to walk, and to behave in order to look like ordinary people. Such suggestions, for the most part, ended in something improper and absurd, so that we laughed, not so much at the appearance of the person, as at his possible appearance if he had had the folly to caricature himself. In all such doings, Behrisch was quite merciless, without being in the slightest degree malicious. On the other hand, we on our side knew how to tease him, by assuring him that, to judge from his exterior, he must surely be, if not a French

dancing-master, at least the college language-master. This reproach was usually the signal for dissertations an hour long, in which he used to set forth the difference, wide as the heavens, which there was between him and an old Frenchman. At the same time he would impute to us all sorts of clumsy suggestions, that we might have made for the alteration and modification of his dress.

The tendency of my poetry, which I continued all the more zealously as the transcript grew in beauty and care, was now entirely towards what was natural and true; and if the subjects could not always be important, I nevertheless always endeavoured to express them clearly and pointedly, especially as my friend often impressed upon me what a great thing it was to write down a verse on Dutch paper, with the crow-quill and Indian ink; what time, talent, and exertion it required, which ought not to be squandered on anything idle or unnecessary. At the same time, he would open a finished manuscript and explain in detail what ought not to stand in this or that place, or congratulate us that it actually did not stand there. He then spoke, with great contempt, of the art of printing, mimicked the compositor, ridiculed his gestures and his hurried picking out of the various letters, and ascribed to this method of procedure all the calamities of literature. On the other hand, he extolled the dignity and the noble posture of a writer, and immediately sat down to exemplify it to us, while at the same time he rated us for not comporting ourselves at the writing-table after his example. He would then revert to the comparison with the compositor, would turn a letter which had been begun upside down, and show how unseemly it would be to write from the bottom to the top, or from the right to the left, and much more of the same kind, enough to fill whole volumes.

With such harmless follies we wasted our precious time, while it never would have occurred to us, that incidentally something was to originate in our circle which would cause general sensation and bring us into not the best of reputes.

Gellert probably took little pleasure in his *Practicum*, and if he felt any inclination to give directions as to prose and poetical style, he did it privately to a few, among whom

we could not number ourselves. Professor CLODIUS undertook to supply the gap thus left in the public instruction. He had gained some renown in literature, criticism, and poetry, and as a young, lively, obliging man, had made many friends both in the university and in the city. Gellert himself referred us to the lectures now commenced by him, and, as far as the general method was concerned, we remarked little difference. He, too, only criticised details, corrected likewise with red ink, and one found oneself surrounded entirely by mistakes, without an indication as to where the right was to be sought. I had brought to him some of my small attempts, which he did not treat harshly. But just at this time they wrote to me from home, urging me without fail to furnish a poem for my uncle's wedding. I felt myself far removed from that light and frivolous period in which such a task would have given me pleasure, and since there was nothing suggestive in the actual circumstances, I determined to trick out my work in the best manner with extraneous ornament. I therefore convened all Olympus to take counsel about the marriage of a Frankfort lawyer; and that in all seriousness, as became the marriage festival of such an honourable man. He had been the cause of a quarrel between Venus and Themis; but a roguish prank which Amor played the latter, gave the former the advantage, and the gods decided in favour of the marriage.

My work by no means displeased me. I received from home a handsome letter of commendation; and thereupon took the trouble to make another fair copy, and hoped to win approval from my professor also. But here I had missed my mark. He took the matter seriously, and, without noticing the tone of parody which underlay the conception, he declared the lavish employment of divine machinery for such an insignificant human end to be in the highest degree reprehensible; he inveighed against the use and abuse of such mythological figures, as a false habit dating from pedantic times; he considered the style at one time too ambitious, at another too trite, and though he had not spared the red ink in various passages, he asserted that he had still not done enough.

Such pieces were read and criticised without giving

the author's name ; but we used to watch each other, and it remained no secret that this unfortunate assembly of the gods was my work. Yet when I accepted his point of view, his criticism seemed to be perfectly just, and my divinities, on closer inspection, were seen to be mere empty phantoms ; accordingly I cursed all Olympus, flung the whole mythic Pantheon away, and from that time Amor and Luna have been the only divinities which ever appear in my little poems.

Among the persons whom Behrisch had chosen as the butts of his wit, Clodius was pre-eminent ; nor was it hard to see his comical side. A little, rather stout, thick-set figure, he was violent in his motions, somewhat impetuous in his utterances, and variable in his demeanour. In all this he differed from his fellow-citizens, who, nevertheless, willingly looked up to him on account of his good qualities and the promise which they discerned in him.

He was usually commissioned to write the poems required for festal occasions. In the so-called *Ode*, he followed the manner used by Ramler, which, however, suited him alone. But Clodius, in imitating him, had especially marked the foreign words which impart to the poems of Ramler a majestic pomp ; and because this pomp is in harmony with the greatness of his subject and the general poetic treatment, the effect on ear, feelings, and imagination is very good. In Clodius, on the contrary, these expressions appeared anomalous, since his poetry was not in any way calculated to elevate the mind.

Now we had often been obliged to see such poems printed and hear them highly lauded, and we were much annoyed that the man who had banished the heathen gods from us, should attempt to manufacture another ladder to Parnassus out of rungs stolen from the Greek and Latin languages. These oft-recurring expressions stamped themselves firmly on our memory, and in a merry hour, when we were eating some most excellent cakes in the *Kohlgärten* (Kitchen-gardens), all at once it occurred to me to put together these words of might and power, in a poem on the confectioner Händel. No sooner thought than done ! And let it stand here, too, as it was written on the wall of the house with a lead-pencil.

"O Handel, dessen Ruhm vom *Süd* zum *Norden* reicht
 Vernimm den *Paan*, der zu deinen Ohren steigt !
 Du backst, was *Gallier* und *Briten* emsig suchen :
 Mit *schopfrischem Genie*, *originelle* Kuchen.
 Des Kaffees *Ozean*, der sich vor dir ergiesst,
 Ist süßer als der Saft, der vom *Hymettus* fließt.
 Dein Haus, ein *Monument*, wie wir den Künsten lohnen,
 Umhangen mit *Trophäen*, erzählt den *Nationen* :
 Auch ohne *Diadem* fand Handel hier sein Glück
 Und raubte dem *Kothurn* gar manch Achtgroschenstück.
 Glanz deine *Urn'* dereinst in majestät'schem *Pompe*,
 Dann weint der *Patriot* an deiner *Katakomben*.
 Doch leb'! dein *Torus* sei von edler Brut ein *Nest*,
 Steh hoch wie der *Olymp*, wie der *Parnassus* fest !
 Kein *Phalanx* Griechenlands mit Römischen *Ballisten*
 Vermög' *Germanien* und Handeln zu verwüsten.
 Dein *Wohl* ist unser *Stolz*, dein *Leiden* unser *Schmerz*,
 Und Handels *Tempel* ist der *Musen*sohne *Herz*." *

This poem stood for a long time among many others which disfigured the walls of those rooms without being noticed, and we, who had sufficiently amused ourselves with it, forgot it altogether amongst other things. A long time afterwards, Clodius brought out his *Medon*, the wisdom,

* The humour of the above consists, not in the thoughts, but in the particular words employed. These have no remarkable effect in English, as to us the words of Latin origin are often as familiar as those which have Teutonic roots, and these form the chief peculiarity of the style. We have therefore given the poem in the original language, with the peculiar words (as indicated by Goethe) in italics, and subjoin a literal translation. It will be observed that we have said that the peculiarity consists chiefly, not solely, in the use of the foreign words, for there are two or three instances of unquestionably German words, which are italicised on account of their high-sounding pomp.

"Oh Handel, whose fame extends from *south* to *north*, hear the *Paan* which ascends to thine ears. Thou bakest that which *Gauls* and *Britons* industriously seek, (thou bakest) with *creative genius* *original* cakes. The *ocean* of coffee which pours itself out before thee, is sweeter than the juice which flows from *Hymettus*. Thy house, a *monument*, how we reward the arts, hung round with *trophies*, tells the *nations*: 'Even without a *diadem*, Handel found prosperity here, and robbed the *Cothurnus* of many an eight-groschen-piece.' When thine *urn* hereafter shall shine in majestic *pomp*, then will the *patriot* weep at thy *catacomb*. But live ! let thy bed (*torus*) be the *nest* of a noble brood, stand high as *Olympus*, and firm as *Parnassus*. May no *phalanx* of Greece with Roman *balliste* be able to destroy *Germania* and Handel. Thy *well* is our *pride*, thy *suffering* our *pain*, and Handel's *temple* is the *heart* of the *sons of the Muses*." —Trans.

magnanimity, and virtue of which we found infinitely ridiculous, much as the first representation of the piece was applauded. That evening, when we met at our usual convivial meeting, I made a prologue in doggerel verse, in which Harlequin comes on the stage with two great sacks, places them on each side of the proscenium, and after various introductory jokes, tells the spectators in confidence that the two sacks contain moral æsthetic dust, which the actors will very frequently throw into their eyes. For one was filled with good deeds that cost nothing, and the other with splendidly expressed opinions that had no meaning behind them. He reluctantly withdrew, and came back several times, earnestly exhorted the spectators to attend to his warning and shut their eyes, reminded them that he had always been their friend, and meant well with them, with much more of the like. This prologue was acted in the room, on the spot, by friend Horn, but we kept the joke to ourselves, not a single copy was made, and the paper was soon lost. However, Horn, who had played the part of Harlequin very amusingly, took it into his head to enlarge my poem to Händel by several verses, and then to make it refer to *Medon*. He read it aloud to us, but we could not take any pleasure in it, for we did not find the additions particularly clever, while the first poem, having been written for quite a different purpose, seemed spoilt. Our friend, out of humour at our indifference, or rather censure, probably showed it to others, who thought it new and amusing. Copies were now made of it, which at once obtained a rapid notoriety, thanks to the reputation of Clodius's *Medon*. Universal disapproval was the consequence, and the originators (it was soon found out that the poem was the work of our clique) were severely censured: for nothing of the sort had been seen since Cronegk's and Rost's attacks upon Gottsched. As it was, we had withdrawn into seclusion before this happened, and felt ourselves to be in the position of owls with respect to the other birds. In Dresden, too, disapproval was shown, and it had for us serious, if not unpleasant, consequences. For some time past, Count Lindenau had not been quite satisfied with his son's tutor. For, although the young man was by no means neglected, and Behrisch was always either in the chamber of the young Count, or in an adjoining one, when

the instructors gave their daily lessons, attended lectures with him very regularly, never went out in the day-time without him, and accompanied him in all his walks; yet the rest of us were always to be found in Apel's house, and joined them whenever they went for a ramble; this alone attracted attention. Behrisch, too, grew accustomed to our society, and latterly had usually consigned his pupil to the hands of the *valet de chambre* about nine o'clock in the evening, and gone in quest of us to the wine-house, whither, however, he never used to come but in shoes and stockings, with his sword by his side, and as a rule his hat under his arm. The fun and fooling, which he generally set on foot, were unending. For instance, one of our friends had a habit of going away precisely at ten, because he had relations with a pretty girl, whom he could meet only at that hour. We did not like to lose him; and one evening, when we were having a very good time together, Behrisch secretly determined that this time he would not let him go. At the stroke of ten, our friend arose and took leave. Behrisch called after him and begged him to wait a moment, as he meant to go with him. He now began, in the most amusing manner, first to hunt for his sword, which stood just before his eyes, and in buckling it on fumbled so awkwardly, that he seemed as if he would never get it done. This he did at first so naturally, that no one had any suspicions. But when, to vary the theme, he at last went further, so that the sword hung now on the right side, now between his legs, a general laugh ensued, in which the parting guest, who was besides a jolly fellow, joined, and let Behrisch have his way till the trysting-hour was past, and thereupon began a time of pleasant sociability and mirthful conversation lasting till far into the night.

Unfortunately Behrisch, and we through him, were attracted in another way by some girls who were better than their reputation; but naturally our own reputation suffered. We had often been seen in their garden, and we directed our walks thither, even when the young Count was with us. These various enormities had probably been treasured up, and then communicated to his father; at any rate, he sought to be rid of the tutor in an honourable way, who, as it turned out, profited by his dismissal. His good appearance, his knowledge and talents, his integrity,

which no one could call in question, had won for him the affection and esteem of distinguished persons, on whose recommendation he was appointed tutor to the hereditary prince of Dessau ; and at the court of a prince, excellent in every respect, he found firmly rooted happiness.

The loss of a friend like Behrisch was of the greatest consequence to me. He had spoiled me whilst training me, and his presence was necessary, if the pains he had thought good to expend upon me were to bear any fruit for society at large. He knew how to engage me in all kinds of pleasing and suitable pursuits that happened to come in our way, and to bring out my social talents. But I had failed to acquire any self-reliance in such matters ; so when I was alone again, I immediately relapsed into my aimless and refractory ways, which grew more marked in proportion as I became discontented with those about me, fancying that they were not pleased with me. With the most wayward caprice, I took offence at what I might have considered a benefit ; thus I alienated many with whom I had hitherto been on fairly good terms ; and, on account of the many disagreeable consequences for myself and others of what I had done or left undone, or done too much or too little, I was forced to hear the remark from my well-wishers, that I lacked experience. The same thing was said to me by some well-meaning person or other who saw my productions, especially when these referred to the external world. I studied this world as well as I could, but found in it little edification, and was still forced to read into it much of myself to make it appear even tolerable. I had often pressed my friend Behrisch to explain to me what experience was. But, because he could never help fooling, he put me off with fair words from day to day, and at last, after elaborate preparations, disclosed to me, that true experience really consisted in experiencing how an experienced man must experience in experiencing his experience. When we upbraided him vigorously, and called him to account, he assured us that a great mystery lay hidden behind these words, which we could not comprehend until we had experienced . . . and so on without end :—for he had no difficulty in running on in this way by the quarter of an hour ;—seeing that experience would always become more experienced, and at

last become true experience. When we were in despair at his absurdities, he would protest that he had learned this way of making himself intelligible and impressive from the most modern and greatest authors, who had pointed out how one can rest a restful rest, and how silence, in being silent, becomes ever more silent.

By chance an officer, who was spending his furlough among us, was praised in good company as a remarkably sound-minded and experienced man, who had fought in the Seven Years' War, and had gained the confidence of all. It was not difficult for me to make his acquaintance, and we often went for walks together. The idea of experience had almost become a fixed one in my brain, and the craving to understand it passionate. With my natural frankness I disclosed to him the uneasiness I felt. He smiled, and was kind enough to tell me in answer to my questions something of his own life, and generally of the world about us; from which, indeed, I gleaned little more than that experience convinces us that our highest thoughts, wishes, and designs are unattainable, and that the man who cherishes such illusions and proclaims them eagerly is especially apt to be considered an inexperienced man.

Yet, as he was a brave and manly fellow, he assured me that he had himself not quite given up these illusions, and felt tolerably happy with the little faith, love, and hope which remained to him. Then I made him tell me a great deal about war, about life on the field, about skirmishes and battles, especially his share in them; for these vast events, when considered in relation to a single individual, acquired a very strange aspect. I then persuaded him to give me an ungarnished account of the recent state of affairs at court, which seemed to me like a fairy-tale. I heard of the bodily strength of Augustus the Second, of his many children and his lavish expenditure, then of his successor's love of art and collections, of Count Brühl and his boundless love of display, the details of which appeared almost senseless, of numerous banquets and gorgeous amusements, which were all stopped by Frederick's invasion of Saxony. The royal castles now lay in ruins, Brühl's splendours were annihilated, and all that remained was a glorious land, sadly devastated.

When he saw me astonished at that unreasoning enjoyment of prosperity, and then grieved by the calamity that followed, and pointed out that an experienced man is expected not to be astonished at either, nor to take too lively an interest in them, I felt a great desire to remain for a while in the same inexperience as hitherto ; in this desire he supported me, and urgently entreated me, for the present, always to cling to agreeable experiences, and to try to avoid those that were disagreeable as much as possible, if they came in my way. But another time, when the discussion was again about experience in general, and I related to him those jesting phrases of my friend Behrisch, he shook his head, smiling, and said, "There, you see what happens to words which have once been spoken! These sound so comical, nay, so silly, that it would seem almost impossible to put a rational meaning into them ; and yet, perhaps, the attempt might be made."

And when I pressed him, he replied in his intelligent, cheerful way, "If you will allow me, in commenting on and supplementing your friend, to go on after his fashion, I think he meant to say, that experience consists in experiencing what one does not wish to experience ; which is what it amounts to for the most part, at least in this world."

EIGHTH BOOK

ANOTHER* man, although infinitely different from Behrisch in every respect, might yet be compared with him in a certain sense ; I mean OESER, who was also one of those men who dream away their lives in easy-going activity. Even his friends secretly acknowledged that, with great natural gifts, he had not exerted himself sufficiently in his younger years ; for which reason, he never acquired a perfect mastery of his art. Yet a certain diligence appeared to be reserved for his old age, and, during the many years which I knew him, he never lacked invention or industry. From the very first moment he had attracted me greatly ; even his residence, strange and awe-inspiring, was full of charm for me. At the right-hand corner of the old castle Pleissenburg, a well-lighted winding staircase, which had been restored, led to the first floor. The salons of the Academy of Design, of which he was director, were on the left, and were light and roomy ; but his own rooms could be reached only by a narrow, dark passage, at the very end of which you found the entrance to his apartments, after passing between the whole suite of them and an extensive granary. The first room was adorned with pictures from the later Italian school, by masters whose grace he used to commend highly. Since I had joined some noblemen in taking private lessons from him, we were allowed to draw here, and we often found our way into his adjoining private cabinet, which also contained his few books, collections of art and natural curiosities, and whatever else particularly interested him. Everything was arranged with taste, simply, and so that the little space held a great deal. The furniture, presses, and portfolios were elegant, without affectation or superfluity. Accordingly the first injunction he gave us, to which he constantly recurred, was simplicity in everything

that art and manual labour in conjunction are called upon to produce. As a sworn foe of the scroll-and-shell style, and of the whole rococo tendency, he showed us examples of it in old-fashioned engravings and drawings, contrasting them with better decorations and simpler forms, as applied to a room and its furniture; and, because everything about him corresponded with these maxims, his words and instruction made a good and lasting impression on us. He had besides other opportunities of letting us see his opinions in practice, since he was looked up to by both private persons and government officials, and was asked for advice when new buildings and alterations were in progress. He seemed in general to be more inclined to undertake occasional work for some definite purpose and use, than to take in hand and complete anything existing for its own sake, and therefore requiring greater perfection; he was therefore always ready and willing to help when the publishers needed large or small copper-plates for any work; thus the vignettes to Winckelmann's first writings were etched by him. But he often made only very sketchy drawings, which Geyser knew very well how to adapt to his purpose. His figures invariably had something universal, not to say ideal, in character. His women were pleasing and attractive, his children *naïve* enough; only with his men he was unsuccessful; his treatment, though clever, was indistinct, and at the same time sketchy, and so for the most part made them look like *Lazzaroni*. Since he designed his compositions less with regard to form than to light, shade, and grouping, the general effect was good; as indeed all that he did and produced was invested with a peculiar grace. At the same time, he neither could nor would control an inborn love for the significant and the allegorical—for what lies below the surface; and so his works always furnished food for reflection, and owed their artistic unity to some underlying conception, though faulty in art and execution. This tendency, which is always dangerous, frequently led him to the very bounds of good taste, if not beyond them. He often sought to attain his ends by the oddest devices, and by whimsical jests; indeed, his best works always have a touch of humour. If the public were not always satisfied with such things, he would avenge himself by some new and even

wilder drollery. Thus, at a later date, he exhibited in the ante-room of the great concert-hall an ideal female figure, in his own style, raising a pair of snuffers to a taper, and he was extraordinarily delighted when he had caused a dispute as to whether this singular muse meant to snuff the light or to extinguish it, whereupon he seized the opportunity for banteringly suggesting all sorts of ridiculous possibilities.

But the building of the new theatre, in my time, caused the greatest sensation ; and Oeser's curtain in it, when still quite new, had certainly an uncommonly charming effect. He had transferred the Muses from the clouds, upon which they usually hover on such occasions, and set them upon the earth. The statues of Sophocles and Aristophanes, around whom all the modern dramatic writers were assembled, adorned a vestibule to the Temple of Fame. Here, too, the goddesses of the arts had their places, and the whole was dignified and beautiful. But now comes the odd part ! Through the open centre was seen the portal of the distant temple, and a man in a light jerkin was making his way between the two above-mentioned groups, without troubling himself about them, directly towards the temple ; it was therefore his back that was seen, and there was nothing particularly striking about the figure. Now this man was to represent Shakspeare, who, without predecessors or followers, unconcerned as to models, pursued his own way to immortality. This work was executed in the great loft over the new theatre. We often assembled round him there, and it was there that I read aloud to him the proof-sheets of *Musarion*.

As to myself, I made no progress at all in the practical side of art. His instruction influenced our mind and our taste ; but his own drawing was too undecided to point me to a correct and definite style, seeing that I was only groping my way among the objects of art and nature. Of faces and bodies he gave us rather the aspect than the forms, rather the postures than the proportions. He gave us an idea of the figures, and desired that we should realize them for ourselves. That would have been right and proper if he had not had only beginners before him. Though, on this account it might be denied that he possessed a pre-eminent talent for instruction, on the other hand it was

acknowledged that he was very discreet and politic, and that a happy adroitness of mind qualified him very peculiarly for a teacher in a higher sense. The deficiencies under which each one laboured he saw clearly; but he disdained to reprove them directly, and rather hinted his praise and censure indirectly and very laconically. One was thus compelled to think the matter over, and rapidly advanced in judgment. Thus, for instance, I had very carefully drawn a nosegay on blue paper, after a copy in white and black chalk, and partly with the stump, partly by hatching, had tried to make the little picture stand out. After I had been labouring at it for a long time, once he came behind me and said: "More paper!" and immediately withdrew. My neighbour and I puzzled our heads as to what this could mean: for my bouquet, on a large half-sheet, had plenty of space round it. After we had reflected a long while, we thought that we had at last discovered his meaning, when we noticed that by working the black and the white together, I had quite covered up the blue ground, had destroyed the middle tint, and, in fact, had with great industry produced a disagreeable drawing. For the rest, he did not fail to give us adequate instruction in perspective, and in light and shade, but always in such a way that we had to exert ourselves and cudgel our brains to find the application of the principles he gave us. Probably his aim with regard to us who did not intend to become artists, was only to form our judgment and taste, and to make us acquainted with the requisites of a work of art, without going so far as to require that we should produce one. Since, moreover, application was not my talent (for nothing gave me pleasure except what came to me at once), by degrees I became, if not lazy, at any rate discouraged, and as to know is less trouble than to do, I was quite content to follow wherever he chose to lead us after his own fashion.

At this time the *Lives of the Painters*, by D'Argenville, was translated into German; I obtained it when quite new, and studied it assiduously. This seemed to please Oeser, and he procured us an opportunity of seeing many a portfolio out of the great Leipzig collections, and thus introduced us to the history of art. But even these exercises produced in me an effect different from that which he

probably had in mind. The manifold subjects which I saw treated by artists awakened the poetic talent in me, and just as an engraving is made to illustrate a poem, in the same way I now made poems to the engravings and drawings, by imagining the personages introduced in them in their previous and subsequent condition, and sometimes by composing a little song which might have suited them ; and thus I accustomed myself to consider the arts in connection with each other. Even my mistakes, in often making my poems descriptive, were of use to me subsequently, when I attained to greater discretion, by making me attentive to the differences between the arts. Of such little things many were in the collection which Behrisch had arranged ; but there is nothing left of them now.

The atmosphere of art and taste in which Oeser lived, and into which one was drawn, provided one visited him frequently, was made the more valuable and delightful, by the fact that he was fond of remembering departed or absent persons with whom he had been, or still continued to be, in connection ; for if he had once accorded anyone his esteem, he remained unchanged in his attitude towards him, and always showed himself equally friendly.

After we had heard CAYLUS extolled as pre-eminent among Frenchmen, he also made us acquainted with Germans who had done good work in this department. Thus we learned that Professor CHRIST had rendered valuable service to art as an amateur, collector, connoisseur, and colleague ; and had applied his learning to its advancement. HEINECKE, on the contrary, was not deserving of honourable mention, partly because he devoted himself too assiduously to the all too childish beginnings of German art, which Oeser esteemed lightly, partly because he had once treated Winckelmann shabbily, which could never be forgiven him. Our attention, however, was earnestly directed to the work of LIPPERT, and our instructor knew how to set forth his merits plainly. "For," he said, "although statues and larger groups of sculpture remain the foundation and the summit of all knowledge of art, yet, whether originals or casts, they are seldom to be seen ; on the other hand, Lippert has opened up a little world of gems, in which the more obvious merit of the ancients, their happy

invention, judicious composition, tasteful treatment, are brought out more clearly and intelligibly, while, from the great number of them, comparison is much more possible." While we were using every opportunity for studying these treasures, our attention was directed to WINCKELMANN'S lofty devotion to art in Italy, and we handled his earliest writings with reverence; for Oeser had a passionate admiration for him, which he easily instilled into us. It is true, we failed to decipher the problematical part of those little treatises, which were, besides, made obscure by their irony, and referred to very special opinions and events; but as Oeser's influence was traceable in them, and as he constantly preached to us the gospel of the beautiful, and still more of the tasteful and the pleasing, we were able to discover the general drift, and had the more confidence in the justice of our interpretation, in view of our great good fortune in filling our pitchers at the same fountain from which Winckelmann had first allayed his thirst.

No greater good fortune can befall a city, than when a number of cultivated men, of like mind in what is good and right, live together in it. Leipzig had this advantage, and enjoyed it the more peacefully, as so many divergences of opinion had not yet manifested themselves. HUBER, a print collector, and an experienced connoisseur, had besides the recognized merit of having determined to make the worth of German literature known to the French; KREUCHAUF, an amateur with a practised eye, who, as a friend of the whole artistic society of Leipzig, was entitled to regard all collections as his own; WINKLER, who loved to share with others the intelligent delight which he took in his treasures, and many more belonging to the same circle, all lived and laboured with one feeling; and often as I was permitted to be present when they examined works of art, I do not remember that a dispute ever arose: the school from which the artist had proceeded, the time in which he lived, the peculiar talent which nature had bestowed on him, and the degree of excellence attained in his work, were always fairly considered. There was no prejudice in favour of religious or of secular subjects, in favour of rural or of urban scenes, in favour of animate or inanimate nature; the question was always artistic truth.

Now although by situation, modes of thought, abilities, and opportunities, these amateurs and collectors inclined chiefly to the Dutch school, yet, while training their eyes to recognize the endless merits of the artists of the north-west, a look of reverential longing was always turned towards the south-east.

And so the university, where I disregarded the intentions of my family and my own as well, laid the foundation of what afterwards afforded me the greatest satisfaction of my life; the memory of those places, too, in which I received such lasting stimulus, has always remained to me most dear and precious. The old Pleissenburg, the rooms of the Academy, but, above all, the abode of Oeser, and no less the collections of Winkler and Richter, still live vividly before me.

But a young man who, while older persons are conversing with each other on subjects already familiar to them, is only given incidental hints and receives no assistance in the most difficult task of reducing what he hears to order, inevitably finds himself in a very uncomfortable position. I therefore, as well as others, looked longingly for some new light, which eventually came to us from a man to whom we owed so much already.

The mind is susceptible of true pleasure from two sources, perception and conception. But the former demands a worthy object, which is not always at hand, and an adequate degree of culture, which one may not have attained. Conception, on the other hand, requires only receptivity; it brings its subject-matter with it, and is itself a means of culture. Hence the beam of light shed upon us through dark clouds by the greatest of thinkers was most welcome to us. One must be a young man to realize the effect which Lessing's *Laocoon* produced upon us, by transporting us out of the region of meagre perception into the open fields of thought. The so long misunderstood *ut pictura poesis* was quelled once for all, the difference between plastic and literary art * was made clear, the summits of the two now stood out distinctly, however closely their bases might border on each other. The plastic artist ought not to overstep the limits of the beautiful, even if the literary

* "Bildende und redende Kunst."

artist, who cannot dispense with the significant in any form, is permitted to roam beyond them. The former appeals to the external senses, which are satisfied only by the beautiful; the latter to the imagination, which is capable of reconciling itself to the ugly. All the consequences of this splendid thought were illumined to us as by a lightning flash; all the criticism which had hitherto offered guidance and passed judgment was cast aside like a worn-out coat; we considered ourselves freed from all evil, and thought ourselves justified in looking down with a certain compassion upon the sixteenth century—the sixteenth century in other respects so splendid—in which life was represented by German sculpture and poetry only in the guise of a fool jingling his bells, death in the hideous shape of a rattling skeleton, and the inevitable and accidental evils of the world under the image of a grotesque devil.

We were charmed most of all with the beauty of the thought, that the ancients had recognized death as the brother of sleep, and, as becomes Menæchmi, had represented them so like one another as to be indistinguishable. Now for the first time we could do high honour to the triumph of the beautiful, and relegate the ugly of every kind to the low sphere of the ridiculous in the kingdom of art, seeing it is impossible to banish it entirely from the world.

The splendour of such vital and fundamental conceptions is only apparent to the mind which is stirred by their infinite fruitfulness, and likewise only to the age in which, in response to its longing, they appear at the right moment. Then those who stand in need of such spiritual sustenance, gladly live upon it during whole periods of their lives, and rejoice in a marvellous growth; meanwhile, there are others who forthwith set themselves against such an influence, and others who afterwards haggle about and cavil at its high meaning.

But as conception and perception mutually require each other, I could not long continue to make practical use of these new ideas, without conceiving an insatiable longing to see for once a considerable number of these great works of art. I therefore determined to visit Dresden without delay. I was not in want of the necessary cash; but there were other difficulties in my way, which I increased needlessly through

my foolish fancies ; for I kept my purpose a secret from everyone, because I wished to contemplate the treasures of art there quite independently, and was determined that no one should interfere with me. Besides this, so simple a matter was complicated by still another eccentricity.

We have weaknesses, both by birth and by education, and it may be questioned which of the two gives us the most trouble. Willingly as I made myself familiar with all sorts of conditions, and many as had been my inducements to do so, an excessive aversion to all inns had nevertheless been instilled into me by my father. This feeling had become rooted in him on his travels through Italy, France, and Germany. Although he seldom used figurative language, and only had recourse to it when he was in a very good temper, yet he used often to repeat that he always fancied he saw a great cobweb stretched across the gate of an inn, so ingeniously that insects could fly in, but even the privileged wasps could not fly out again unfleeced. It seemed to him horrible, that one should be obliged to pay immoderately for renouncing one's habits and all that made life pleasant, and living as the innkeeper and waiters chose. He praised the hospitality of olden times, and, in spite of his usual dislike to anything unusual in the house, he yet practised hospitality, especially towards artists and virtuosi ; thus our friend Seekatz always took up his quarters with us, and Abel, the last musician to handle the *viol di gamba* with success and applause, was kindly received and entertained. With such early impressions, which as yet nothing had obliterated, how could I make up my mind to set foot in an inn in a strange city ? Nothing would have been easier than to find a lodging with good friends. Hofrat Krebel, Assessor Hermann, and others had often suggested it ; but even to these my trip was to remain a secret, and I hit upon a most singular notion. My next-room neighbour, the industrious theologian, whose eyes unfortunately constantly grew weaker, had a relation in Dresden, a shoemaker, with whom from time to time he corresponded. For a long while this man had interested me greatly on account of his expressions of opinion, and the arrival of one of his letters was always celebrated by us as an event. The mode in which he replied to the lamentations of his cousin, who

feared blindness, was quite peculiar ; for he did not trouble about grounds for consolation, which are always hard to find ; but the cheerful way in which he regarded his own narrow, poverty-stricken, toilsome life, the mirth which he derived even from ills and hardships, the indestructible conviction that life is in itself a blessing, communicated itself to the reader of the letter, and, for the moment at least, transported him into a like mood. In my enthusiasm I had often sent polite messages to this man, extolled his happy disposition, and expressed the wish to make his acquaintance. All this being premised, nothing seemed to me more natural than that I should seek him out, converse with him, nay, lodge with him, and get to know him intimately. My good theologian, after some opposition, gave me a laboriously written letter to take with me, and, full of eager expectation, I drove to Dresden in the yellow coach, with my credentials in my pocket.

I looked for my shoemaker, and soon found him in a suburb of the town. He received me in a friendly manner, sitting upon his stool, and said smiling, after he had read the letter, " I see from this, young Sir, that you are a funny Christian." " How so, master ? " I replied. " No offence meant by ' funny,' " he continued ; " one calls everyone so who is not consistent with himself ; and I call you a funny Christian because you acknowledge yourself a follower of our Lord in one thing, but not in another." On my requesting him to enlighten me, he said further : " It seems that your intention is to announce glad tidings to the poor and lowly ; that is good, and this imitation of the Lord is praiseworthy. But you should reflect besides, that he preferred to sit down to table with rich and prosperous folks, where there was good fare, and that he himself did not despise the sweet scent of the ointment, of which you will find the opposite in my house."

This merry beginning put me at once in good-humour, and we rallied each other for some time. His wife stood in perplexity as to how she should board and lodge such a guest. On this point, too, he had happy ideas, and alluded not only to the Bible, but also to *Gottfried's Chronicle*, and when it was agreed that I should stay, I gave my purse, as it was, into the charge of my hostess, and requested her to

furnish herself from it, if anything should be necessary. When he would have declined it, and somewhat waggishly gave me to understand that he was not so burnt out as he might appear, I disarmed him by saying, "Even if it were only to change water into wine, such an approved domestic expedient would not be out of place, since miracles do not happen now-a-days." The hostess seemed to find my conduct less and less strange; we had soon adapted ourselves to one another, and spent a very merry evening. He remained always the same, because there was but one source of all his conduct. He possessed sound common-sense, based upon a cheerful disposition, and he delighted in uniform accustomed activity. Incessant labour was a prime necessity to him; the fact that he regarded all else of secondary importance, preserved his peace of mind; and I felt bound to accord him a high place in the class of those who are called practical philosophers, unconscious sages.

The hour when the gallery was to open, which I had awaited with impatience, arrived. I entered this sanctum, and my astonishment surpassed all previous conception. This salon, memorable in itself, in which splendour and cleanliness reigned together with the deepest stillness, the dazzling frames, all nearer to the time in which they had been gilded, the polished floor, the rooms entered by spectators more frequently than by copyists,—all imparted a feeling of solemnity, unique of its kind, which resembled the sensation with which one enters a church, all the more as the adornments of so many a temple, the objects of so much adoration, were to be seen set up here, solely for the sacred purposes of art. I put up with the cursory description of my guide; only I requested that I might be allowed to remain in the outer gallery. Here, to my delight, I felt myself completely at home. I had already seen the works of several of the artists, others I knew from engravings, others by name. I did not conceal my knowledge, and thus inspired my guide with some confidence; as a matter of fact, the rapture which I expressed at pieces in which the brush had gained the victory over nature, delighted him; for these were the works which principally attracted me, where the comparison with nature as we know it must necessarily enhance the value of art.

When I returned to my shoemaker's house for dinner, I could scarcely believe my eyes; for I seemed to see before me a picture of Ostade's, so perfect that it needed only to be hung in the gallery. The position of the objects, the light, the shadow, the brownish tint of the whole, the magical harmony, everything that one admires in those pictures, I saw here in reality. It was the first time that I recognized with such clearness the faculty which I afterwards exercised with more consciousness, namely, that of seeing nature with the eyes of this or that artist, whose works I had just studied with particular attention. This faculty has afforded me much enjoyment, but has also increased the desire to devote myself eagerly from time to time to the exercise of a talent which nature seemed to have denied me.

I visited the gallery at all permitted hours, and continued to express too loudly my ecstasy at many delightful works. I thus frustrated my praiseworthy intention of remaining unknown and unnoticed; and whereas only one of the under-curators had hitherto attended to me, the director of the gallery, Counsellor RIEDEL, now took notice of me, and directed my attention to many things which seemed to lie particularly within my sphere. I found this excellent man just as energetic and obliging then as during many years of intercourse at a later date, and as he shows himself to this day. His image has become so closely interwoven in my mind with those treasures of art, that I can never think of the two apart; the remembrance of him went with me even to Italy, where, in many large and rich collections, his presence would have been very highly valued.

Since, even amid strangers and unknown persons, it is impossible to gaze on works such as these in silence and without an interchange of sympathy, nay, since the sight of them is pre-eminently adapted to open the heart towards others, I there entered into conversation with a young man apparently a resident in Dresden, and a member of some embassy. He invited me to come in the evening to an inn where lively company was wont to meet, and where, by paying a moderate reckoning, some very pleasant hours might be passed.

I repaired thither, but did not find the company;

and the waiter somewhat surprised me when he delivered the compliments of the gentleman who had made the appointment with me, with an excuse for coming somewhat later, and the message that I was not to take offence at anything that might occur; also, that I should have nothing to pay beyond my own score. I did not know what to make of these words; but my father's cobwebs came into my head, and I made up my mind to be prepared for whatever might befall. The company assembled, my acquaintance introduced me, and it did not take long to discover that the business in hand was the mystification of a young man, who showed himself a novice by arrogant and conceited behaviour; I was, therefore, very much on my guard, lest they should see good to select me as his fellow. At table their intention became more obvious to everybody, except to the person chiefly concerned. They drank deeper and deeper, and when a toast in honour of sweethearts was proposed, everyone solemnly swore that those glasses should never be drunk out of again; they flung them behind them; and this was the signal for far greater follies. At last I withdrew, very quietly, and the waiter, while presenting a very moderate reckoning, requested me to come again, as there were not such wild goings-on every evening. It was a long way to my lodgings, and it was near midnight when I reached them. I found the doors unlocked, everybody was in bed, and one lamp illuminated the simple interior, where my eye, more and more practised, immediately perceived one of the most beautiful pictures by Schalken; I could not shake off the impression, which therefore banished all sleep.

The few days of my stay in Dresden were devoted exclusively to the picture-gallery. The antiques still stood in the pavilions in the great garden, but I refused to see them, as well as all the other treasures which Dresden contained; as I was but too fully convinced that much of and in the collection of paintings must inevitably still remain unexplored. Thus I chose to take the excellence of the Italian masters on trust, rather than pretend to any insight into them. What I could not regard as nature, put in the place of nature, and compare with some well-known object, made no appeal to me. It is the impression derived from the

objects depicted which constitutes the first step towards the more advanced stages in the cultivation of art.

With my shoemaker I lived on very good terms. He was witty and versatile enough, and we often outvied each other in merry quips; nevertheless, a man who thinks himself happy, and desires others to do the same, makes us discontented; indeed, the repetition of such sentiments produces weariness. I found myself well occupied, entertained, excited, but by no means happy; and the shoes from his last would not fit me. We parted, however, as the best of friends; and even my hostess, when I left, was not dissatisfied with me.

Shortly before my departure, something else very pleasant was to happen to me. By the mediation of that same young man, who wished to regain credit with me, I was introduced to the Director Von Hagedorn, who most kindly showed me his collection, and was highly delighted with the enthusiasm of the young lover of art. He himself, as becomes a connoisseur, was absolutely in love with the pictures which he possessed, and therefore seldom found in others an interest to equal his own. It caused him particular joy that I was extraordinarily pleased with a picture by Schwanefeld, and that I never tired of praising and extolling it in every single detail; for it was precisely landscapes which reminded me of the beautiful clear sky under which I had grown up, the luxuriant flora of those spots, and whatever other favours a warm climate affords to man, that appealed to me most when reproduced by art, and awakened in me a longing remembrance.

The delight of these experiences, preparing both mind and sense for true art, was nevertheless interrupted and subdued by one of the most melancholy sights, namely, the ruined and desolate condition of so many streets of Dresden through which I took my way. The *Mohrenstrasse* in ruins, and the *Kreuzkirche* (Church of the Cross), with its shattered tower, impressed themselves deeply upon me, and still stand like a gloomy spot in my imagination. From the cupola of the *Frauenkirche* (Church of Our Lady) I saw these pitiable ruins standing here and there in the midst of the well-ordered city. It was here that the verger commended the art of the architect, who had constructed church and

cupola in view of so undesirable a contingency, and had built them bomb-proof. He then pointed out to me the ruins on all sides, and said with laconic significance, "*That was done by the enemy!*"

So, at last, though unwillingly, I returned to Leipzig, and found my friends, who were not used to such vagaries in me, in great astonishment, busied with all sorts of conjectures as to what might be the import of my mysterious journey. When hereupon I duly told them my story, they declared it was a made-up tale, and sagaciously tried to get at the bottom of the riddle which I had waggishly concealed under my shoemaker-lodgings.

But could they have looked into my heart, they would have discovered no waggery there; for the truth of that old proverb, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," had made itself felt in me with all its force; and the more I struggled to arrange and assimilate what I had seen, the less I succeeded. I had at last to content myself to silently await the after-effects. Ordinary life engulfed me again, and in the end I felt myself quite contented when friendly intercourse, increase in knowledge suitable for me, and a certain acquired skill of hand, occupied me in a manner less important, but more in accordance with my strength.

Very pleasant and wholesome for me was the connection which I formed with the Breitskopf family. BERNHARD CHRISTOPH BREITKOPF, the real founder of the family, who had come to Leipzig as a poor journeyman printer, was still alive, and occupied the Golden Bear, a substantial building in the new Newmarket, with Gottsched as an inmate. The son, Johann Gottlob Immanuel, had been long married, and was the father of several children. They thought they could not spend a part of their considerable wealth more suitably than by erecting a large new house opposite the first one, called the Silver Bear, and built on a larger and more extensive scale than the original house. It was just at the time of the building that I became acquainted with the family. The eldest son might have been some years older than I, a well-built young man, devoted to music, and a masterly player of both the piano and the violin. The second, a good, kindly fellow, also musical, gave life to the concerts which were often got up, no less than his elder brother. They were both

kindly disposed towards me, as were their parents and sisters. I lent them a helping-hand during the building and fitting up, the furnishing and moving in, and thus gained an insight into much that such a process entails; I also had an opportunity of seeing Oeser's instructions put in practice. In the new house, which I had seen grow up, I was a frequent visitor. We had many pursuits in common, and the eldest son set some of my songs to music, which, when printed, bore his name, but not mine, and were known to few. I have selected the best, and inserted them among my other little poems. The father had invented or perfected musical type. He permitted me the use of a fine library, which related principally to the origin and progress of printing, and thus I gained some knowledge in this subject. I found there, moreover, good copper-plates on classical subjects, and continued my studies in this direction also; they were further promoted by the circumstance that a considerable collection of casts had been disarranged in the moving. I rearranged them as well as I could, and in doing so was compelled to consult Lippert and other authorities. I asked a physician, Doctor REICHEL, likewise an inmate of the house, to prescribe for me from time to time when I felt, though not ill, yet unwell; and thus we led a quiet, pleasant life together.

I was now to enter into another sort of connection in this house; for the copper-plate engraver, Srock, moved into the attic. He was a native of Nuremberg, a very industrious man, and precise and methodical in his work. He also, like Geyser, engraved, after Oeser's designs, large and small plates, which were more and more in request for novels and poems. He etched very neatly, so that his work came out of the aquafortis almost finished, and but little touching-up remained to be done with the graver, which he handled very skilfully. He made an exact calculation how long a plate would take him, and nothing had power to call him from his work if he had not completed the daily task he had set himself. Thus he sat at a broad work-table, by the great gable-window, in a very clean and tidy chamber, where his wife and two daughters afforded him domestic society. Of these last, one is happily married, and the other is an excellent artist; they have continued my friends all my life

long. I now divided my time between the upper and lower storeys, and attached myself much to the man, who, in spite of his persistent industry, possessed an excellent sense of humour, and was good-nature itself.

The clear-cut style of this branch of art charmed me, and I associated with him with the intention of executing something of the kind. My predilection was again directed towards landscape, which, while it was my companion in my solitary walks, seemed in itself not unattainable, and more within the scope of works of art than the human figure, which I was afraid to attempt. Under his directions, therefore, I etched various landscapes after THIELE and others, which, although executed by an unpractised hand, were not ineffective, and were well received. The grounding of the plates, the putting in the high lights, the etching itself, and at last the biting with aquafortis, gave me variety of occupation, and I soon got so far that I could assist my master in various ways. I did not lack the attention necessary for the biting, and I seldom had a failure; but I had not the prudence to guard against the deleterious vapours generated in the process, and these may have contributed to the maladies which afterwards troubled me for a time. In the intervals, in order to leave nothing unattempted, I often made wood-cuts. I prepared various little printing-blocks after French patterns, and many of them were found useful.

Let me here make mention of some other men who resided in Leipzig, or stayed there for a short time. WEISSE, the custom-house collector of the district, in the prime of life, cheerful, friendly, and obliging, was loved and esteemed by us. We would not, indeed, allow that his theatrical pieces were absolute models, but we let ourselves be carried away by them, and his operas, set to music by Hiller in a facile manner, gave us much pleasure. SCHIEBLER, of Hamburg, followed in his steps; and his *Lisuart and Dariolette* likewise enjoyed our favour. ESCHENBURG, a handsome young man, but little older than ourselves, contrasted favourably with other students. ZACHARIÆ was pleased to spend some weeks with us, and by the introduction of his brother dined at the same table with us. We rightly deemed it an honour to gratify our guest in return, by a few

extra dishes, a richer dessert, and choicer wine ; for he was a tall, well-formed, comfort-loving man, who did not conceal a predilection for good eating. LESSING came at a time when I know not what possessed us ; we took it into our heads not to go anywhere on his account, nay, even to avoid the places he visited, probably because we thought ourselves too good to stand at a distance, and could make no claims to a closer intimacy with him. This momentary folly, which, however, is not uncommon in the conceit and fancifulness of youth, proved, indeed, its own punishment in the sequel ; for I have never set eyes on that eminent man, whom I esteemed most highly.

But in all our efforts relating to art and antiquity, each of us always looked up to WINCKELMANN, whose ability received enthusiastic acknowledgment in his fatherland. We read his writings diligently, and tried to make ourselves acquainted with the circumstances under which he had written the first of them. We found in them many views which seemed to have originated with Oeser, even jests and fancies after his fashion, and we did not rest until we had formed some idea of the occasion which had given birth to these remarkable and sometimes enigmatical writings ; at the same time, our investigations were not very accurate, for youth prefers stimulus to instruction, and it was not the last time that I was to be indebted to Sibylline books for an important step forward in my development.

It was then a good time for literature, when eminent men were still treated with respect, although the disputes of Klotz and Lessing's controversies indicated that this epoch would soon close. Winckelmann enjoyed universal, unquestioned veneration, and it is known how sensitive he was with regard to any public expression of opinion which did not seem commensurate with his conscious dignity. All the periodical publications joined in his praise, the better class of tourists quitted him instructed and enraptured, and the new views which he advanced found their way into science and life. The Prince of Dessau had won for himself a similar regard. Young, tight-minded, and magnanimous, on his travels and at other times he had shown himself worthy of love and esteem. Winckelmann was greatly charmed with him, and, whenever he mentioned him, loaded

him with the most complimentary epithets. The laying out of a park, unique in its time, the taste for architecture, which von Erdmannsdorf assisted by practical effort, all spoke in favour of a prince, who, while he was a shining example to his fellow-men, gave promise of a golden age for his servants and subjects. We young people now learned with rejoicings that Winckelmann was about to return from Italy, visit his princely friend, call on Oeser by the way, and so come within our sphere of vision. We could lay no claim to speak with him, but we hoped to see him; and as at that time of life every occasion is seized for organizing a pleasure-party, we had already arranged a ride and drive to Dessau, where, in a beautiful spot, made glorious by art, happy in its government and natural scenery, we determined to lie in wait now at this point, now at that, in the hopes of seeing with our own eyes those men so far above us, as they walked about. Oeser himself was quite elated at the mere thought, and the news of Winckelmann's death fell upon us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I still remember the place where I first heard it; it was in the court of the Pleissenburg, not far from the little gate through which we used to go up to Oeser's residence. One of my fellow-pupils met me and told me that we could not see Oeser, with the reason why. This dreadful event* made a profound impression; there was universal mourning and lamentation, and Winckelmann's untimely death accentuated the attention paid to the value of his life. Perhaps, indeed, the influence of his work, if it had been continued to a more advanced age, might not have been so great as it now was, when like many other extraordinary men, fate marked him out by a strange and hideous end.

While I was feeling a boundless grief at the death of Winckelmann, it did not occur to me that I should soon be in a state of apprehension for my own life: for, during all these events, my bodily condition had not taken the most favourable turn. I had brought with me from home a certain tendency to hypochondria, which, in this new sedentary and lounging life, was strengthened rather than diminished. The pain in my breast, which I had felt from time to time ever since the accident at Auerstädt, and

* Winckelmann was assassinated.—*Trans.*

which had perceptibly increased after a fall from horseback, made me dejected. By an unfortunate diet I destroyed my powers of digestion; the heavy Merseburg beer clouded my brain; the coffee, which produced a peculiar depression, especially when taken with milk after dinner, paralyzed my bowels, and seemed completely to suspend their functions, so that I experienced great uneasiness on this account, without having sufficient resolution to adopt a more rational mode of life. My spirits, sustained by ample youthful strength, fluctuated between the extremes of unrestrained gaiety and melancholy discomfort. Besides this, the epoch of the cold water bath, enjoined on all unconditionally, had just begun. One was told to sleep on a hard bed, only lightly covered, and by this means all the usual perspiration was suppressed. These and other follies, in consequence of some misunderstood suggestions of Rousseau, would, it was promised, bring us nearer to nature, and deliver us from the corruption of morals. Now, all these practices, adopted without discrimination, and with foolish inconsistency, were found by many to have the most injurious consequences, and I goaded what had been in the first instance a sound constitution to such a degree, that the particular organs contained in it were at last forced to break out into conspiracy and revolution, in order to save the whole.

One night I awoke with a violent hæmorrhage, and had just strength and presence of mind enough to waken my neighbour in the next room. Dr. Reichel was called in, who assisted me in the kindest manner; and for many days I hovered betwixt life and death; and even the joy of subsequent improvement was embittered by the circumstance that, during the hæmorrhage, a swelling had formed on the left side of the neck, which they only found time to notice after the danger was past. Recovery is, however, always pleasant and delightful, even though progress is slow and painful; and since nature had asserted herself in me, I seemed to have become another man: for I had gained a greater cheerfulness of mind than I had known for a long time, and I was rejoiced to feel my inner self set free, although externally a lengthy illness threatened me.

But what particularly revived me at this time was to

see how many eminent men had, undeservedly, given me their affection. Undeservedly, I say; for there was not one among them whom I had not troubled by my tiresome vagaries, not one whom I had not more than once wounded by a morbid spirit of contradiction, and whom I had not stubbornly avoided for a time, from a consciousness of my own misbehaviour. All this was forgotten; they treated me in the most affectionate manner, and sought to amuse and divert me, either in my chamber or elsewhere, as soon as I could leave it. They drove out with me, entertained me at their country-houses, and I seemed to recover rapidly.

Among these friends I name first of all Doctor HERMANN, then senator, afterwards burgomaster of Leipzig. He was one of the fellow-boarders to whom Schlosser had introduced me, the one with whom I always kept up the same unchanging connection. He was probably the most industrious of our academical fellow-citizens. He attended his lectures with the greatest regularity, and his private industry never flagged. Step by step, without the slightest deviation from his course, I saw him attain his Doctor's degree, and then rise to the assessorship, without any sign of undue effort, or of his having ever hurried or been behindhand in anything. The gentleness of his character attracted me, his instructive conversation held me; indeed I really believe that I took delight in his well-ordered industry, chiefly because I hoped, by recognizing and valuing it, to appropriate to myself at least in some degree a virtue of which I could by no means boast.

He was just as methodical in the exercise of his talents and the enjoyment of his pleasures as in his business. He played the harpsichord with great skill, drew from nature with feeling, and stimulated me to do the same; accordingly I used to sketch, in his manner, on grey paper and with black and white chalk, many a willow-plot on the Pleisse, and many a lovely nook of those still waters, and at the same time indulged my longing fancies. He knew how to respond to my sometimes comical humour with merry jests, and I remember many pleasant hours spent together when he invited me, with mock solemnity, to a *tête-à-tête* supper, where, with some dignity, by the light of wax candles, we would discuss a so-called council-hare, which had found its

way into his kitchen as a perquisite of his office, and were wont to season the viands and heighten the spirit of the wine with jokes after the manner of Behrisch. This excellent man, who is still active in the fulfilment of his important duties, rendered me the most faithful assistance during a disease, of which there had, indeed, been indications, but the seriousness of which was unforeseen ; he bestowed every leisure hour upon me, and succeeded in cheering the gloomy moment with memories of former happy times. For all this I still owe him the sincerest thanks, and rejoice that after so long a time I can give them publicly.

Besides this dear friend, GROENING of Bremen particularly interested himself in me. I had made his acquaintance only a short time before, and first discovered his good feeling towards me during my misfortune ; I felt the value of this kindness the more warmly, as people are not apt to seek intimate relations with invalids. He shunned no sacrifice to give me pleasure, to distract me from musing on my situation, to hold up before me the promise of recovery and a healthy activity in the immediate future. How often have I rejoiced, as life advanced, to hear how this excellent man has shown himself useful, and a blessing to his native city in the weightiest transactions !

It was now, too, that my friend HORN gave unceasing proof of his love and attention. The whole Breitkopf household, the Stock family, and many others, treated me like a near relative ; and thus, through the good-will of so many friendly persons, I was kept in the kindest way from realizing my condition.

In this connection I must, however, make more detailed mention of a man, whose acquaintance I first made at this time, and whose instructive conversation so far blinded me to the miserable state in which I was, that I actually forgot it. This was LANGER, afterwards librarian at Wolfenbüttel. Eminently learned and well informed, he delighted in my voracious hunger for knowledge, which, with the irritability of sickness, now showed itself with feverish intensity. He tried to calm me by perspicuous summaries, and I owe much to his acquaintance, short as it was, since he knew how to guide me in various ways, and showed me what to aim at in my present state. I found myself the more obliged to this distinguished

man, as my intercourse exposed him to some danger: for when he succeeded Behrisch as tutor to the young Count Lindenau, the father of the latter made it an express condition with the new Mentor that he should have no intercourse with me. Curious to become acquainted with such a dangerous subject, he frequently found means of meeting me indirectly. I soon gained his affection, and he, more prudent than Behrisch, called for me by night; we went walking together, conversed on interesting topics, and at last I accompanied him to the very door of his mistress; for even this externally severe, grave, scientific man had not kept free from the toils of a very amiable lady.

For some time past I had not concerned myself with German literature, nor with my own poetical undertakings, and as usually happens in such self-planned educational courses, I again reverted to the beloved ancients, who still, like distant blue mountains, distinct in their outlines and grouping, but indistinguishable in their details and mutual relations, bounded the horizon of my intellectual aspirations. I made an exchange with Langer, in which I played the part of both Glaucus and Diomedes; I supplied him with whole baskets of German poets and critics, and received in return a number of Greek authors, the reading of which was to give me recreation, even during the most tedious convalescence.

The confidence which new friends repose in each other usually develops by degrees. Common occupations and pursuits are the first things in which mutual agreement shows itself; then generally follows the communication of past and present passions, especially of love affairs; but a profounder depth must be reached if the relation is to be perfected; the religious sentiments, the feelings of the heart which relate to the eternal, are what form the basis of a friendship as well as crown its highest point.

The Christian religion was wavering between its own historically positive basis and a pure deism, which, based on morality, was in its turn to lay the foundation of ethics. The diversity of characters and modes of thought here showed itself in infinite gradations, especially since a fundamental difference made itself felt when the question arose as to what share the reason, and what share the

feelings could and should have in such convictions. The most wide-awake and intelligent men, in this instance, resembled butterflies, who, quite forgetful of their caterpillar state, cast aside the chrysalis-wrapping in which they have grown to organic perfection. Others, more loyal and modest in their attitude, might be compared to flowers, which, although they unfold in the fairest blossoms, yet do not wrest themselves from the root, from the mother stalk, nay, rather bring the hoped-for fruit to maturity by their very connection with what gave them birth. Of this latter class was Langer; for, although a learned man, and extremely well-read, he would yet give the Bible a peculiar pre-eminence over other writings which have come down to us, and regarded it as a document from which alone we could prove our moral and spiritual descent. He belonged to those who cannot conceive an immediate relation to the great God of the universe; a mediation, therefore, was necessary for him, an analogy to which he thought to discover everywhere in earthly and heavenly things. His discourse, which was pleasing and consistent, easily gained a hearing from a young man who, cut off from worldly things by troublesome illness, was very ready to turn the activity of his mind towards heavenly things. Believing firmly in the Bible, as I did, all that was wanted was the faith to regard as divine that which I had hitherto valued from a human point of view. It was the easier for me to gain this faith, since on my first acquaintance with the book I had held it to be divine. To a sufferer, to one who felt himself weak, nay, feeble, the gospel came as a welcome friend, and even though Langer, with all his faith, was a very sensible man, and insisted that one ought not to be dominated by one's feelings, nor let oneself be led into fanaticism, I should have found it difficult to occupy myself with the New Testament without emotion and enthusiasm.

In such conversations we spent much time, and he regarded me as a loyal and well-prepared proselyte with so much affection, that he did not scruple to devote to me many of the hours intended for his fair one, and even to run the risk of being betrayed and looked upon unfavourably by his patron, like Behrisch. I returned his affection most gratefully; and if what he did for me would have been of value

at any time, I could not but regard it, in my present condition, as worthy of the highest honour.

But when the spiritual concord of our souls is most harmoniously attuned, the harsh, grating tones of the world are wont to break in upon us most rudely and violently, and the hidden contrast which exists at all times is felt all the more bitterly when it is suddenly brought to light ; thus I was not to be dismissed from the peripatetic school of my friend Langer without having first witnessed an event, strange at least for Leipzig, namely, a tumult caused by the students, and under the following pretext. Some young people had quarrelled with the city soldiers, and blows had been exchanged. Several students combined together to revenge the injuries inflicted. The soldiers resisted stubbornly, and the advantage did not rest with the very discontented academical citizens. It was now said that respectable persons had commended and rewarded the conquerors for their valiant resistance, and this gave a powerful stimulus to the youthful feelings of honour and revenge. It was publicly said that the next evening windows would be broken, and some friends who brought me word that this was actually taking place, were persuaded to accompany me to the spot, for young men and crowds are always attracted by danger and tumult. There began a really strange spectacle. The otherwise empty street was lined on one side with men who, without noise or movement, were quietly waiting to see what would happen. About a dozen young fellows were walking singly up and down the empty thoroughfare, apparently with the greatest composure, but as soon as they came opposite the marked house, they threw stones at the windows as they passed by, and did so repeatedly as they walked backwards and forwards, till no panes were left to rattle. In the same quiet way in which all this had been done, all at last dispersed, and the affair had no further consequences.

With these university exploits still ringing in my ears, I left Leipzig in the September of 1768, in a comfortable hired coach, and in the company of some dependable persons of my acquaintance. In the neighbourhood of Auerstädt I thought of my previous accident ; but I could not foresee the yet greater danger that was to threaten me from that quarter many years later ; just as little as in Gotha

where we were shown the castle, I could imagine as I stood in the great hall adorned with stucco figures, that so great favour and affection would be shown me on that very spot.

The nearer I approached my native city, the more I recalled with misgiving the circumstances, prospects, and hopes with which I had left home, and it was very depressing to feel that I was now returning like a shipwrecked mariner. Yet since I had nothing very much to reproach myself with, I became tolerably composed; however, the welcome was not without emotion. The great vivacity of my nature, stimulated and heightened by sickness, caused an impassioned scene. Perhaps I looked worse than I myself knew, as for a long time I had not consulted a looking-glass; and who does not become used to himself? At any rate, it was silently agreed that various communications should not be made all at once, and before all things I was to have both bodily and mental repose.

My sister at once became my companion, and, as from her letters previously, I could now learn from her lips the circumstances and state of the family, but with greater detail and accuracy. My father had, after my departure, concentrated his pedagogic mania upon my sister, and in a house the doors of which were closed to society, rendered secure by peace, and even cleared of lodgers, he had cut her off from almost all intercourse with or recreation in the outer world. She had by turns to work at French, Italian, and English, besides which he compelled her to practise a great part of the day on the harpsichord. Her writing also could not be neglected, and I had already noticed that he directed her correspondence with me, and had transmitted his teachings to me through her pen. My sister was, and remained, a being who defied analysis, the most singular mixture of sternness and gentleness, of stubbornness and complaisance, and these qualities asserted themselves, sometimes simultaneously, sometimes independently, at the dictates of will or affection. Thus she had, in a manner terrible to me, turned the hard side of her character towards her father, whom she could not forgive for having prevented or spoiled for her so many innocent joys during these three years, and she refused to recognize a single one of his good and excellent qualities. She did all that he commanded or

prescribed, but in the most unamiable manner in the world. She did it according to the usual routine, but not a bit more and not a bit less. She never made any concession from love or a desire to please, so that this was one of the first things of which my mother complained in a private conversation with me. But since love was as essential to my sister as to any human being, she expended all her affection upon me. Her care in nursing and entertaining me absorbed all her time ; her companions, who were dominated by her without her knowing it, had likewise to devise various amusements and consolations for me. She invented many ways of cheering me, and even developed germs of comical humour which I had never known in her, and which became her very well. We soon invented a secret language of our own, which enabled us to converse before anybody without their understanding us, and she often used this gibberish with great pertness in the presence of our parents.

My father, for his part, led a life of tolerable comfort. He was in good health, spent a great part of the day in the instruction of my sister, continued to write the description of his travels, and spent more time in tuning his lute than in playing on it. At the same time he concealed, as well as he could, his vexation at finding in the place of a robust, active son, prepared to take his degree and follow the career marked out for him, an invalid who seemed to suffer more in mind than in body. He made no secret of his wish that my cure should be hurried on as much as possible ; and, in particular, I had to be on my guard against hypochondriacal expressions in his presence, because they were apt to make him passionate and bitter.

My mother, by nature very lively and cheerful, led a very tedious life under these circumstances. Her small amount of housekeeping was soon done. The mind of the good lady, never unoccupied, craved some interest, and the subject closest at hand was religion, which she welcomed the more warmly as her best friends were cultivated and ardent worshippers of God. At the head of these stood FRÄULEIN VON KLETTENBERG. She is the same person whose conversations and letters were the source of the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," inserted in "Wilhelm Meister." She was delicately formed, of medium height ; an attractive, unaffected

manner had been rendered yet more pleasing by a knowledge of the forms of social and court life. Her very neat attire reminded one of the dress of the Moravians. Her serenity and peace of mind never deserted her. She looked upon her sickness as a necessary part of her transient earthly existence; she suffered with the greatest patience, and, in painless intervals, was animated and talkative. Her favourite, nay, indeed, perhaps her only topic, was the spiritual experiences which a thoughtful woman may trace in her own inner life; with these were connected religious feelings, which she discussed in a very graceful manner, nay, with genius, as either natural or supernatural. It scarcely needs more to remind those interested in such descriptions of that detailed delineation which had its origin in the very depths of her soul. Owing to the very peculiar course she had followed from her youth upwards, the distinguished rank in which she had been born and educated, and the vigour and originality of her mind, she was not in complete harmony with the other ladies who had entered upon the same path to salvation. Frau Griesbach, the chief of them, seemed too severe, too dry, too learned; she knew, thought, went further than the others, who had enough to do with the development of their feelings, and she was therefore a trial to them, because not everyone either could or would carry with her so extensive an equipment on the road to bliss. But for this reason there was a certain monotony about most of them, seeing that they exclusively used a peculiar terminology which might be compared to that of the later sentimentalists. Fräulein von Klettenberg steered her course between both extremes, and appeared to trace with some complacency a counterpart to herself in the figure of Count Zinzendorf, whose opinions and actions bore witness to high birth and distinguished rank. She now found in me what she needed, a spirited youth, striving after an unknown happiness, who, although not conscious of extraordinary sin, yet was not at his ease, and did not enjoy perfect health either of body or soul. She took pleasure in what nature had given me, as well as in much that I had acquired. And if she admitted my superiority in many ways, this was by no means humiliating to her: for, in the first place, she never thought of measuring herself with one of the opposite sex, and secondly,

she believed that in regard to religious culture she was very much in advance of me. She interpreted in her own way my disquiet, my impatience, my striving, my seeking and inquiry, my musing and wavering, and did not conceal from me her conviction, but assured me in plain terms, that all this proceeded from my having no reconciled God. Now I had believed from my youth upwards that I stood on very good terms with my God, nay, I even fancied to myself, in view of various experiences, that He might even be in arrears in His account with me ; and I was daring enough to think that I had something to forgive Him. This presumption was based on my infinite good intentions, which, it seemed to me, He should have assisted more actively. It may be imagined how often I and my friend fell into dispute on this subject, which, however, always terminated with absolute cordiality, and often, like my conversations with the old rector, with the remark, that I was a foolish fellow, and many allowances must be made for me.

I was much troubled with the swelling in my neck, as the physician and surgeon first decided to disperse the growth, afterwards, as they said, to bring it to a head, and at last to open it ; so for a considerable time I had to suffer more from inconvenience than pain, although towards the end of the cure, the continual application of nitrate of silver and other caustic substances made the prospect of every new day unwelcome. The physician and surgeon both belonged to the pious Separatists, although they were of very different temperaments. The surgeon, a slight, well-built man, with a light, skilful touch, unfortunately had consumptive tendencies, but endured his condition with truly Christian patience, and did not suffer his disease to interfere with his profession. The physician was a man hard to understand, sagacious-looking, kindly-spoken, and, moreover, very reserved, who had won unusual confidence in the pious circle. Active and attentive, he brought comfort to the sick ; but the chief means by which he extended his practice was by holding in reserve some mysterious medicines prepared by himself, of which no one might speak, since, with us, the physicians were strictly prohibited from making up their own prescriptions. About certain powders, perhaps some kind of digestive, he was not so reticent ; but that powerful salt,

which might not be applied except in the most dangerous cases, was mentioned only among believers, although not one of them had seen it or experienced its effects. In the hopes of arousing and confirming belief in the possibility of such a universal remedy, the physician, wherever he found any disposition to believe, had recommended certain chemico-alchemical books to his patients, and given them to understand that this treasure might be attained by personal study of them; this was the more essential, as the mode of its preparation could not be transmitted, both for physical and still more for moral reasons; nay, in order to comprehend, produce, and use this great discovery, the secrets of nature in their mutual relation must be known, since its nature was not particular but universal, and might in truth assume various forms and shapes. My friend had listened to these enticing words. The health of the body was too nearly allied to the health of the soul; and could a greater benefit, a greater mercy be shown towards others, than by making a remedy one's own by which so many sufferings could be assuaged, so many a danger averted? She had already secretly studied Welling's *Opus mago-cabalisticum*, but, because the author himself immediately obscures and quenches the light he imparts, she wished to find a friend to bear her company in this alternating light and darkness. It needed small effort to inoculate me also with this disease. I procured the work, which, like all writings of this kind, proclaimed its direct descent from the Neo-Platonic school. My first endeavour in connection with this book was to take accurate note of the dark hints by which the author refers from one passage to another, and promises to reveal in them what he conceals; and to mark down on the margin the number of the page where such passages as should explain each other were to be found. But even after this the book still remained dark and unintelligible; except that at last one became at home in a certain terminology, and, by using it according to one's own fancy, felt that one was at any rate saying, if not understanding, something. The work makes very honourable mention of its predecessors, and we were incited to investigate these sources for ourselves. We turned to the works of Theophrastus Paracelsus and Basilus Valentinus; as well as

to those of Helmont, Starkey, and others, whose doctrines and directions, based more or less on nature and imagination, we endeavoured to understand and follow out. I was particularly pleased with the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, in which nature, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, is represented in a beautiful combination ; and thus sometimes by ourselves, sometimes together, we employed much time on these curiosities, and spent the evenings of a long winter, during which I was compelled to keep my chamber, very agreeably, since we three, my mother being included, found more pleasure in these mysteries than we could have done in their elucidation.

In the meantime a very severe trial awaited me ; for a disturbed, and one might even say, in some respects, ruined digestion produced symptoms causing me to believe in great alarm that I should lose my life, and that none of the remedies applied would have any further effect. In this last extremity, my distressed mother constrained the embarrassed physician with the greatest vehemence to produce his universal medicine ; after long resistance, he hastened home at the dead of night, and returned with a little glass of dry crystallized salt, which was dissolved in water, and swallowed by the patient. It had a decidedly alkaline taste. The salt was scarcely taken than my condition appeared ameliorated, and from that moment the disease took a turn which, by degrees, led to my recovery. I need not say how greatly this strengthened and enhanced our faith in our physician and our efforts to make ourselves partakers of such a treasure.

My friend, who had neither parents nor brothers and sisters, and lived in a large, well-situated house, had before this taken steps to provide herself with a little air-furnace, alembics, and retorts of moderate size ; and, in accordance with the directions of Welling, and the express injunctions of our physician and master, made experiments principally on iron, in which the most healing powers were said to be concealed, if one only knew how to extract them ; and as the volatile salt which was to be employed figured largely in all the writings with which we were acquainted, alkalies were required in these operations. These alkalies, while evaporating in the air, were supposed to unite with those

super-terrestrial essences, and at last produce a mysterious and excellent neutral salt *per se*.

Scarcely was I in some measure recovered, and, favoured by the change in the season, able once more to occupy my old gable-chamber, than I also set to work to provide myself with a little apparatus. A small air-furnace with a sand-bath was prepared, and I very soon learned to change the glass retorts, with a piece of burning match-cord, into vessels in which the various mixtures were to be evaporated. Then the wonderful ingredients of the macrocosm and microcosm were subjected to strange mysterious treatment, and above all I attempted to produce neutral salts in an unheard-of way. But what engaged me most, for a long time, was the so-called *Liquor Silicum* (flint-juice), which is made by melting down pure quartz-flint with a proper proportion of alkali, whence results a transparent glass, which melts away on exposure to the air, and leaves a beautiful clear fluid. Whoever has once prepared this himself, and seen it with his own eyes, will not blame those who believe in a virgin earth, and in the possibility of producing further results from it and by it. I had acquired a peculiar dexterity in preparing this *Liquor Silicum*; the fine white flints which are found in the Main furnished a perfect material for it; and I lacked neither the other requisites, nor the needful diligence. But I grew weary at last, because I could not help noticing that the flinty substance was by no means so closely combined with the salt as I had imagined *a priori*, for it was very easily separated again, and this most beautiful mineral fluid, which, to my great astonishment, sometimes assumed the form of an animal jelly, always deposited a powder, which I was forced to pronounce the finest flint dust, but which gave not the slightest indication of anything productive in its nature, by which one might hope to see this virgin earth pass into the maternal state.

Strange and unconnected as these operations were, I yet learned many things from them. I paid strict attention to all the crystallizations that might occur, and became acquainted with the external forms of many natural substances, and inasmuch as I was aware that in modern times chemical subjects were treated with greater method, I wished to get a general conception of them, although, as a semi-

adept, I had very little respect for the apothecaries and all those who experimented with common fire. However, the chemical *Compendium* of Boerhave attracted me extremely, and led me to read several of his writings, and these (as my long illness had besides inclined me to medical subjects) furnished me with an inducement to study also this excellent man's *Aphorisms*, which I gladly stamped on my mind and memory.

Another occupation, somewhat more human, and far more useful for my development at the moment, was reading through the letters which I had written home from Leipzig. Nothing throws greater light upon ourselves than to see before us what we produced some years before, so that we are able to regard ourselves from an objective point of view. Only, in truth, I was still too young, and the period represented by these papers still too near. Usually in our younger years it is difficult to cast aside a certain self-complacent conceit, and this especially shows itself in despising our own attainments in the recent past; for when we recognize, as we advance step by step, that what we regard as good and excellent in ourselves and others will not stand the test of time, we think we can best extricate ourselves from this dilemma by ourselves rejecting what it is impossible to preserve. So it was with me also. For as in Leipzig I had gradually learned to set little value on my childish endeavours, so now my academical career seemed to me likewise of small account, and I did not realize that it had been of great value to me, just because by it I had risen to a higher stage of observation and insight. My father had carefully collected and sewed together my letters to him and to my sister; nay, he had even corrected them carefully, and removed the mistakes both in spelling and style.

What first struck me in these letters was their external form; I was shocked at an incredible carelessness in the handwriting, which extended from October, 1765, to the middle of the following January. But, in the middle of March, all at once there appeared a concise, regular hand, such as I used to employ in writing for prize competitions. My astonishment changed into gratitude towards the good Gellert, when I remembered how, whenever we handed in

our essays to him, he used to represent to us, in his hearty voice, that it was our sacred duty to practise our handwriting as much, nay, more than our style. He repeated this as often as any scrawling, careless writing came under his notice; on such occasions he often said that he would much like to make the good writing of his pupils the principal end of his instructions; the more so as he had often remarked that a good hand led the way to a good style.

I noticed further that the French and English passages in my letters, although not free from blunders, were nevertheless written with facility and freedom. I had also continued to practise these languages in my correspondence with Georg Schlosser, who was still at Treptow, and I had remained in constant communication with him, which had increased my knowledge on many practical matters (for things had not always turned out with him quite as he had hoped), and strengthened my confidence in his serious, noble way of thinking.

Another consideration which could not escape me in reading through these letters, was that my good father, with the best intentions, had done me a special mischief, and had been the real cause of the odd way of life into which I had fallen at last. He had, namely, repeatedly warned me against card-playing; but Frau Hofrat Böhme, as long as she lived, succeeded in keeping me to her way of thinking, by declaring that my father's warnings only had reference to the abuse of play. As I likewise saw the advantages of it in society, I allowed myself to be led by her. I had indeed the intelligence of a player, but not the spirit. I learned all games easily and rapidly, but I never could give the requisite attention for a whole evening. Therefore, after I had made a good beginning, I invariably failed at the end, and made myself and others lose; and in consequence I always either went to the supper-table or left the company out of humour. Scarcely was Madame Böhme dead, who, moreover, had not urged me to play during her long illness, than my father's admonition gained weight; I excused myself in the first instance from the card-tables, and as they now did not know what else to do with me, I became a burden to others, and still more to myself, and

declined the invitations, which then became less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. Play, which is much to be recommended to young people, especially those of a practical turn, who wish to find their way about the world, could never, indeed, have become a passion with me; for I never made any progress, play as long as I would. Had anyone given me a general view of the subject, and shown me how certain signs and a greater or less amount of chance form a kind of basis for the exercise of intelligence and activity—had anyone explained several games to me at once, I might perhaps have become reconciled to them. Be this as it may, at the time of which I am now speaking, I had come to the conviction, from the above considerations, that one should not avoid social games, but should rather aim at a certain dexterity in them. Time is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if one is willing to fill it to the brim.

Thus variously was I occupied in my solitude; the more so, as the departed spirits of the different hobbies to which I had from time to time devoted myself, took the opportunity of reappearing. So I took up my drawing again; and as I always wished to work directly from nature, or rather from reality, I made a picture of my room, with its furniture, and the persons who were in it; and when this ceased to amuse me, I illustrated all sorts of stories, that people told of what was going on in the town at the time, and which aroused their interest. These sketches were not without character and a certain taste, but unfortunately the figures lacked proportion and vigour, besides which the execution was extremely hazy. My father, who continued to take pleasure in such things, wished to have them more distinct; everything had to be finished and properly completed. He therefore had them mounted and surrounded with ruled lines; nay, the painter Morgenstern, the family artist—the same who afterwards made himself known, and indeed famous, by his church-views—had to insert the lines of perspective in the rooms and chambers, and, it must be admitted, they contrasted somewhat harshly with the vaguely indicated figures. In this manner he thought to compel me to observe greater accuracy, and, to please him, I drew various objects of still life, and as the originals stood before

me as models, I could work with greater distinctness and precision. Finally my fancy for etching returned. I composed a tolerably interesting landscape, and felt very happy hunting up the old receipts given me by Stock, recalling those pleasant times as I worked. I soon etched the plate and had proofs taken. Unluckily the composition was without light and shade, and I now laboured to introduce both; but as I did not see clearly what to aim at, I could not manage it satisfactorily. Up to this time I had been quite well, for me; but now a malady attacked me which had never troubled me before. My throat, namely, had become very sore, and particularly what is called the uvula very much inflamed; I could only swallow with great pain, and the physicians did not know what to make of it. They pestered me with gargling and painting, but could not relieve me of my misery. At last I had a sudden inspiration that I had not been careful enough in etching my plates, and that by my persistent absorption in the process, I had contracted this disease, and had constantly renewed and increased it. These explanations appeared plausible to the physicians, and proved correct when I gave up my etching, which I did the more readily as the attempt had by no means turned out well, and I had more reason to conceal than to exhibit my attempts; so I consoled myself the more easily, as I very soon saw myself free from the troublesome disease. Upon this I could not refrain from the reflection that my similar occupations at Leipzig might have contributed to those diseases from which I had suffered so much. It is, indeed, a tedious, and withal a melancholy business to pay too much attention to ourselves, and to what is good and bad for us; but there is no question that what with the wonderful idiosyncrasies of the human constitution on the one side, and the infinite variety of life and pleasure on the other, it is a wonder that the human race has not worn itself out long ago. The human frame appears to possess a peculiar kind of toughness and many-sidedness, since it gets the better of everything that approaches it, or that it absorbs, and, if it cannot assimilate it, at least renders it innocuous. In case of any great excess, it must, it is true, yield to the forces of nature in spite of all resistance, as the many endemic diseases and the effects of brandy prove.

Could we, without becoming morbidly anxious, keep watch over ourselves to see what things have a beneficial or injurious effect upon us in our complicated civil and social life, and were we willing to renounce what causes us satisfaction at the time, for the sake of its evil consequences, we should then have an easy means of removing many an inconvenience which, with a constitution otherwise sound, often troubles us more than disease itself. Unfortunately, it is in dietetics as in morals; we cannot recognize an error till we have got rid of it, so that we are no better off; for the next error is not like the preceding one, and therefore cannot be recognized under the same form.

In reading through those letters which had been written from Leipzig to my sister, among other things, I could not help noticing that from the very beginning of my academical course I had esteemed myself very clever and wise, since, as soon as I had learned anything, I put myself in the place of the professor, and so became didactic on the spot. I was amused to see how I had immediately applied to my sister whatever Gellert had imparted or advised in his lectures, without seeing that both in life and in books, a thing may be proper for a young man without being suitable for a young lady; and we both together made merry over my mimicry. The poems also which I had composed in Leipzig already appeared to me insignificant: they seemed cold, dry, and, in so far as they were intended to express the state of the human heart or mind, entirely superficial. This induced me, now that I was to leave my father's house once more, and go to a second university, again to decree a great *auto-da-fé* of my works. Several unfinished plays, some of which had reached the third or the fourth act, while others had only the opening scenes complete, together with many other poems, letters, and papers, were committed to the flames, and scarcely anything was spared except the manuscript by Behrisch, *Die Laune des Verliebten* and *Die Mitschuldigen*, which last I continued to improve with particular affection, and, as the piece was already complete, I again revised the introductory scenes, to make them more stirring and intelligible. Lessing, in the first two acts of his *Minna*, had given an inimitable model of the opening of a drama, and nothing was nearer

my heart than to thoroughly assimilate his thought and purpose.

The account of whatever moved, excited, and occupied me at this time, is already full enough; but I must nevertheless revert once again to the interest aroused in me by supersensuous things, of which I set about forming some conception, if it were possible, once for all.

In this attempt I was greatly influenced by an important work that fell into my hands; it was Arnold's *History of the Church and Heretics*. This man is not merely a reflective historian, but at the same time devout and sympathetic. His opinions accorded well with mine, and what particularly delighted me in his work was, that I acquired a more favourable idea of many heretics who had hitherto been represented to me as mad or impious. The spirit of contradiction and the love of paradoxes is inherent in all of us. I studied the different opinions with diligence, and as I had often heard it said that in the end every man has a religion of his own, nothing seemed more natural to me than that I should fashion one for myself, and this I did with much satisfaction. Neo-Platonism formed the basis; the hermetical, the mystical, the cabalistic, also contributed their share, and thus I constructed a world for myself that looked strange enough.

I did not find it difficult to represent to myself a Godhead which has gone on producing itself from all eternity; but as production cannot be conceived without multiplicity, so it must of necessity have at once recognized itself as a Second, which we acknowledge under the name of the Son; now these two must have continued the act of production, and again mirrored themselves in a Third, which was just as substantial, living, and eternal as the Whole. With these, however, the circle of the Godhead was complete, and it would not have been possible for them to produce another perfectly equal to them. But since the impulse to production still persisted, they created a fourth existence, which at the outset contained within itself a contradiction, inasmuch as it was, like them, unlimited, and yet at the same time was to be contained in them and bounded by them. This was Lucifer, to whom the whole power of creation was committed from this time, and from whom all other beings were to proceed. He immediately displayed his infinite

activity by creating all the host of angels; all, again, after his own likeness, unlimited, but contained in him and bounded by him. Surrounded by such glory, he forgot his higher origin, and believed that he was self-sufficient, and from this first ingratitude sprang all that does not seem to us in accordance with the will and purposes of the Godhead. Now the more he centred his energies upon himself, the more miserable must he have become, as must also all the spirits whose elevation to their holy origin he had frustrated. And so that came to pass which is typified to us by the Fall of the Angels. One part of them combined with Lucifer, the other turned again to its origin. In this combination of the whole creation, which had proceeded out of Lucifer, and was forced to follow him, originated all that we perceive under the form of matter, which we figure to ourselves as heavy, solid, and dark, but which, since it is descended, if not immediately, yet by filiation, from the Divine Being, is just as unlimited, powerful, and eternal as its sire and his sires. Since then the whole mischief, if we may call it so, arose solely through the one-sided tendency of Lucifer, this creation lacked its nobler half; for it possessed all that is gained by concentration, while it was wanting in all that can only be effected by expansion; and so the whole creation might have destroyed itself by persistent concentration, have annihilated itself with its father Lucifer, and have lost all its claims to an equal eternity with the Godhead. This condition the Elohim contemplated for a time, and they had the choice, either of waiting for those æons, in which the field would again have become clear, and space would be left them for a new creation, or of intervening in the existing state of things, and supplying the want in accordance with their own infinity. They chose the latter course, and by their mere will supplied in an instant the whole deficiency entailed by Lucifer's undertaking. They gave to infinite existence the faculty of expanding, of turning towards them; the true pulse of life was again restored, and Lucifer himself could not evade the effects of their intervention. This is the epoch when what we know as light appeared, and when what we are accustomed to designate by the word creation began. Greatly as this creation multiplied by progressive degrees, through the continuous vital

power of the Elohim, nevertheless, a being able to restore the original connection with the Godhead was still wanting ; and so man was created, who was to be similar, yea, equal to the Godhead in all things ; but thereby, in effect, found himself once more in the position of Lucifer, in being at the same time absolute and limited ; and, since this contradiction was to manifest itself in him through all the categories of existence, and a perfect consciousness, as well as a decisive will, was to be an attribute of his state, it was to be foreseen that he must be at the same time the most perfect and the most imperfect, the most happy and the most unhappy creature. It was not long before he, too, played the part of Lucifer. Separation from the benefactor is ingratitude in essence, and thus a second act of defection was perpetrated, although the whole creation is, and was, nothing but a falling away from and returning to its source.

It is easy to see how in this scheme of things the Redemption was not only decreed from eternity, but was regarded as eternally necessary, nay, as requiring constant renewal throughout the whole period of creation and existence. Hence nothing is more natural than for the Deity himself to take the form of man, which had already been prepared as a vestment, and to share his fate for a short time, in order, by thus assuming his likeness, to enhance his joys and alleviate his sorrows. The history of all religions and philosophies teaches us that this great truth, indispensable for man, has been handed down by different nations, in different times, in various ways, even in strange fables and images, in accordance with their limitations. Suffice it to acknowledge that we find ourselves in a condition which, even if it seems to drag us down and oppress us, yet gives us the opportunity, nay, makes it our duty, to raise ourselves, and to fulfil the purposes of the Godhead, by not omitting regular acts of self-renunciation alternating with the antithetical acts of necessary self-affirmation.

NINTH BOOK

"THE heart is, moreover, often stirred in the direction of various virtues, especially of those of a social, delicate nature, and so the tenderer emotions spring and blossom in it. Many fine touches, in particular, will impress themselves on the young reader, giving him an insight into the more hidden recesses of the human heart and its passions—a knowledge of far greater worth than Greek and Latin, and which Ovid excels in teaching. But yet it is not on this account that the classic poets, and with them Ovid, are placed in the hands of young students. We have received from a beneficent Creator a variety of intellectual powers, each of which should receive due culture in our earliest years, nor can this be given either by logic or metaphysics, Latin or Greek. We have an imagination which should not be allowed to seize any first-chance impressions, but rather be brought to contemplate fair and fitting images, so that the mind may learn by use and custom to recognize and love the beautiful everywhere and in nature itself, under its more obvious as well as its more subtle aspects. A number of general perceptions and universal truths are necessary as much in our studies as in our daily life, which can be learned from no compendium. Our feelings, affections, and passions should be developed and purified to the best advantage."

This significant passage, which is found in the *Universal German Library*, was not the only one of its kind. Similar principles and similar views came to the front in many directions. They made a very great impression on our eager young minds, and their effect was further strengthened by Wieland's example; for the works of his second brilliant period clearly showed that he had formed himself on such

maxims. And what more could we desire? Philosophy, with its abstruse questions, was set aside—the classics, the study of which is associated with so much drudgery, were thrust into the background—general text-books, on whose efficiency Hamlet had already breathed a word of doubt, were regarded with increasing suspicion. Our attention was directed to the life of varied activity, such as we loved to lead, and to the knowledge of the passions in our own hearts, actually felt in part, in part vaguely suspected. These, though formerly the object of reproof, now grew important and dignified in our eyes, because they were to be the chief object of our studies, and the knowledge of them was extolled as the best means of cultivating our mental powers. Besides, such an attitude was quite in accordance with my own convictions, and indeed with my methods of treating poetical subjects. It was therefore without opposition that, after thwarting so many good designs, and seeing so many fair hopes vanish, I reconciled myself to my father's intention of sending me to Strasburg, where I was promised a merry, cheerful life, and where I could prosecute my studies, and at last take my degree.

By the spring I felt restored to health, and still more to youthful spirits, and once more longed to be out of my father's house, this second time, however, for very different reasons. I had come to hate the charming rooms and pleasant scenes where I had suffered so much, and it was impossible to establish any friendly relations with my father. I could not quite forgive him for having shown an unjustifiable impatience at my relapses and at my tedious recovery; for speaking with cruelty instead of comfort and forbearance, about that which lay in no man's hand, as if it were a mere matter of will-power. And he, too, felt hurt and offended by me in various ways.

For young people return from the university with many general theories, which, indeed, is quite right and suitable; but full of confidence in their own wisdom, they apply them as a standard to the events that occur, and these must often of necessity suffer in the test. I had, for example, gained a general notion of architecture, and of the arrangement and decoration of houses, and imprudently, in conversation, had applied this knowledge to our own house. My father had

designed the whole arrangement of it, and superintended the building of it with persevering zeal, and considering that it was to be merely a residence for himself and his family, no objection could be made to it ; besides, very many of the houses in Frankfort were built on the same plan. An open staircase ran up through the house, and on it opened several large ante-rooms, which might very well have been rooms in themselves, and, as a matter of fact, we always used them in the warm weather. But this way of living, pleasant and cheerful enough for a single family—this free communication from the top to the bottom of the house—became of the greatest inconvenience as soon as different parties occupied the house, as we had experienced but too well when the French were quartered on us. For that painful scene with the king's lieutenant would not have happened, my father would even have been spared many such annoyances, if, after the Leipzig fashion, our staircase had run to one side of the house, and each storey had had its separate door. This style of building I once highly commended for its advantages, and showed my father the possibility of altering his staircase too ; whereupon he fell into an incredible passion, all the more violent because I had just before found fault with some scrolled looking-glass frames, and condemned certain Chinese hangings. A scene ensued, which, though hushed up for the time being, hastened my journey to Alsace. My journey to this lovely district was quickly and comfortably carried out, thanks to the new and convenient institution of diligences.

I alighted at the Inn *Zum Geist* (of the Holy Ghost), and then my eager desires prompted me to hurry to the minster, which my fellow-travellers had pointed out to me some time before, and which had long been visible. When I caught my first glimpse of this colossus through the narrow streets, and then found myself too close to it in the confined limits of the little square, it made upon me an absolutely unique impression. I could not analyze it at the moment, but bore it dimly with me as I hurried up the cathedral tower in order not to miss the opportunity, while the sun was still high and bright in the heavens, of at once enjoying the magnificent view of the rich, wide-spreading country.

And now, from the summit, I saw before me the

beautiful country which was to be my home for some time : the noble city, the wide meadows around it, thickly set with spreading trees, that striking richness of vegetation which follows the windings of the Rhine, and marks its banks and its islands, large and small. Nor is the lowland, stretching from the south, and watered by the Iller, less rich in varied green. Even westward, towards the mountains, there is much low-lying ground, which affords quite as charming a view of wood and meadow-growth, whilst the northern and more hilly part is intersected by innumerable little brooks, which induce a rapid vegetation everywhere. Added to these luxuriant meadows, to this prodigal wealth of scattered groves, let the imagination picture green ripening tracts of highly cultivated arable land, where hamlets and farmsteads mark the most fertile spots, and all this vast, immeasurable plain, prepared for man like a new paradise, bounded far and near by mountains partly cultivated, partly overgrown with woods ; it will then be possible to conceive the rapture with which I blessed the kind fate that had appointed me, for some time to come, so beautiful a dwelling-place.

Such a fresh glance into a new land where we are to take up our abode for a time, has this peculiar feature, at once pleasant and awe-inspiring, that the whole lies before us like an unwritten tablet. As yet no sorrows and joys which relate to ourselves are recorded on it ; this bright, varied, animated plain is still mute for us ; the eye is only fixed on such objects as are intrinsically important, and neither affection nor passion has given particular prominence to any one spot. But a presentiment of the future already troubles the young heart, and an unsatisfied craving secretly challenges whatever must or may be in store for us, and which, at all events, whether for good or ill, will imperceptibly assume the character of the place in which we find ourselves.

After my descent to the square, I still tarried awhile in front of the venerable pile ; but what I could not quite clearly explain to myself, either on this or subsequent occasions, was that I looked upon this stone miracle as a monster, which would have struck terror into me, if its regularity had not made it possible to grasp the whole conception, whilst its finish gave pleasure to the eye. Yet I

did not trouble myself with meditating on this contradiction, but suffered this astonishing monument quietly to work upon me by its presence.

I took small, but well-situated and pleasant lodgings, on the south side of the Fish Market, a fine long street, whose incessant life and bustle came to the relief of every idle moment. I then left my letters of introduction, and found among my patrons a merchant who, with his family, was a follower of that devout creed with which I was familiar, although, as far as the forms of worship were concerned, he had not separated from the Church. He was a man of intelligence, and entirely without cant. I found in the boarding-house, to which I had been recommended, and to which I also brought introductions, pleasant and entertaining company. A couple of old maids had long kept up this orderly and successful house; we may have been about ten in all, both old and young. Of the latter, a man named MEYER, a native of Lindau, is most vividly present in my memory. His face and figure might have given him the right to be considered one of the handsomest of men, if, at the same time, there had not been something slovenly in his whole appearance. In like manner his splendid natural talents were spoilt by an incredible levity, and his excellent temper by unrestrained and dissolute habits. He had a frank and merry face, more round than oval; the organs of the senses, eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, might be called exuberant; they showed decided fulness, without being too large. The curling lips gave the mouth a particular charm, and a peculiar expression was given to his face by the fact that he was a *Razel*, i.e. his eyebrows met above his nose, which, in a handsome face, always produces a pleasing expression of sensuality. By his joviality, sincerity, and good-nature, he made himself beloved by all. His memory was incredible; attention at the lectures cost him nothing; he retained all that he heard, and was clever enough to take some interest in everything, and this the more easily, as he was studying medicine. His impressions were vivid and lasting, and his mimicry of lectures and professors often went so far, that, after three different lectures in one morning, he would, at the dinner-table, imitate the professors in turn, in successive paragraphs, and often even more abruptly, which

parti-coloured lecture frequently amused us, but often, too, grew wearisome.

The rest were more or less cultured, steady, serious people. A retired knight of the Order of St. Louis was of the number; but the majority were students, all really good and with the best intentions, provided they did not go beyond their usual allowance of wine. To guard against this was the care of our president, one Doctor SALZMANN. Already in the sixties and unmarried, he had dined at this table for many years, and maintained its good order and respectability. He was in easy circumstances, precise and neat in his dress, being one of those who always go about in shoes and stockings, and with their hat under their arm. To put on his hat was with him a most unusual occurrence. He commonly carried an umbrella, wisely reflecting that the finest summer days often bring thunderstorms or passing showers.

With this man I talked over my plan of continuing the study of jurisprudence at Strasburg, so as to be able to take my degree as soon as possible. Taking advantage of the full information he commanded, I asked him about the lectures I should have to attend, and his general opinion. He replied, that Strasburg did not follow the rule of the German universities, where they tried to educate jurists in the widest and best sense of the word. Here, under the influence of France, all was really directed to the practical side, and managed in accordance with the opinions of the French, who prefer to keep to the actual. They tried to impart to everyone certain general principles and preliminary knowledge, compressed as much as possible, and only gave the essential. Hereupon he made me acquainted with a man who had earned a great reputation as a *Repetent*,* a reputation which I very soon endorsed. By way of introduction, I began to speak with him on subjects of juris-

* A Repetent is one of a class of persons to be found in the German universities, who assist students in their studies. They are somewhat analogous to the English Tutors, but not precisely; for the latter render their aid *before* the recitation, while the Repetent *repeats* with the student, in private, the lectures he has previously heard from the professor. Hence his name, which might be rendered *Repeater*, had we any corresponding class of men in England or America, which would justify an English word.—*American Note.*

prudence, and he wondered not a little at my boastful tone ; for during my residence in Leipzig, I had gone further in my preliminary law-studies than I have hitherto taken occasion to state in my narrative, though all I had acquired could only be reckoned as a general encyclopedic survey, rather than as genuine definite knowledge. University life, though in the course of it we may have no reason to boast of our own industry, affords, nevertheless, endless advantages in every branch of culture, because we are always surrounded by men who either have knowledge or are seeking it, so that we must be constantly drawing some nourishment from such an atmosphere, even if unconsciously.

My instructor, after patiently enduring my rambling discourse for some time, gave me at last to understand that I must first of all keep my immediate object in view, which was, to be examined, to take my degree, and then, in due course, to commence practice. "The examination," he said, "involves no very extensive knowledge of the subject. No questions are asked as to how and when a law arose, and what were the internal or external causes which gave rise to it ; you are not required to know how it has been altered by time and custom, or how far it has perhaps been misconstrued by false interpretation or by the perverted usage of the law-courts. There are learned men who specially devote their lives to such investigations ; but we only inquire after current usage, which we impress firmly on our memory, that it may always be ready when required for the use and defence of our clients. Thus we qualify our young people for their start in life, and the rest follows in accordance with their talents and activity." He then handed me his pamphlets, which were written in the form of question and answer, and in which I could have stood a creditable examination on the spot, for Hopp's smaller law-catechism was still perfectly clear in my memory ; other deficiencies my diligence soon supplied, and so against my will, yet in the easiest manner possible, I was prepared for my examination.

By this method, however, all independent work in the study was precluded,—for I had no taste for positive knowledge, but was anxious to have everything explained, if not rationally, at least historically. So I sought for my powers a wider field, employing them in the most singular

manner by devoting myself to an interest which accidentally came to me from without.

Most of my fellow-boarders were medical students. These, as is well known, are the only students who eagerly talk over their studies and profession even out of 'working hours. This lies in the very nature of the case. The objects that concern them are at once the most obvious to the senses, and the highest, the most simple, and the most complicated. Medicine employs the whole man, for it is in its turn concerned with the whole man. All that the young man learns bears directly upon an important, dangerous, but yet in many respects remunerative profession. He therefore devotes himself passionately to the pursuit of whatever is to be known and to be done, partly because it is interesting in itself, partly because it opens to him the joyous prospect of independence and wealth.

So at table I heard nothing but medical conversations, just as I had done formerly in Hofrat Ludwig's boarding-house. In our walks and in our pleasure-parties, too, not much else was talked about; for my fellow-boarders, good comrades as they were, had on other occasions become my companions, and their numbers were continually increased on all sides by men of like mind and like studies. The medical faculty in general outshone the others, both in the celebrity of its professors and the number of its students, and I was carried along all the more easily, because my knowledge on all these points was just sufficient to kindle and fan my desire for more. At the commencement of the second half-year, therefore, I attended a course on chemistry by Spielmann, another on anatomy by Lobstein, and proposed to support by vigorous industry that respect and confidence which my unusual preliminary, or rather superfluous knowledge had already gained me in our society.

Yet this dissipation and division of my energies was not enough, my studies were to be once more seriously disturbed; for a remarkable political event stirred the whole town, and procured us a tolerably large succession of holidays. Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was to pass through Strasburg on her way to Paris. Busy and copious preparations were instantly made for all those ceremonies by which the nation must be

reminded that there are great ones in the world ; what especially drew my attention was the building on an island in the Rhine between the two bridges, erected for her reception, and where she was to be surrendered into the hands of her husband's ambassadors. It was only slightly raised above the ground, had in the centre a large hall, and on each side smaller ones ; then followed other rooms, extending further back. Had it been more durably built, it might have served very well as a pleasure-house for the wealthy. But what particularly interested me, so that I did not grudge many a *Brise* (a little silver coin then current) to gain repeated admittance from the porter, was the embroidered tapestry with which they had covered the whole interior. Here, for the first time, I saw a specimen of those tapestries worked after Raphael's cartoons, and this sight had a very decided influence on me, as it was my first acquaintance with the true and the perfect on a large scale, though only in copies. I came and went again and again, and could not gaze my fill ; but in truth a vain longing troubled me because I would fain have been able to understand what interested me in so extraordinary a degree. But while the side-rooms were a delight and a refreshment to my eyes, the central hall was an abomination to me. This had been hung with many larger, more brilliant and costly hangings, bordered with crowded ornamentation, and worked after modern French pictures.

Now I might perhaps have reconciled myself to this style also, as my senses, like my judgment, were not quick to reject anything utterly ; but the subject was excessively revolting to me. These pictures contained the history of Jason, Medea, and Creusa, an example, therefore, of the most unhappy marriage. To the left of the throne the bride was seen struggling in the most horrible death-throes, surrounded by spectators full of sympathizing woe ; to the right was the father, horrified at the murdered babes before his feet ; whilst in the air the Fury was driving past in her dragon-car. Yet a touch of the absurd was not wanting in this horrible and repulsive scene, for the white tail of the magic bull came out with a flourish on the right from behind the red velvet of the gold-embroidered back of the throne, while the fire-spitting beast himself, and Jason, who was

fighting with him, were completely covered by the sumptuous drapery.

At this all the maxims which I had learnt in Oeser's school were stirred to conflict within me. It showed lack of proper judgment and discrimination to begin with, that Christ and the apostles should be introduced in the chambers of a nuptial building, and no doubt the royal tapestry-keeper had been guided by the size of the rooms. This, however, I willingly forgave, because it had turned out so much to my advantage; but a blunder like that in the great hall made me altogether beside myself with rage, and I called vehemently on my comrades to witness such a crime against taste and proper feeling. "What!" I cried, utterly regardless of the bystanders, "how can people possibly be so thoughtless as to place before the eyes of a young queen, when she first sets foot in her dominions, a representation of perhaps the most horrible marriage that was ever consummated! Is there not then among French architects, decorators, upholsterers, a single man who understands that pictures represent something, that pictures work upon the mind and feelings, that they create impressions, that they excite forebodings! It is just as if they had sent the most ghastly spectre to meet this beautiful and pleasure-loving princess at the very frontier!" I know not what else I said; my comrades, however, did their best to pacify me and to remove me from the house, that no offence might be given. They then assured me that it was not everybody's wont to look for significance in pictures; that they themselves, at any rate, would not have dreamt of such a thing, while the whole population of Strasburg and the neighbourhood which was to throng thither, would no more take such crotchets into their heads than the queen herself and her court.

I well remember the beauty and dignity of mien, as gay as it was lofty, of this youthful queen. Perfectly visible to us all in her glass carriage, she seemed to be jesting, in familiar conversation with the ladies of her suite, about the throng that poured forth to meet her train. In the evening we roamed through the streets to look at the various illuminations, but especially at the glowing spire of the minster, on which, both near and far, we could not sufficiently feast our eyes,

The queen pursued her way; the country people dispersed, and the city returned to its former quiet. Before the queen's arrival, the very reasonable regulation had been made, that no deformed persons, no cripples nor repulsive sufferers, should show themselves along her route. People joked about this, and I made a little French poem in which I compared the advent of Christ, who seemed to walk this earth particularly on account of the sick and lame, with the arrival of the queen, who scared these unfortunates away. My friends accepted it without comment; a Frenchman, on the contrary, who lived with us, criticized both language and metre very unmercifully, although, apparently with ample justice, and I do not remember that I ever again wrote a French poem.

Scarcely had the news of the queen's happy arrival rung out from the capital, than it was followed by the most appalling news. Owing to an oversight of the police during the fireworks at the festivities, a large number of people, with horses and carriages, had perished in a street blocked with building materials, so that the city, in the very midst of the wedding-ceremonies, had been plunged into mourning and sorrow. They attempted to conceal the extent of the misfortune, both from the young royal pair and from the public, by burying the dead in secret, so that many families only learnt from the continued absence of their dear ones that they, too, had been swept away in this dreadful catastrophe. It will be easily inferred how forcibly this disaster brought up before me the great hall and its ghastly tapestries, for everyone knows how powerful certain moral impressions are, when they embody themselves, as it were, in those of the senses.

This occurrence was, moreover, destined to plunge my own family and friends into anxiety and trouble because of a practical joke in which I indulged. We students from Leipzig had never quite lost our love of mystifying and imposing on each other. So in a sheer spirit of mischief I wrote to a friend in Frankfort (the same who had amplified my poem on Hendel the pastry-cook, applied it to *Medon*, and put it into general circulation), a letter dated from Versailles, in which I informed him of my happy arrival there, my share in the festivities and so forth, enjoining at the same time

the strictest secrecy. I must here mention that, since the practical joke which had caused us so much trouble, our little Leipzig community had fallen into the habit of tormenting him from time to time with all kinds of impostures, especially as he was the most humorous fellow in the world, and never more amiable than when he discovered the trap into which he had been deliberately led. Soon after I had written this letter, I took a short journey which kept me absent about a fortnight. Meanwhile the news of that disaster had reached Frankfort; my friend believed me in Paris, and his affection easily led him to fear that I might have been involved in the calamity. He inquired of my parents and other persons with whom I was accustomed to correspond, whether any letters had arrived, and as it was just at the time when my journey kept me from writing, none had been received anywhere. He went about in the greatest anxiety, and at last confided the matter to our nearest friends, who now shared his disquiet. Fortunately this conjecture did not reach my parents until a letter had arrived, announcing my return to Strasburg. My young friends were delighted to hear I was alive, but remained firmly convinced that I had been at Paris in the interim. I was so touched by the account of the solicitude they had felt on my behalf that I vowed to discontinue such tricks for ever, but, unfortunately, I have often since then been guilty of similar jests. Real life frequently becomes so dull that one is often forced to try to restore its polish by the varnish of fiction.

Thus the mighty stream of courtly splendour had flowed past, leaving in me no other craving than that for Raphael's tapestries, which I would fain have contemplated daily and hourly in reverent adoration. Fortunately, my eager endeavours succeeded in interesting several persons in authority, so that these tapestries were taken down and packed up as late as possible. We now gave ourselves up again to the quiet, easy routine of our academic and social life; in the latter Salzmann, the registrar, president of our table, was still the general philosopher and guide. The good sense, ease, and dignity, which he always contrived to maintain amid all the jests, and often even little transgressions which he allowed us, won him the love and respect of the

whole company, and the occasions on which he showed his serious displeasure, or interposed his authority in our little quarrels and disputes were very rare. Yet among them all I was the one who grew most attached to him, and he liked to talk with me all the more because he found my accomplishments more varied and my judgment not so one-sided as was the case with the others. I also followed his directions in my outward behaviour, so that he felt no embarrassment in publicly acknowledging me as his companion and comrade; for although the office he filled was not apparently influential, yet he administered it in a manner which redounded to his highest honour. He was registrar to the Court of Wards (*Pupillen-Collegium*), where, like the permanent secretary of a university, he had the management of affairs practically in his own hands. He had devoted his whole energies to these duties for many years, so that there was scarcely a family, rich or poor, which did not owe him gratitude; for surely there is hardly an official in the whole government administration who can earn more blessings or more curses than one who is the protector of orphans, or who by dishonesty or negligence squanders their possessions.

The Strasburgers love to walk abroad, and with good reason. At every step you find pleasure-grounds, partly natural, partly laid out by the skilful art of ancient and modern times, all of them frequented and enjoyed by cheerful, merry crowds. But what distinguished the throng of promenaders in this town from those elsewhere was the varied costume of the fair sex. The town girls of the middle class still retained the fashion of wearing their hair in coils, secured by a large pin; as well as a certain neat style of dress, in which anything like a train would have been unbecoming; and the pleasant part of it was, that this costume did not sharply differentiate the various classes; for there were still some wealthy and distinguished families who would not permit their daughters to dress in any other style. The rest followed the French fashions, and this party made proslutes every year. Salzmann had many acquaintances, and found admission everywhere; a very pleasant circumstance for his companion, especially in summer, when good company and entertainment were to be had in all the public

gardens far and near, so that he received many an invitation for one pleasant outing or another. One such occasion gave me the opportunity of rapidly advancing my acquaintance with a family which I was visiting only for the second time. We were invited, and arrived at the hour appointed. The company was not a large one ; as usual, some played games, while others walked. Later, at supper-time, I saw our hostess and her sister talking excitedly together, as if in some special difficulty. I accosted them and said : " I have indeed no right, ladies, to force myself into your secrets ; but perhaps I may be able to give you good advice, or even to be of service to you." They then explained to me their painful dilemma : they had invited twelve persons to supper, and just at that moment a relative had returned from a journey ; he would now make the thirteenth, which would be a fatal *memento mori*, if not to himself, yet certainly to some of the guests. " The case is easily mended," I replied ; " you will allow me to take my leave, and reserve my claim to indemnification." Their good manners and fine feelings would not allow this, and they accordingly sent round the neighbourhood to find a fourteenth. I waited till I saw the servant coming in at the garden-gate to report the failure of his errand, then stole away and spent a pleasant evening under the old lime-trees of the Wanzenau. It was only natural that I should be richly compensated for such self-denial.

Card-playing is an essential feature of some kinds of social life. Salzmann renewed Madame Böhme's useful instructions, and I was eager to learn, being now aware that this little sacrifice, if indeed it be one, is the key to much pleasure, and even to a greater freedom in society than one would otherwise enjoy. The old-fashioned piquet was revived : I learned whist ; following my Mentor's directions, I set apart a card-purse, which was to remain untouched under all circumstances, and was thus able to spend most of my evenings with my friend in the best circles, where I was, for the most part, well received, and where they pardoned many a little irregularity, which my friend, however, never failed to point out to me in the kindest manner.

By a symbolic experience I now learned how much a man must adapt himself to society, even in the matter

of appearance, and follow its directions, for I was compelled to submit to the fashion on a point which was most disagreeable to me. I had really very fine hair, but my Strasburg hair-dresser at once assured me that it was cut much too short behind, and that it would be impossible to make it presentable, since nothing but a few short curls in front were decreed lawful, and all the rest of the hair, from the crown, must be tied up in a queue or hair-bag. Nothing was left for it but to put up with false hair till the natural growth was again restored according to the demands of the time. He promised me that nobody should ever notice this innocent deception (to which I objected at first very seriously), if I would make up my mind to it at once. He kept his word, and I was always looked upon as the young man with the best and best-dressed head of hair. But as this obliged me to keep my hair dressed and powdered from early morning, and at the same time to take care not to betray my false ornament by heating or over-exerting myself, this restraint contributed much to inducing in me a more quiet and polite demeanour, and accustomed me to going about with my hat under my arm, and consequently in pumps and knee-breeches also; however, I did not venture to neglect wearing understockings of thin leather, as a defence against the Rhine gnats, which, on the fine summer evenings, generally infest meadows and gardens. Physical activity being thus interdicted, our social conversations certainly gained in warmth and animation; indeed, they were the most interesting I had ever had.

With my way of feeling and thinking, it cost me nothing to let everyone pass for what he was, or indeed for what he pretended to be. This fresh and youthful frankness of disposition, now first fully revealed, made me many friends and followers. The number of our boarders increased to about twenty, and as Salzmann kept up his accustomed discipline, everything continued in the old way; if anything, the conversation was more decorous, as everyone had to be on his guard before so large a number. Among the new-comers was a man who particularly interested me; his name was JUNG, the same who afterwards became known under the name of STILLING. In spite of his old-fashioned dress, his figure, though sturdy, was not ungraceful. A

bag-wig did not disfigure a speaking and attractive countenance. His voice was gentle, yet neither soft nor weak; it even acquired tone and power as soon as he grew excited, which he did on slight provocation. On better acquaintance he showed a sound common-sense, founded on natural disposition, and therefore open to the influence of affections and passions, and from this same disposition sprang the purest enthusiasm for all that was good, true, and just. For the course of this man's life had been simple, though crowded with events and with manifold activities. The vital force of his energy was an indestructible faith in God, and in His personal help, clearly manifested in an uninterrupted providence, and in an unfailing deliverance out of all ills and troubles. Jung had proved this many times in his life by experience, and repeatedly of late in Strasburg, so that, with perfect cheerfulness, he led a life frugal indeed, but free from care; and devoted himself earnestly to his studies, although he could not reckon upon any certain means of livelihood from one term to another. In his youth, when on a fair way to become a charcoal burner, he took up the trade of a tailor; at the same time, he persisted in educating himself, till his thirst for knowledge drove him to the occupation of schoolmaster. This attempt failed, and he returned to his trade, but, as he enjoyed universal confidence and affection, he was repeatedly called away to resume his post of private tutor. The training of his innermost individuality, however, he owed to that widespread class of men who tried to work out their own salvation, and, by reading the Scriptures and edifying works, by mutual exhortation and confession, attained an admirable degree of culture. For the interests which they always cultivated and which were the bond of their fellowship, rested on the simplest foundations of morality, good will, and beneficence, and as the irregularities possible to men in such limited circumstances were so slight that their consciences, for the most part, remained clear, and their minds at ease, the culture that ensued was consequently not artificial, but absolutely natural, and had this advantage, that it was suitable to all ages and to all classes, and of necessity of a social nature. For the same reason the members of this sect were, in their own circle, truly eloquent,

and capable of expressing themselves appropriately and pleasingly on all matters of the affections, however delicate or passionate. Such was the case with Jung. Among a few who, if not exactly like-minded with himself, did not declare themselves averse to his mode of thought, he would be not only talkative but eloquent; in particular, he would tell the story of his life in the most delightful manner, making all the circumstances vividly present to his listeners' imagination. I persuaded him to write them down, and he promised he would. But in his conversation he was like a somnambulist, whom one dare not call, lest he should fall, or like a gentle stream, to which one dare offer no resistance, lest it should foam, and this often made him feel ill at ease in a more numerous company. His faith tolerated no doubt, his conviction no jesting. And though inexhaustible in friendly converse, the slightest contradiction acted as an immediate check. I usually helped him out on such occasions, and he repaid me with honest affection. His way of thinking was by no means strange to me; on the contrary, I had already become quite familiar with it in my best friends of both sexes, and it interested me besides, because of its simplicity and unaffectedness, so it was natural he should be on the very best of terms with me. I liked the bent of his intellect, and I left unmolested that faith in miracles, which was so useful to him. Salzmann, too, treated him with forbearance,—I say with forbearance, for Salzmann, considering his character, his natural disposition, his age and circumstances, could not but hold with the rational, or rather common-sense Christians, whose religion was really based on uprightness of character, and a manly independence, and who therefore were inclined to shun those emotions which might easily lead to gloom, and the mysticism, which might bring them into darkness. This class, too, was respectable and numerous; honourable and capable men who understood each other, and shared the same convictions, as well as the same mode of life.

LERSE, another of our fellow-boarders, also belonged to this section; a perfectly upright youth, who used his limited means sparingly and wisely. He was more economical in his way of living and in his housekeeping than any student I have ever known. He dressed more neatly than any of us, yet

always appeared in the same clothes ; but he managed his wardrobe with the greatest care, kept everything about him spotless, and demanded that everything else in ordinary life be the same. He never leaned against anything, or propped his elbows on the table ; he never forgot to mark his table-napkin, and the maid always got into trouble when the chairs were not perfectly clean. Yet with all this, his manner was not stiff. He spoke cordially, with decision and restrained animation and a light jesting irony which became him well. In figure he was well built, slender, and of medium height, his face plain and pitted with small-pox, his small blue eyes bright and penetrating. As he had so often occasion to tutor us, we let him be our fencing-master too ; for he used the rapier well, and it seemed to amuse him, at such times, to practise on us all the pedantry of the profession. But we really learned much from him, and had to thank him for many sociable hours, which he induced us to spend in healthy exercise.

By all these qualities, Lerse was well fitted for the office of arbitrator and umpire in all the quarrels, great and small, which occurred, though rarely, in our circle, and which Salzmann had not been able to hush up in his fatherly way. Free from those external forms which do so much mischief in universities, we formed a society bound together by circumstances and good feeling, and, though others might occasionally come into touch with it, none could ever intrude. Now, in settling internal disputes, Lerse always showed the strictest impartiality, and when the affair had got beyond the reach of words and explanations, he knew how to manage so that all parties might obtain honourable yet harmless satisfaction. In this respect his cleverness was unrivalled ; indeed, he often used to say, that since heaven had not destined him for a hero either in war or in love, he would be content, both in fighting and in romance, with the part of a second. Always true to himself, a very model of a good and steadfast disposition, his personality stamped itself deeply and agreeably on my mind, so that when I wrote *Götz von Berlichingen*, I felt impelled to set up a memorial of our friendship, giving to that sterling character, who knew how to subordinate himself with so much dignity, the name of Franz Lerse.

But while his constant humorous dryness continued to

remind us of what we owed to ourselves and to others, and how we should behave in order to live at peace with men as long as possible, and stand, as it were, upon our guard towards them, I had to fight, inwardly and outwardly, with quite different circumstances and adversaries, being at strife with myself, with the objects around me, and even with the elements. My state of health was now such as to second me entirely in any duty or undertaking; only there was a certain irritability left behind, which easily disturbed my equanimity. A loud sound was disagreeable to me, diseased objects awakened in me loathing and horror. But I was especially troubled by a giddiness which came over me every time I looked down from a height. I tried to remedy all these infirmities, and, wishing to lose no time, I adopted somewhat violent methods. In the evening, when they beat the tattoo, I went close to the host of drums, whose powerful roll and boom made the heart in one's breast throb to bursting. Alone I climbed the highest pinnacle of the minster spire, and sat in what is called the neck, under the nob or crown, for a quarter of an hour, before I would venture to step out again into the open air, where, standing upon a platform scarce an ell square, affording no particular hold, I could see the boundless prospect in front of me, while the near objects and ornaments concealed the church and everything below me on which I was standing. It was exactly like being carried up into the air in a balloon. I repeated these dreaded and painful sensations until I was quite indifferent to them, and I have since derived great advantage from this training, in mountain travels, geological studies, and on high buildings, where I have vied with the carpenters in running on the bare beams and the cornices of the edifice, and in Rome itself, where similar risks must be run to obtain a nearer view of important works of art. Anatomy, also, was of twofold value to me, as it taught me to tolerate the most repulsive sights, while satisfying my thirst for knowledge. So I attended both the clinical course held by the elder Doctor Ehrmann, and his son's lectures on obstetrics, with the double view of understanding all physical states, and of freeing myself from any apprehension of repulsive sights. And I actually succeeded so well, that nothing of this kind ever made me lose my self-possession.

But I sought to steel myself not only against such impressions on the senses, but also against troubles of the imagination. The awful and shuddering sensations produced by the gloom of churchyards, solitary places, churches and chapels by night, and kindred terrors, left me in time equally unmoved, so much so that day and night and all places were entirely alike to me; in fact when, in later years, I should have liked to réville in such scenes the delightful tremors of youth, I have found it almost impossible, though I have conjured up the weirdest and most terrifying images.

My efforts to free myself from the oppression of such unduly solemn and awe-inspiring emotions, which continued to sway me, and seemed to me now a strength, now a weakness, found great assistance in that open, social, stirring life, which attracted me more and more, to which I accustomed myself, and which I at last learned to enjoy with perfect freedom. It is a matter of common proof that a man feels himself most perfectly rid of his own failings when he is contemplating the faults of others, and expatiating on them with complacent censoriousness. It is a sufficiently pleasant sensation to look down upon our equals with disapproval and censure, and that is why good society, whether it consists of few or many, takes great delight in it. But nothing equals the comfortable self-complacency of erecting ourselves into judges of our superiors, and of those set in authority over us,—of princes and statesmen, of condemning public institutions as ill-planned and useless, only considering possible and actual defects, and ignoring both the greatness of intention and that co-operation of time and circumstances which is necessary to the fulfilment of every great undertaking.

Whoever remembers the then condition of the French kingdom, and has made an accurate and detailed study of it from later writings, can easily imagine how, at that time, in semi-French Alsace, people used to talk about the King and his ministers, about the court and court-favourites. This subject opened a new field to my thirst for information, and was very welcome to my pertness and youthful conceit. I made careful observations and copious notes, and the few fragments that remain still go to prove that information of

that kind, although collected only on the spur of the moment, from unfounded gossip and vague general rumour, still retains a certain value in after-times: by means of it we can compare what has since been revealed with what was already discovered and publicly known at the time, and the judgments of contemporaries, whether true or false, with the conclusions of posterity.

We who lounged about the streets had ample opportunity for studying the projects for beautifying the city; for these were being converted with astonishing rapidity from mere draughts and plans into reality. Intendant Gayot had undertaken to remodel Strasburg's angular, irregular streets, and to lay the foundations of a respectable, handsome city, drawn out by rule and measure. Thereupon, Blondel, a Parisian architect, made a plan, by which one hundred and forty householders gained in room, eighty lost, and the rest remained in their former condition. This plan, which had been accepted, though not for instant execution, should now have been gradually approaching completion, and, meanwhile, the town presented an odd mixture of form and formlessness. If, for instance, a crooked street was to be straightened, the first man who felt disposed to build moved forward to the appointed line; perhaps his next-door neighbour did the same, or possibly the owner of the third or fourth house from him, so that these projecting buildings left awkward recesses, like front court-yards, before the older houses in the background. They did not wish to use force, yet without compulsion it was impossible to get on; so no man, when his house was once condemned, was allowed to improve or renovate anything so long as it affected the street. All these strange temporary disfigurements gave us, as we idly roamed the streets, the most welcome opportunity for ridicule; we made proposals, after the style of Behrisch, for accelerating the work, and continually cast doubts on the possibility of its completion, although many a newly-erected handsome building should have led us to alter our views. How far that project advanced in course of time, I cannot say.

Another favourite topic with the Protestant Strasburgers was the expulsion of the Jesuits. These fathers, as soon as the town had fallen to the French, had made their appearance

and taken up their residence there. They soon increased in numbers and built a magnificent college, which bordered so closely on the cathedral that the back of the church hides a third of the front of their edifice. It was to be a complete quadrangle, and have a garden in the middle; three sides of it were finished. It is in solid stone, like all Jesuit buildings. It lay, no doubt, in this society's plans to press hard upon the Protestants, if not actually to oppress them, for they made it their paramount duty to restore the old religion in its entirety. Their fall, therefore, awakened the greatest satisfaction in their opponents, who were not at all displeased to see them sell their wines and remove their books, and the building assigned to another, possibly less active order. How glad men are to get rid of an opponent, or merely of a guardian! and the flock does not reflect that by losing their watch-dog they are exposed to wolves.

Now, since every city must have its tragedy, at which children and children's children shudder, so in Strasburg frequent mention was made of the unfortunate Prætor Klingling, who, after he had mounted the highest rung of earthly felicity, ruled city and country with almost absolute power, and enjoyed all that wealth, rank, and influence could afford, had at last lost the favour of the court, and was called to account for all transgressions hitherto overlooked; and was even thrown into prison, where, an old man over seventy, he died a doubtful death.

Our fellow-boarder, the knight of the Order of St. Louis, knew how to tell this and similar tales with much passion and animation, so that I was fond of accompanying him in his walks, whilst the others avoided such invitations, and left me alone with him. As it was my habit with new acquaintances to let myself drift for a long time without thinking much about them or the effect which they were exercising on me, so it was only gradually that I began to notice that his stories and opinions rather unsettled and confused, than instructed or enlightened me. I never knew what to make of him, although the riddle might easily have been solved. He belonged to the many to whom life brings no results, and who therefore, from first to last, spend themselves on details. Added to this, unfortunately he had

a decided fondness, nay, even passion, for meditation, without any real capacity for thought; such men easily lay hold of one idea till it becomes almost a mental disease. He was for ever recurring to this fixed idea, and was thus in the long run excessively boring. He used bitterly to complain of his failing memory, especially with regard to the most recent events, and maintained by a logic of his own, that all virtue springs from a good memory, and all vice, on the contrary, from forgetfulness. He maintained this theory with much ingenuity, for anything can be maintained when you permit yourself to use words quite vaguely, now in a wider, now in a narrower sense, and to vary them now by a closer, now by a more remote application.

At first it was amusing to hear him; his persuasiveness even astonished us. It was like listening to a rhetorical sophist, who in jest will keep himself in practice by putting a fair face on the strangest subjects. Unfortunately this first impression soon died away; for at the end of every conversation, try as I would, he came back again to the same theme. Past history could not hold him, though it interested him, and though he knew it thoroughly in minutest detail. Indeed, a trifling circumstance would snatch him from the midst of an important historical narrative and thrust him back into his detestable favourite topic.

One of our afternoon walks was particularly unfortunate in this respect; the account of it may be given here as typical of similar cases, which might weary, if not actually annoy, our readers.

On the way through the city we were met by an old beggar-woman, whose importunities disturbed him in his story. "Be off, you old witch!" said he, and passed on. She shouted after him the well-known retort, but slightly modified, since she could see that the gruff fellow was old himself,—“If you did not wish to be old, you should have had yourself hanged in your youth!” He turned sharply round, and I feared a scene. “Hanged!” he cried, “have myself hanged! No, that could not have been; I was too honest a fellow for that; but it is quite true I should have hanged myself—quite true; I should have blown my own brains out, that I might not live to see the day when I am not even worth powder and shot.” The woman stood

as if petrified; but he continued, "You have said a true word, mother-witch! and as they have neither drowned nor burned you yet, you shall be paid for your proverb." He handed her a *Büsel*, a coin not often given to a beggar.

We had crossed the first bridge over the Rhine, and were walking in the direction of the inn we meant to visit, and I was trying to bring him back to our previous conversation, when, unexpectedly, a very pretty girl met us on the footpath, stopped in front of us, bowed graciously and cried: "Well, captain, where are you going?" and more of a like nature. "Mademoiselle," he replied, somewhat embarrassed, "I do not know——" "What!" she exclaimed, with charming astonishment, "do you forget your friends so soon?" The word "forget" annoyed him; he shook his head and replied, peevishly enough, "Indeed, mademoiselle, I have not the honour——" She now retorted with some vexation, yet very good-humouredly: "Take care, captain, I may fail to recognize you another time!" And so she hurried on, walking fast, and not looking round. Suddenly my companion struck himself on the forehead with clenched fists: "O what an ass I am!" he exclaimed, "what a perfect ass! Now, you see whether I am right or not." And then began violently to hold forth on the usual topic, still more confirmed in his views by the recent occurrence. I cannot and would not repeat the philippic he delivered against himself. At last he turned to me and said: "I call you to witness! You remember that saleswoman at the corner, who is neither young nor pretty? I greet her every time we pass, and often exchange a friendly word or two with her; and yet it is thirty years since she first favoured me. But now I swear it is hardly four weeks since this young lady was almost unreasonably gracious to me, and yet I will not recognize her, but insult her in return for her favours! Do I not always say that ingratitude is the greatest of vices, and no man would be ungrateful if he were not forgetful!"

We went into the inn, where the boisterous, convivial crowd in the entrance-halls stopped for a moment the invectives which he was pouring out against himself and his contemporaries. He was silent, and I hoped pacified, by the time we stepped into an upstairs-room: here we found a young man pacing up and down alone, whom the captain

saluted by name. I was pleased to make his acquaintance ; for my old friend had often spoken well of him, and told me that this young man, employed in the war-office, had often disinterestedly done him many a good turn when pensions had not been paid. I was glad that the conversation took a general turn, and we drank a bottle as we talked. But here, unluckily, another infirmity which my knight had in common with all obstinate men, came to light. For just as, in general, he could not get rid of his fixed idea, so he loved to cling to the disagreeable impression of the moment, allowing his feelings to run on without restraint. His recent anger against himself had not yet died away, when it was increased by a new annoyance, although of quite a different nature. As he looked round the room he soon noticed on the table coffee for two and two cups, and may besides, being a ladies' man, have traced other indications that the young man had not been quite so solitary the whole time. Immediately the conjecture arose in his mind, and ripened into probability, that the pretty girl had been paying a visit here, upon which the most outrageous jealousy added itself to his original vexation, and completed his discomfiture.

Now before I could suspect anything, for till then I had been talking quite innocently with the young man, the captain, in an unpleasant tone, with which I was familiar, began to make sarcastic references to the pair of cups, and other things besides. His young friend, though conscience-stricken, showed his good sense and good breeding by trying to turn it off pleasantly ; the older man, however, continued to be unmercifully rude, so that there was nothing left for the other but to seize his hat and cane, and to leave behind him as he quitted us a pretty unequivocal challenge. The captain's fury now burst out all the more vehemently, as he had in the interim drunk another bottle of wine almost by himself. He struck the table with his fist, and shouted more than once : " I'll strike him dead ! " It was not, however, meant quite so badly as it sounded, for he often used this phrase when anyone opposed or otherwise displeased him. Just as unexpectedly matters got worse on our way back : for I had the want of foresight to represent to him his ingratitude towards the young man, and to remind him

how strongly I had heard him praise the ready kindness of this obliging official. No! never have I seen a man so angry with himself; it was a passionate sequel to the same theme opened by our adventure with the pretty girl. I saw sorrow and repentance exaggerated into caricature, and in so far as all passion may be a substitute for genius, it was in its way an exhibition of genius. He then went over all the incidents of our afternoon ramble, made rhetorical use of them in self-reproach, brought up the old witch finally once more, and reduced himself to such a state, that I was almost afraid he would throw himself into the Rhine. Could I have been sure of fishing him out again quickly, as Mentor did Telemachus, I might have let him leap, and then should have brought him home with his brains cooled for once.

Lerse, to whom I immediately told the story, went with me next morning to the young man and succeeded in making him laugh by his dry wit. We agreed to bring about an accidental meeting, when a reconciliation would be sure to take place of itself. The drollest thing about it was, that by this time the captain too had slept off his rudeness, and was ready to apologize to the young man, who in his turn had small liking for quarrelling. All was arranged in the course of the morning, and, as the affair had not been kept quite secret, I did not escape some quizzing from my friends, who could have foretold me, from their own experience, how troublesome the friendship of the captain might become upon occasion.

But now, while I am thinking what should be set down next, a strange play of memory brings again into my thoughts that reverend cathedral building, which in those days engrossed so much of my attention, and which, in town and country alike, stands out so prominently to the eye.

The more I considered the *façade*, the more my first impression strengthened and developed, that here the sublime and the pleasing were allied. If the immense is not to terrify us when we contemplate it, nor confuse us when we seek to investigate its details, it must enter into an unnatural and apparently impossible alliance with the beautiful. But the mere fact that it is impossible to convey the impression produced by the cathedral except by presupposing the union of such incompatible qualities, is sufficient proof

in itself of the great virtue of this ancient edifice, and will lead us to consider seriously how such conflicting elements could possibly form a united and harmonious whole.

First of all, putting aside the towers, we will restrict our considerations to the *façade* alone, the oblong shape of which rises impressively before us. If we approach it at twilight, by moonlight, or on a starlight night, when the separate parts appear more or less indistinct and at last merge into one another, we see only a colossal wall, the height well proportioned to its breadth. If we look at it by day, and by an effort withdraw our attention from all details, we recognize the front of a building which not only closes in the interior, but also conceals what is behind it. The openings in this vast surface suggest internal requirements, and according to these we can at once divide it into nine compartments. The great middle door, which opens into the nave of the church, first meets the eye. On either side are two smaller doors, belonging to the aisles. Over the main entrance our glance falls upon the rose window, through which a dim religious light pervades the church and its vaulted arches. At the ends of the *façade* are two high and narrow inlets, which form a striking contrast with the middle one, and indicate that they belong to the base of the rising towers. Above the doors and window appears a series of three openings designed for the convenience of the bell-ringers and for similar purposes. Finally the whole is bounded horizontally by the balustrade of the gallery, in place of a cornice. These sections, corresponding to the nine inlets, are supported, enclosed, and separated into three great perpendicular masses by four buttresses rising from the ground.

Now as one cannot deny that the building as a whole shows a fine proportion of height to breadth, so also the buttresses and the intervening spaces produce an effect of harmony and lightness.

But so long as we continue to disregard the details and to think of this immense wall, as without ornamentation beyond its solid buttresses and its necessary inlets, which are limited to the actual requirements of the building, the whole will still appear grand and noble indeed, but heavy, unpleasing, and, in its lack of ornament, inartistic. For a work of art

which is apprehended as a whole only by the contemplation of its main divisions in their grandeur, simplicity, and harmony produces an impression of stateliness and dignity ; but the peculiar enjoyment derived from our delight in beauty can only result from the co-operation of all the elaborated details.

And it is precisely in this respect that the building we are examining satisfies us in the highest degree : for all the decorations are exactly suited to the special part that they adorn ; they are subordinate to it, they seem to have grown out of it. Variety of this kind always gives great pleasure, since it has its source in the fitness of things, and therefore at the same time awakens a feeling of unity. It is only in such cases that execution can be said to have attained the highest summit of art.

By such means, a solid piece of masonry, an impenetrable wall, the basis moreover of two lofty towers, was to appear to the eye, not only as self-supporting and self-sufficient, but at the same time as light and ornate, and, though pierced in a thousand places, to give the idea of indestructible solidity.

This problem has been most happily solved. The inlets in the wall, its solid portions, the buttresses, all have their individual character, resulting from their individual purpose. This character is maintained in all the subdivisions and in all the ornamentation employed ; everything, both great and small, is in its right place, and can easily be grasped, and thus a sense of beauty is combined with that of vastness. It is enough to mention the doors receding in perspective into the thickness of the wall, and with their endlessly ornate columns and pointed arches ; the window with the outline of its frame-work, as well as the slender reedlike columns of the perpendicular subdivisions. Let memory conjure up the buttresses retreating step by step, with their little, slender, light-pillared, pointed structures, striving upwards too and supporting canopies to protect the images of the saints, and how at last every rib, every boss, is like a head of blossom and spray of leaves, or some other natural object transformed into stone. Let my reader compare, if not the building itself, yet representations of the whole and of its parts, to confirm and

give reality to my words. They may seem exaggerated to many, for in my own case, though I fell in love with the building at first sight, yet it took me a long time to grow intimately acquainted with its value.

I had grown up among enemies of Gothic architecture, and continued to cherish my aversion for that intricate, over-elaborate ornamentation, which, by its lack of purpose, inspired repugnance to its characteristic religious gloom; and as my experience had only brought me into contact with inferior examples of this style, devoid of good proportions and of artistic consistency, my dislike to it had constantly increased. But here I thought I saw a new revelation, since none of those defects appeared, but rather a contrary impression was produced.

But the longer I looked and considered, the more I seemed to discover yet greater merits even beyond those I have already mentioned. I had already appreciated the just proportions of the main divisions, the way in which the minutest ornament was as appropriate as it was rich; but now I began to realize the connection of the various ornaments with each other, the transition from one leading part to another, the intertwining of details, homogeneous indeed, but yet greatly varying in form, from the saint to the monster, from the leaf to the toothed edge. The more I investigated, the more I was astonished; the more I amused and wearied myself with measuring and drawing, the more did my attachment increase, so that I spent much time, partly in studying what actually existed, partly in restoring, in my mind and on paper, what was wanting and unfinished, especially in the towers.

The fact that this building had been founded in an old German town, and had prospered thus far in genuine German times, and that the name of the builder, on his modest gravestone, was also of native sound and origin, induced me, in my admiration of this work of art, to change the hitherto decried appellation of "Gothic architecture" for that of "German architecture," thereby laying claim to it as a national product; nor did I fail to bring my patriotic views to light, first orally, and afterwards in a little treatise, dedicated to the memory of Ervinus a Steinbach.

If my biographical narrative should come down to the

epoch when the said article appeared in print, afterwards inserted by Herder in his pamphlet: *Von Deutscher Art und Kunst*, (of German Character and Art,) much more will be said on this weighty subject. But before turning from it for the present,* I will take the opportunity of vindicating the motto prefixed to the present volume, for the benefit of those who may have entertained some doubt about it. I know well indeed that in opposition to this honest, hopeful old German saying: "The wishes of youth are garnered in age!" many might quote a contrary experience, and that it might be the subject of much argument. But much also is to be said in its favour, and I will try to explain my own thoughts on the matter.

Our wishes are presentiments of the capabilities which lie within us, and harbingers of that which we shall be in a position to perform. Whatever we are able and would like to do, presents itself to our imagination, as lying without us and in the future; we feel a longing after that which we already possess in secret. Thus our eager grasp into the future converts a possibility into the realization of our dreams. Now if there is such a decided bias in our nature, then, with every step in our development, a part of our original desire will be fulfilled—under favourable circumstances in a direct way, under unfavourable in a circuitous way, which, however, will always lead us back to the other again. Thus we see men attain by perseverance to worldly wealth; they surround themselves with riches, splendour, and outward honours. Others strive yet more surely after intellectual advantages, and in time acquire for themselves a clear view of all things, peace of mind, and a feeling of security for the present and the future.

But there is a third ambition, compounded of both, the issue of which must be the most certain of success. When, namely, a man's youth falls in a pregnant age, when production outweighs destruction, so that he is early stirred to a presentiment of what such an epoch demands and promises: then, forced by outward inducements to active interest, he will lay hold on this side and on that, spurred by a desire for manifold activity. But so many accidental hindrances join with human limitations, that here we have unfinished beginnings, there an empty grasp, and wish after wish crumbles

away. But if these wishes have sprung from a pure heart, and are in conformity with the necessities of the times, we may composedly look on unfinished plans and frustrated efforts in the calm assurance that not only will the incomplete come to completion, the dropped threads be resumed, but that also many kindred things, things we have never attempted, never even thought of, will be brought to pass. And if, during our own lifetime, we see that performed by others, to which we ourselves felt an earlier call, but which we had perforce relinquished, with so much besides: then the inspiring feeling must be ours, that only mankind in its entirety is the true man, and that the individual can only then be joyous and happy when he has the courage to merge himself in the great whole.

These reflections are not out of place here; for when I reflect on the love which drew me to these ancient buildings, and calculate the time which I devoted to the Strasburg minster alone, the attention with which I afterwards examined the cathedrals at Cologne and at Freiburg, so that their magnificence grew on me continually, I could almost blame myself for having afterwards lost sight of them altogether, indeed, for having thrust them completely into the background, attracted by a more highly developed form of art. But when, nowadays, I see attention turn once more to those subjects, when I see the love, nay, I may say the passion for these things revived and flourishing, when I see young men of ability inspired by this passion, recklessly lavishing their powers, time, care, and wealth on these memorials of past ages, then I am pleasingly reminded that what was once the object of my efforts and desires was not without its value. I note with satisfaction that these devotees not only know how to prize what was done by our forefathers, but that from existing unfinished beginnings they try to build up, pictorially at least, the original design, and thus help us to realize the original conception, which must always be the beginning and end of all undertakings; and so they strive with sober zeal to throw light and soul into what must otherwise seem a confused past. Here I would mention with special praise the work of Sulpice Boisserée, who is labouring indefatigably to make a magnificent series of copper-plates which are to show how Cologne Cathedral

is a standing example of those vast conceptions which, like the tower of Babel, strove to reach heaven, and which were so out of proportion to their earthly means, that their execution necessarily remained incomplete. If we have been hitherto astonished that such buildings are still unfinished, we shall learn with the greatest wonder what was the architect's original design.

Would that artistic studies of this kind were duly patronized by all who have power, wealth, and influence, that our forefathers' vast designs might be duly interpreted for our use, and that we might be able to form some conception of what they dared to desire. The insight resulting from such study would not be fruitless, and we should at length be in a condition to judge these works with justice. Indeed, our zealous young friend will be best furthering the interests of this subject if, besides the monograph devoted to Cologne Cathedral, he will follow out in detail the history of our mediæval architecture. When, further, whatever is to be known about the practical side of this art is brought to light, when the art itself is studied in all its fundamental features by light of comparison with Græco-Roman and Egypto-Oriental architecture, then little will remain to be done in this department. And when the results of such patriotic labours are made known to the public at large, as they at present are to a small circle of friends by private circulation, then I shall be able, with true satisfaction, to repeat that motto in its best sense : "The wishes of youth are garnered in age."

But if, for results like these, which are the work of centuries, we can afford to wait on time and opportunity, there are, on the contrary, pleasant things which in youth must be enjoyed at once, in their freshness, like ripe fruits. And this sudden change of subject leads me to mention dancing, which is as present to the ear as the minster is to the eye every day and every hour in Strasburg, and, indeed, in all Alsace. From our earliest youth my sister and I had been taught dancing by our father himself, a task which must have sat strangely enough on so stern a man; but even in this he never lost his calm composure; he drilled us with the greatest precision in positions and steps, and when he had brought us to the point of dancing a minuet, would

play something easy for us in three-four time, on a *flûte-douce*, to which we danced as best we could. On the French stage, too, I had seen from my youth upwards, if not ballets, yet *pas seuls* and *pas de deux*, and had noticed in them all sorts of wonderful steps and movements.* So when we had had enough of the minuet, I used to beg my father for other dance music, of which our music-books offered us a rich supply in jigs and murkis;* and I had no difficulty in adapting steps and other movements to them, for my limbs moved naturally to time, as if by an inborn instinct. This rather pleased my father; indeed, he often let the "little monkeys" dance away to amuse himself and us. After my mishap with Gretchen, and during the whole of my residence in Leipzig, I never once appeared in a ball-room; on the contrary, I still remember that when, at a ball, they forced me to take part in a minuet, my limbs seemed to have lost all suppleness and rhythm, and I could no longer remember either steps or figures, so that I should have been put to disgrace and shame if the greater part of the spectators had not maintained that my awkward behaviour was pure obstinacy, assumed merely with the view of curing the ladies of all desire to draw me into their circle against my will.

During my residence in Frankfort, I was quite cut off from such pleasures: but in Strasburg, with the return of health, my limbs regained their old sense of time and measure. Sundays or week-days, you could saunter by no pleasure-ground without finding there a merry crowd assembled for the dance, and most of them already whirling round. There were, besides, private balls in country-houses, and people were already talking of the brilliant fancy balls of the coming winter. Here, indeed, I should have been out of place, and a useless member of society; but a friend, who waltzed very well, advised me to practise first in less select assemblies, so as to fit myself gradually for the best. He took me to a dancing-master, who was well known for his skill; this man promised me that when I had gone over the first elements a little, and mastered them again, he

* A "murki" is defined as an old species of short composition for the harpsichord, with a lively murmuring accompaniment in the bass.
—*Trans.*

would then take me further afield. He was a Frenchman of the dry, versatile kind, and took great pains with me. I paid him a month in advance, and received twelve tickets, for which he agreed to give me a certain number of hours. The man was strict and precise, but not pedantic; and as I had already had some previous practice, I soon gave him satisfaction and deserved his commendation.

One circumstance, however, was of considerable help to his teaching; he had two daughters, both pretty, and both still under twenty. Pupils of the art from their youth upwards, they had acquired great skill, and could, as partners, have helped even the clumsiest learner to make progress. They had charming manners, spoke nothing but French, and I, on my part, did my best not to cut an awkward or ridiculous figure before them. Fortunately they were kind enough to approve of me, and were always willing to dance a minuet to their father's fiddling, and, what indeed was more difficult for them, to initiate me, by degrees, into the art of whirling round in the waltz. Their father did not seem to have many pupils, and they led a lonely life. For this reason they often asked me to stop after my lesson was over, and to chat with them a little. I made no objections, as I found the younger one very attractive, and as both were perfectly proper in their behaviour. I often read aloud from a novel, or listened to their reading. The elder, who was as handsome as the second, perhaps even handsomer, but who did not please my taste so well, was particularly kind and attentive. She was always at hand during the lesson, and would even lengthen it out; so much so that I more than once thought myself bound to offer two tickets to her father, who, however, would not accept them. The younger, on the contrary, though never unfriendly, was rather reserved, and waited to be called by her father before she relieved the elder.

The reason of this was explained to me one evening. For when, after the dance was done, I was about to go into the sitting-room with the elder, she held me back and said, "Let us stop here a little longer; for I must confess to you that my sister has with her a woman who tells fortunes from cards, who is to reveal to her how matters stand with an absent lover, whom she loves with her whole heart, and on

whom she has placed all her hopes. Mine is free," she continued, "and I must get used to seeing it despised." I then made her a few pretty speeches, adding that she could at once convince herself on that point by consulting the wise woman herself; I would do so too, as I had long wished to experience something of the kind, but had hitherto been too sceptical. She blamed me for this, assuring me that nothing in the world was more trustworthy than the answers of this oracle, only it must be consulted, not in a spirit of fun and mischief, but solely in matters of genuine importance. However, I at last compelled her to follow me into the room, as soon as she had ascertained that the consultation was over. We found her sister in a very cheerful mood, with a warmer welcome for me than usual, gay, and almost witty; no doubt feeling secure of an absent friend, she thought it no treachery to be a little gracious to one of her sister's present friends, as she thought me to be. The old woman was now cajoled, and promised good payment, if she would tell the truth to the elder sister and to me. With all the usual preparations and ceremonies she began her office with a view to telling the girl's fortune first. She carefully considered the lie of the cards, but seemed to hesitate, and would not speak out what she had to say. "I see," said the younger sister, who was more skilled in the interpretation of such a magic forecast, "you hesitate, not wishing to tell my sister disagreeable truths; but that is an unlucky card!" The elder one turned pale, but with an effort at composure said, "Only speak out; after all, no one's head is at stake." The old woman, with a deep sigh, showed her that she was in love, that her love was not returned, for another one stood in her way, and other things of like import. The poor girl's trouble was evident. The old woman thought she would improve matters by holding out hopes of letters and money. "Letters," said my fair companion, "I do not expect, and money I do not desire. If it is true, as you say, that I love, I deserve a heart that loves me in return." "Let us see if we can do better," replied the old woman, as she shuffled the cards and laid them out a second time; but we all saw the forecast only yet darker. The fair girl was shown not only lonelier, but surrounded by many sorrows; her lover still further

removed from her, and the intervening figures nearer. The old woman was anxious to try a third time, in hopes of a better result; but the poor child could restrain herself no longer, she broke out into uncontrollable weeping, and, shaking with violent sobs, she turned and rushed from the room. I was at a loss what to do. Inclination kept me by my present companion; compassion drove me to the other; it was a painful situation. "Comfort Lucinda," said the younger; "go after her." I hesitated; how could I comfort her without at least assuring her of some sort of affection, and could I trust myself at such a moment to do so with coolness and moderation? "Let us go together," I said to Emilia. "I am not sure that my presence will do her any good," she replied. Yet we went, but found the door bolted. Lucinda made no answer; knock, call, entreat, as we would, it was in vain. "We must let her have her own way," said Emilia; "nothing else would be any use now." And, indeed, when I called to mind her manner from our very first acquaintance, it struck me she had always been of a passionate and uneven disposition, and had chiefly shown her affection for me by treating me with exceptional politeness. What was I to do? I paid the old woman well for the mischief she had done, and was about to take my leave, when Emilia said, "I stipulate that the cards shall now be cut for you too." The old woman was ready. "I will not be present at any rate," I cried, and hurried downstairs.

The next day I had not the courage to go there. The third day, early in the morning, Emilia sent me word by a boy who had already brought me many a message from the sisters, and had carried back flowers and fruit to them in return, that I must not fail to come that day. I arrived at the usual hour, and found the father alone. He set to work to improve my paces and steps, my way of advancing and retiring, my bearing and behaviour, and seemed to be quite satisfied with me. The younger daughter came in towards the end of the lesson, and danced a very graceful minuet with me, and that so charmingly that her father declared his floor had rarely seen a prettier or a nimbler couple. After the lesson, I went as usual into the sitting-room; the father left us alone; I missed Lucinda. "She is in bed," said Emilia, "and I am glad of it; do not trouble about it. The

best cure for her mental ailments is to fancy herself sick in body; she does not want to die, and so does what we say. We have certain family medicines which she takes; then she rests, and so, by degrees, the ruffled waves are stilled. She is, indeed, only too good and patient in such imaginary illnesses, and as she is really in perfect health, and only suffering from her passion, she imagines various kinds of romantic deaths, with which she loves to frighten herself, like children when we tell them ghost-stories. Only yesterday evening she declared to me with great vehemence, that this time she should certainly die, and that only when she was really near death, they were again to bring before her that false, ungrateful friend, who had at first acted so handsomely towards her, and now treated her so ill; she would reproach him bitterly, and then give up the ghost." "I am not aware," I exclaimed, "that I have ever been guilty of expressing any sort of affection for her. I know who can best bear me out on this point." Emilia smiled and rejoined, "I quite understand you; and unless we are firm and discreet now, we shall all be in a bad plight together. What will you say if I ask you to discontinue your lessons? You have, I believe, four tickets still over for the last month, and my father has already said that he does not think he is justified in taking your money any longer, unless you intend to devote yourself seriously to dancing as an art; you have learnt all that a young man in society can need." "Is it you, Emilia, who advise me to shun your house?" I replied. "Yes, I do," she said, "but not because it is my wish. Listen. When you hurried off the day before yesterday, I had the cards cut for you, and the same answer was repeated three times, and each time more emphatically. You were surrounded by all good things, by friends and noble lords, and money without stint. The ladies kept at some distance. My poor sister in particular was always farthest off; one other constantly drew nearer to you, but never reached your side, for another man always came between. I will confess that I thought myself meant by the second lady, and after such an admission you cannot fail to understand my well-meant counsel. My heart and hand are promised to an absent friend; until now he stood first in my affection; yet your presence might possibly become

more important to me than hitherto, and what would your position then be between two sisters, one of whom you had made unhappy by your affection, and the other by your coldness, and in any case the whole trouble would be so useless and so short? For even if we had not known already who you are and what are your expectations, the cards would have made it perfectly clear to me. Farewell!" she said, and held out her hand. I hesitated. "And now," she said, leading me to the door, "since this may really be the last time that we shall speak to one another, take what I would otherwise have denied you." She fell upon my neck and kissed me tenderly. I took her in my arms and pressed her to my heart.

At this moment the side-door flew open, and her sister, not unbecomingly attired in a light night-dress, sprang out crying, "You shall not be the only one to take leave of him!" Emilia let me go, and Lucinda seized me, clung tightly to me, pressed her black locks against my cheeks, nor did she instantly let go her hold. Thus I found myself in that dilemma between two sisters which Emilia had prophesied only a moment before. Lucinda let me go at last, and gazed earnestly into my face. I would have taken her hand and said kind words to her, but she turned away, walked up and down the room fiercely once or twice, and then threw herself into a corner of the sofa. Emilia went to her, only to be instantly repulsed, and then a scene began which it still pains me to recall, and which, though not really theatrical in itself, but quite natural to a passionate young Frenchwoman, could only be properly reproduced by a good and stirring actress on the stage.

Lucinda overwhelmed her sister with reproaches. "This is not the first heart," she cried, "that you have stolen from me when it had turned to me. Was it not exactly the same with him who is now absent, and who at last betrothed himself to you under my very eyes? I was compelled to look on; I endured it; but I know the thousands of tears that it has cost me. And now you take this one from me, without letting the other go; how many can you contrive to hold at once? I am frank and good-natured, so everyone thinks he soon knows all there is to know about me, and he can throw me on one side. You are reserved.

and quiet, and people think you are concealing wonderful depths within. Yet there is nothing behind but a cold, selfish heart that can sacrifice everything to itself; nobody learns this easily, because you keep it deep hidden in your breast; and just as little do they know of my warm, true heart, because it is as open as my face."

In silence Emilia sat down by her sister, who, growing more and more excited as she talked, let slip certain private matters which it was not exactly fitting I should know. Emilia, who was trying to pacify her sister, made a sign to me behind her back that I should leave them; but as jealousy and suspicion have a thousand eyes, this too did not seem to escape Lucinda's notice. She sprang to her feet and came towards me, yet not angrily. She stood before me and considered for a moment. Then she said, "I know that I have lost you; I make no further claims on you. But you shall not have him either, sister!" With these words she took my head between her hands, thrusting her fingers in my hair, and, pressing my face to hers, kissed me over and over again upon the lips. "Now," she cried, "fear my curse! Woe upon woe, for ever and ever, to her who kisses these lips for the first time after me! Dare to have anything more to do with him! I know heaven hears me this time. And now, Sir, be gone, be gone as quickly as you can!"

I flew downstairs, with the firm determination never to enter the house again.

TENTH BOOK

As soon as German poets ceased to be united and to stand together as members of a guild, they also ceased to enjoy any privilege in the world at large. They had no footing, no standing, no influence, except in so far as these came to them through other channels, and therefore it was a matter of mere chance whether talent was born to honour or to disgrace. A poor sprig of humanity, conscious of mental powers and faculties, was forced to crawl painfully through life, and, under pressure of momentary necessities, to squander those gifts which he had assuredly received from the Muses. Occasional poems, the first and most genuine of all branches of poetry, had become so despicable, that the nation even now cannot be persuaded of their true value; and a poet, unless, indeed, he followed in Gunther's footsteps, lived in the world in the most melancholy state of subserviency, a jester and a parasite, so that both on the theatrical stage and on the stage of life he played a part which anyone and everyone might abuse at pleasure.

If, on the contrary, the Muse associated herself with men of position, she conferred on these a lustre which was reflected back upon herself. Noblemen with experience of affairs, like Hagedorn, dignified citizens, like Brockes, distinguished men of science, like Haller, took their place among the highest in the land, and ranked among the most eminent and the most highly valued names. Those, too, were specially honoured who, in possession of this delightful talent, had yet distinguished themselves as active and reliable business men. For example, Uz, Rabener, and Weisse enjoyed peculiar respect; for in them it was possible to appreciate the combination of those heterogeneous qualities which are so seldom found united.

But now the time was approaching when poetic genius

was to become aware of its own power, to create its own conditions, and to understand how to lay the foundations of a dignified independence. All the influences necessary for the inauguration of such an epoch were combined in KLOPSTOCK. He was pure both in body and soul. The serious and thorough education he received taught him early to place a high value upon himself and upon all his actions, and, as he thoughtfully planned out his course of life, he turned, as if with a presentiment of the whole strength which was within him, to the loftiest theme imagination can conceive. The Messiah, a name betokening infinite attributes, was to be glorified anew in his verse. The Redeemer was the hero whom the poet aspired to accompany through earthly lowliness and sorrow to the highest heavenly triumphs. And this task called into requisition all the forces—human, angelic, and divine—of his youthful soul. Brought up on the Bible and nourished by its strength, he now lived with patriarchs, prophets, and forerunners, as if they were present with him; yet through all the ages the only object of their being was to draw a halo of brightness round the One whose humiliation they behold with astonishment, and in whose exaltation they are gloriously to bear a part. For at last, after fearful hours of gloom, the everlasting Judge will roll the clouds from before his face, again acknowledge his Son and Partaker of his Godhead, who, on his part, will lead back to Him the estranged hearts of men, nay, even a fallen spirit. The living heavens shout with a thousand angel voices round the throne, and a stream of radiant love is poured out upon the universe, that universe whose gaze had been so recently fixed upon the scene of so tremendous a sacrifice. That heavenly peace which Klopstock felt in the conception and execution of this poem, communicates itself even now to everyone who reads the first ten cantos, and makes him deaf to those demands which the voice of progress is slow to renounce.

The dignity of the subject enhanced in the poet the feeling of his own personality. That he himself would one day form one of those heavenly choirs, that the God-Man would single him out, nay, give him face to face that reward of his labours, which every feeling and devout heart on earth

had already fondly paid to him in many a tender tear—these were such innocent, childlike thoughts and hopes, as only a pure mind can conceive and cherish. Thus Klopstock gained the perfect right to regard himself as one set apart, and studied in his actions the most scrupulous purity. Even in his old age it troubled him exceedingly that he had given his earliest love to a lady who, by marrying another, left him in uncertainty whether she had really loved him or been worthy of him. The sentiments which bound him to Meta, their heartfelt, tranquil affection, their short consecrated married life, the aversion of the surviving husband to a second union—all was such as he need not fear to recall hereafter in the circle of the blessed.

This high standard of personal conduct was still further confirmed in him by the hospitality he long received in friendly Denmark, in the house of a great and, from a human standpoint, excellent statesman. Here, in a higher social circle, which was exclusive indeed, but, at the same time, much addicted to consider superficial morals and the world's opinion, his tendency became still more decided. A composed demeanour, a measured and laconic speech, even when speaking openly and decisively, gave him through life a certain diplomatic ministerial self-importance, which seemed to be at variance with his tender natural feelings, although both sprang from one source. All this is both portrayed and typified in his first works, and they could not therefore fail to exert an incredible influence. One of his most decided characteristics has not been mentioned, namely, that he personally assisted others who were struggling to make a way in life or poetry.

But the same desire to further young writers in their literary career, and delight in helping on hopeful spirits on whom fortune frowned, and making the way easy for them, was the glory of another German, one who, in his own estimation, would indeed take the second place, but, in regard to his living influence, may well rank as first. No one can fail to understand that we are here referring to **GLEIM**. He held an obscure but lucrative office in a pleasantly situated town, not too large, yet full of military, civic, and literary activity, from which a great and wealthy institution drew its revenues, of which a part at any rate remained to

enrich the town. Hence he felt within himself an eager creative impulse, which, however, with all its strength, did not quite suffice him, so that he gave himself up to another, perhaps even stronger impulse, that, namely, of helping others to produce. Both these activities were constantly interwoven during his whole long life. He could as well live without breathing, as without writing poetry and making presents. By helping needy talent of all kinds through its earlier or later difficulties, and so contributing largely to the glories of our literature, he won so many friends, debtors, and dependants, that his diffuse verse was well received by all, since toleration of his poetry was the only return possible for his abundant benefits.

Now, the high idea which these two men might well form of their own worth, and by which others were induced to estimate their powers unduly, has produced very great and good results, both in public and private. But this self-esteem, honourable as it is, had a bad consequence in one particular direction for themselves, for those around them, and for their times. If, judged by their intellectual activities, both these men may without hesitation be called great, yet with respect to the world at large they remained but unimportant, and their social position insignificant, compared with that won by a more stirring life. The day is long, and so is the night; one cannot be always versifying, writing, or producing; their time could not be filled up like that of the worldling and men of rank and wealth; they therefore set too high a value on their own narrow sphere and attached an importance to their daily affairs which they should have kept to themselves, and took more than reasonable delight in their own jokes, which, though amusing for the moment, could be of no ultimate consequence. They received praise and honour from others, as they deserved; they returned it, with moderation indeed, but always too profusely; and because they were so fully convinced of the value of their friendship, they took delight in expressing it repeatedly, sparing neither paper nor ink in such assurances. Thus arose those series of letters whose lack of matter is the astonishment of modern readers; nor can we blame them, when they fail to understand how such eminent men could delight in an interchange of empty nothings, or when they express the wish

that such papers had never been printed. But we may well let these few volumes stand along with so many others upon our bookshelves, when they have once taught us the lesson that even the most eminent man has to live an everyday life, and enjoys but miserable fare, when he lives too much within himself, and neglects to take his part in the fulness of life around him, where alone he can find nourishment for his growth, and at the same time a standard by which to measure it.

The literary activity of these men was at its height when we young folk also began to bestir ourselves in our own circle, and I was in danger of falling into the same system of reciprocal flattery, forbearance, and mutual admiration with the friends of my own age, if not, indeed, with my elders. In my immediate circle, everything I produced met with approval. Ladies, friends, and patrons will never condemn what is undertaken and written to please them. And such obligations must at last result in a mere interchange of compliments and empty phrases, in which all individuality is easily lost, if it is not from time to time steeled to higher excellence.

But it was my good fortune at this time to form an unexpected friendship, through which all the self-complacency, personal vanity, conceit, pride, and haughtiness that may have been latent or at work within me, were put to a very severe trial, a trial unique in its kind, and quite at variance with current custom, and therefore so much the more searching and unsparing.

For this most important event, one that was to have the weightiest consequences for me, was my acquaintance with HERDER, and the closer friendship with him which sprung from it. He was then travelling companion to the Prince of Holstein-Eutin, who had fallen into a state of melancholia, and the two had come together to Strasburg. As soon as our society heard of his arrival, all its members longed for the opportunity of meeting him, but I was the first to meet with this good fortune, quite unexpectedly and by chance. I had gone to the *Inn zum Geist* to inquire after some distinguished stranger or other. I was just going upstairs, when I saw a man in front of me, whom I might have taken for a clergyman. His powdered hair was in a queue,

his black clothes were remarkable, but still more a long black silk cloak, the skirts of which were gathered up and tucked into his pocket. This somewhat striking, but yet, on the whole, elegant and pleasing figure, had already been described to me, so that it left me not the least doubt that he was the celebrated new-comer, and I showed my certainty by addressing him by name. He asked me mine, which could be of no consequence to him; but my frankness seemed to please him, since he met it with like friendliness, and, as we went upstairs, he entered into an animated conversation with me. I have forgotten whom we visited; the important point is, that at parting I begged permission to wait on him at his own residence, and he consented in the kindest manner. I did not neglect to avail myself repeatedly of this favour, and was more and more attracted by him. He had a gentle manner, which became him well without being exactly easy; a round face, an imposing forehead, almost a snub nose, a somewhat prominent, but highly characteristic, pleasing, and attractive mouth; a pair of coal-black eyes under black eyebrows, striking and expressive, though one was often red and inflamed. He questioned me in all manner of ways about myself and my position, and his power of attraction grew upon me daily. I was in general of a very confiding disposition, and with him especially I had no secrets. It was not long, however, before I struck an antagonistic note in his nature, which caused me considerable uneasiness. I had given him a full account of my youthful occupations and hobbies, and amongst others, of a collection of seals I had got together, principally by the help of our family friend, who had an extensive correspondence. I had arranged them according to the State Calendar, and by this means had become well acquainted with all the potentates and the greater and lesser principalities and powers, even down to the nobility. These heraldic insignia had often been of use to my memory, especially in the coronation festivities. I spoke of these with some complacency; but here he differed entirely from me, and not only stripped the subject of all interest, but contrived to make it look ridiculous and almost distasteful.

This spirit of contradiction in him was to trouble me still further, for he had resolved to remain in Strasburg, partly

because he wished to separate from the prince, partly on account of an affection of his eyes. The complaint he suffered from is one peculiarly inconvenient and troublesome, and can be cured only by a painful, highly unpleasant and risky operation. The tear-bag is closed below, so that the moisture contained in it cannot flow off to the nose, especially as the aperture by which this secretion should naturally take place is lacking in the adjacent bone. The bottom of the tear-bag must therefore be cut open, and the bone pierced: then a horse-hair is drawn through the lachrymal point, then down through the opened tear-bag, and the new channel thus put into connection with it, and this hair is moved backwards and forwards every day, in order to restore the communication between the two parts; and this cannot be done without first making a local incision to reach the affected organ.

Herder now separated from the prince, moved into lodgings of his own, and resolved to be operated on by Lobstein. Here my endeavours to blunt my susceptibilities stood me in good stead; I was able to be present at the operation, and to be serviceable and helpful to my distinguished friend in many ways. I also had ample opportunity of admiring his great firmness and endurance: for neither during the numerous surgical operations, nor during the continual painful dressings, did he show the least irritation, and of all of us seemed to be the one who suffered least. But in the intervals, indeed, his uncertain temper gave us much to put up with. I say *we*, for besides myself, a good-humoured Russian, Peglow by name, was often with him. This man had formerly made Herder's acquaintance in Riga, and, though no longer a youth, was trying to perfect himself in surgery under Lobstein's guidance. Herder could be charmingly attractive and brilliant, but he could just as easily be bad-tempered and gruff. All men, indeed, have this twofold power of attraction and repulsion, some more, some less, some in longer, some in shorter spells, according to their nature; many can assume a semblance of control in this respect, few attain it in reality. As for Herder, the preponderance of his contradictory, bitter, biting humour was certainly due to disease and the sufferings arising from it. This often occurs in life; we do not

sufficiently take into consideration the moral effect of a sickly constitution, and therefore judge many characters unjustly by assuming that all men are healthy, and requiring of them that they should act accordingly.

All the while he was undergoing this treatment I visited Herder morning and evening ; I even spent whole days with him, and was soon all the more ready to forgive him his chiding and fault-finding, as I daily learned to appreciate his great and beautiful qualities, his deep-sighted knowledge, and his wide views on life. The influence of this good-natured ranter was great and important. He was five years older than myself, which in youth makes a great difference to begin with ; and as I acknowledged his true worth, and tried justly to appreciate what he had already produced, he necessarily gained a great ascendancy over me. But the situation was far from easy ; for those older persons, with whom I had associated hitherto, while they tried to mould me, had done so with indulgence, perhaps had even spoiled me by their tolerance ; but from Herder, do what one would, it was vain to expect approval. Now, the conflict between my great affection and reverence for him on the one hand, and the dissatisfaction he excited in me on the other, gave rise to an inward struggle, the first of its kind which I had experienced in my life. Since his conversation always carried weight, whether he asked or answered questions, or communicated his opinions in any other way, my intercourse with him could not but open out new views to me every day and every hour. At Leipzig, I had grown accustomed to a narrow and circumscribed way of life, nor had my position in Frankfort helped to extend my general knowledge of German literature ; for there my past mystical, religious, and scientific researches had rather led me into obscure paths, and I was practically ignorant of what had been passing for some years back in the wider literary world. Through Herder, however, I was at once to learn all its new aspirations and tendencies. He had already made himself sufficiently known, and by his *Fragmente*, his *Kritische Wälder* (Critical Forests), and other works, had immediately won a place by the side of the most eminent men who had long stood conspicuous in the nation's eyes. The stirring of such a mind, the ferment of such a nature, are beyond imagination or description. But the

hidden effort must have been great, indeed, when one considers how long and how vigorously that mind continued to work and write.

We had not lived together long in this manner when he confided to me that he meant to be a competitor for the prize which was offered at Berlin for the best treatise on the origin of language. His work was already near completion, and, as he wrote a very neat hand, he was soon able to show me portions of his legible manuscript. I had never given any thought to such subjects, for I was yet too deeply involved in the middle of things to have thought about their beginning and end. The question, too, seemed to me to some extent an idle one; for if God created man as man, language must be just as innate in him as walking erect; and it must have been equally apparent to him that he could sing with his throat, and modify the tones in various ways by tongue, palate, and lips, as that he could walk and take hold of things. If man was of divine origin, so was also language itself; and if man, considered in the sphere of nature, was a natural being, language was likewise natural. These two things seemed to me as inseparable as soul and body. Süßmilch, whose crude realism was yet imbued with fantastic notions, had declared himself for the divine origin, that is, that God had played the schoolmaster to the original man. Herder's treatise went to show that man as man could and must have attained to language only by his own powers. I read the treatise with much pleasure, and it helped to fortify my mind; only I had not yet reached a high enough level in thought or knowledge to be able to judge it adequately. So I contented myself with praising the author, merely adding a few remarks which followed naturally from my point of view. But it was one and the same to him: he scolded and blamed, whether one agreed with him conditionally or unconditionally. The fat surgeon was less patient than I; he humorously declined the offer to peruse the prize-essay, declaring he was unfit to meditate on such abstract topics. He urged on us in preference a game of ombre, which we usually played together in the evening.

During his troublesome and painful cure, Herder lost none of his vivacity, but a good deal of his amiability.

He could not write a note to ask a favour, without adding the spice of some sarcasm. Once, for instance, he wrote to me as follows :—

“ If those letters of Brutus thou hast in thy Cicero’s letters,
 Thou, whom the classic consolers, deck’d out in magnificent
 bindings,
 Soothe from their well-planed shelves—yet more by the outside than
 inside,
 Thou, who from gods art descended, or Goths, or from origin goatish,*
 Goethe, send them to me.”

It was certainly not polite of him to allow himself this jest upon my name ; for a man’s name is not like a cloak, which merely hangs about him, and which, perchance, may be twitched and pulled with impunity ; but is a perfectly fitting garment, which has grown over and around him like his very skin, and which one cannot scratch and scrape without wounding the man himself.

The first reproach, on the contrary, was better founded. I had brought with me to Strasburg the authors I had obtained, by exchange, from Langer, and various fine editions from my father’s collection—besides, and had arranged them neatly on a book-case, with the best intentions of using them. But how should my time, which I dissipated in a hundred different channels, suffice for that ? Herder, who had an eye for books, since he needed them every moment, had noticed my fine collection at his first visit, but soon saw, too, that I made no use of them. And being by nature the greatest enemy to all false appearances and ostentation, it was his habit, on occasion, to rally me on the subject.

Another sarcastic poem occurs to me, which he sent me one evening, when I had been telling him a great deal about the Dresden gallery. I had not, it is true, grasped the higher meaning of the Italian school ; but Domenico Feti, an excellent artist, although a humorist, and therefore not of the first rank, had interested me much. It was the custom to paint scriptural subjects. He confined himself to the

* The German word is “ Kot ” (*filth*), and the whole object of the line is to introduce a play on the words “ Goethe,” “ Götter,” “ Götten,” and “ Kot,”—*Trans.*

New Testament parables, and was fond of representing them with much originality, taste, and humour. He transported them altogether into everyday life, and the spirited and *naïve* details of his compositions, drawn with a bold touch, had made a vivid impression on me. At this childish enthusiasm of mine for art, Herder sneered in the following fashion :—

“ Through sympathy
One master gives me most delight—
He, Domenico Feti hight.
A Scripture parable so well he knows •
Into a jesting fable to transpose,
Through sympathy—O parable jocose ! ”

I could mention many jokes of the kind, clear and abstruse, merry and bitter. They did not vex me, but made me feel uncomfortable. Yet since I highly valued everything that contributed to my own education, and had often relinquished earlier opinions and tastes, I soon learnt to adapt myself to his ways, and only tried, as far as was possible from my point of view at the time, to distinguish just blame from unjust invectives. So never a day passed which did not bring me fruitful matter for instruction.

I learnt to know poetry from quite a different side, and in another light than heretofore, one, too, which suited me well. Hebrew poetry, which he had treated in a masterly manner on the lines of his predecessor Lowth—popular songs such as he urged us to search for in Alsace ; and the poetry of the oldest extant records—all bear witness that all poetry is a gift to the world and to nations, and not the private inheritance of a few refined and cultivated men. All this I eagerly imbibed, and the more anxious I was to receive, the more liberal he was in giving, so that we spent most interesting hours together. I tried, too, to persevere in the other scientific studies which I had begun, and as one always has time enough, if one applies it well, so in the end I succeeded in doing twice or thrice as much as usual. Of those few crowded weeks we lived together, I can truly say that they contained the germ of all that Herder has gradually produced since, so that I was in the fortunate condition of being able to complete, to enoble, and to expand all that I had hitherto thought, learned,

and made my own. Had Herder been more methodical, he might have given me invaluable guidance, and a lasting bent to my education; but he was more inclined to test and stimulate, than to lead and guide. For example, he first made me acquainted with Hamann's writings, upon which he set great store. But instead of giving me any instruction on the point, and making me understand the bias and drift of his extraordinary mind, he was merely amused at my clumsy struggles to get at the meaning of such sibylline writings. I could, nevertheless, feel that something in Hamann's writings appealed to me; and I gave myself up to this influence without knowing whence it came or whither it was leading me.

The treatment had already lasted longer than was reasonable, when Lobstein began to hesitate, and to go back upon himself, so that the affair seemed endless; Peglow, too, had confided to me in private that a favourable issue was hardly to be expected; the whole situation grew oppressive; Herder lost his patience and cheerfulness, he could not continue his work with the same assiduity, especially as they began to lay the blame of the failure of the operation upon his excessive mental exertions, and his constant, animated, and merry intercourse with us. Suffice it to say, that after so much trouble and suffering, the artificial tear-channel would not form, and the intended passage remained blocked. It was necessary to let the wound heal to prevent the disease from growing worse. If, during the operation, we had been forced to admire Herder's fortitude under pain, the melancholy and even grim resignation with which he faced the idea that he must bear such a disfigurement for life, was so truly sublime, that it won him the reverence of all those who saw and loved him. This blot upon an otherwise expressive countenance must have been all the more trying for him, as he had succeeded in winning the affection of a most delightful lady whose acquaintance he had made in Darmstadt. It was probably mainly on her account that he submitted to the cure, so that, on his return, he might seem more at ease, more cheerful, and more pleasing in her eyes, and be in a position to confirm and clinch their tacit betrothal. However, he was anxious to leave Strasburg as soon as possible, and since his stay had

hitherto been as expensive as it was unpleasant, I borrowed a sum of money on his behalf, which he promised to refund within a stated period. The time passed by, however, and no money came. My creditor did not actually dun me; but I was for several weeks in some embarrassment. At last letter and money came to hand, and here again he was true to himself; for, instead of thanks or apology, his letter contained nothing but satirical doggerel, which would have puzzled, if not alienated, another than myself; but it did not move me at all, for the conception I had formed of his worth was so invincible that it absorbed any feeling of an opposite nature which might have detracted from it.

One should never speak, least of all in public, of one's own or of others' faults, except for some useful purpose; that is why I am about to insert here certain observations which have forced themselves upon me.

Gratitude and ingratitude belong to those manifestations which occur continually in the moral world, and about which men can never agree among themselves. I usually distinguish between unthankfulness, ingratitude, and aversion to gratitude. The first is inborn in men, nay, created with them: for it arises from a happy lighthearted readiness to forget the unpleasant as well as the pleasant, which alone makes the continuation of life possible. Man stands in need of such an infinite variety of assistance both in the past and in the present to make his life tolerable, that if he were always attempting to pay to sun and earth, to God and nature, to ancestors and parents, to friends and companions, the thanks due to them, he would have neither time nor feeling left to receive and enjoy new benefits. But if the natural man suffers this heedlessness to get complete control over him, a cold indifference gains on him more and more, until at last he comes to regard his benefactor as a stranger, to whom he may even do an injury, provided it be advantageous to himself. This alone can properly be termed ingratitude, and is merely an outcome of that barbarity to which our unbridled instinct must inevitably lead us. Aversion to gratitude, however, the rewarding of a benefit by ill-natured and sullen conduct, is very rare, and occurs only in eminent men, men who, conscious of great natural gifts, are, however, born in a low rank of society or

in helpless circumstances, and who must, therefore, from their youth upwards, force their way step by step, and receive, at every point, help and support, which the coarseness of their benefactors often renders bitter and repugnant, since the benefits they receive are earthly, whereas those they confer are of a higher nature, so that any kind of real compensation is, strictly speaking, impossible. Lessing, with the fine knowledge of human ways which was his in the best years of his life, has in one place bluntly, but humorously, given his views on the subject. Herder, on the contrary, constantly embittered his best days, both for himself and others, because he knew not how to moderate, by strength of mind in later years, that ill-humour which circumstances had fostered in him in his youth.

Nor is this an unreasonable demand on our own powers : for a man's capacity for self-improvement receives prompt and friendly aid from the light of nature, always actively at work within him to enlighten him on his condition ; and in general, in many points of moral culture, it is better not to tax our failings too severely, nor to strain too far after remote means of correcting them ; for it is even possible to cure certain faults most easily by playful measures. Thus, for instance, we can excite gratitude in ourselves, keep it alive, and even make it indispensable, by mere force of habit.

In a biography it is fitting to speak of oneself. I am, by nature, as little grateful as any man, and besides being easily unmindful of benefits received, the passion excited by a momentary misunderstanding could very easily beguile me into ingratitude.

To obviate this, I accustomed myself, in the first place, in the case of all my possessions, to call to mind with pleasure how I came by them, and from whom I received them, whether by way of present, exchange, or purchase, or by any other means. In showing my collections I have made a point of mentioning the names of those through whom I obtained each article, even to lay stress on any occasions or accidents or remotest causes and coincidences by which things which are dear and of value to me have become mine. This gives life to our surroundings ; they stand to us in a spiritual and touching relationship as we

are reminded of their origin ; and, by thus making past circumstances present to us, our momentary existence is ennobled and enriched, the originators of such gifts rise repeatedly before the imagination, encircled by pleasing memories, ingratitude becomes impossible, and to return the favour seems easy and desirable. This leads us at the same time to the consideration of our intangible possessions, and we love to call to mind to whom we owe our nobler endowments.

Before I turn my attention from that connection with Herder, which was so important and so rich in consequences for me, I must touch on yet another point. Nothing was more natural than that I should by degrees become more and more reserved towards Herder about those things which had hitherto contributed to my development, but more especially about such as still seriously occupied my attention at the moment. He had destroyed my enjoyment of much that had formerly delighted me, and had particularly blamed me most severely for the pleasure I found in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. However warmly I might defend my favourite, saying that, for a youthful fancy, nothing could be more delightful than to linger in those blissful, glorious regions with gods and demi-gods, and to be a witness of their deeds and passions ; however circumstantially I might quote the favourable opinion of a man of weight previously mentioned in these pages, and corroborate it by my own experience ; all went for nothing with Herder : there was no absolute truth, properly so called, to be found in these poems, he maintained ; here was neither Greece nor Italy, neither a primitive nor a civilized world, everything was rather an imitation of what had already existed, and a mannerized representation, such as could be expected only from a hypercivilized man. And if at last I ventured to maintain, that whatever is produced by a great mind is also nature, and that always, in all nationalities, ancient and modern, the poet alone has been the creative mind, this too was contested and made the subject of so much dispute that it all but destroyed my liking for Ovid ; for no affection, no habit is so strong, that it can hold out in the long run against the animadversions of great men who enjoy our confidence. These strictures always leave an after-taste, and

where one cannot love unconditionally, love is already in a critical condition.

I most carefully concealed from him my interest in certain subjects which had taken strong hold of me, and were, by degrees, moulding themselves into poetic form. These were *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*. The story of Götz's life had captivated my imagination. The figure of this rough, well-meaning, independent spirit, in wild days of anarchy, awakened my deepest sympathy. The wonderful Faust legend of the old puppet-shows struck many and responsive chords within me. I too had trodden the paths of knowledge, and had early been led to see its vanity. In actual life, too, my experiences had been many, and I had returned more unsatisfied and troubled than before. So I carried these projects about with me, and delighted in them in my solitary hours, yet without committing anything to paper. But most of all, I concealed from Herder my mystic-cabalistic chemistry, and everything relating to it, though, in secret, I was still fond of trying to work out its problems to a more consistent form than that in which I had received them. Of my poetical labours, I believe I showed him *Die Mitschuldigen*, but do not recollect that he gave it either praise or blame. Yet, in spite of all this, he remained what he was; everything that came from him carried weight, if not encouragement—even his handwriting exercised a magic power over me. I do not remember ever tearing up or throwing away one of his letters, or even a mere envelope in his writing; yet, owing to many changes of time and place, not one memento of those strange, thrilling, and happy days is left me.

That Herder's power of attraction operated upon others as well as upon me, need scarcely be mentioned here, had it not especially extended its influence to JUNG, commonly known as STILLING. This man's true and honest striving could not but deeply interest any sympathetic mind, and his receptivity must have won the confidences of everyone who had anything to communicate. Even Herder behaved towards him with more forbearance than towards the rest of us: for any impression made on him always met with a corresponding response. There was so much good-will in Jung's narrow-mindedness, so much feeling and earnestness in his

insistence, that certainly no man of intelligence could have been harsh with him, nor any man with right feeling have scoffed at him, or turned him into ridicule. Jung, on his side, was exhilarated to such a degree by Herder, that he gained strength and hope in all undertakings; so much so that his affection for me seemed to lose ground in proportion; yet we always remained good friends, made allowances for each other from first to last, and when possible never failed to do each other a good turn.

But now let us leave the sick chamber of our friend, and turn from such general considerations as concern a disordered rather than a healthy mind; let us betake ourselves into the open air, to the cathedral's broad and lofty gallery, as if the days were still present when we young fellows often fixed an evening meeting there to greet the setting sun with brimming goblets. Here all conversation was lost in contemplation of the scenery: our eyesight was put to the proof, as everyone strained to see and plainly distinguish the most distant objects. We used good telescopes to help us, and one friend after another would point out the exact spot which had become most precious to him; I too had my favourite landmark, which, though it did not stand out in the landscape, nevertheless attracted me more magically than all the rest. On these occasions we exerted our imaginations in recounting our adventures, or else concerted little expeditions, which were sometimes undertaken on the spur of the moment. I will here describe one out of a number of such incidents, chiefly because it was in several ways fruitful of consequences for me.

With two of my good friends and fellow-boarders, Engelbach and Weyland, both natives of Lower Alsace, I once rode on horseback to Zabern. It was fine, and the pleasant little place wore a smiling aspect. The sight of the bishop's castle awakened our admiration; the extent, height, and splendour of a new set of stables bore witness to the prosperity of the owner in other respects. The magnificence of the staircase surprised us, we walked with reverence through halls and chambers; only the person of the cardinal, a little wreck of a man, whom we saw at table, seemed out of place. The view of the garden is splendid, and a canal, three-quarters of a league long, which leads straight up to the centre of the

castle, gives one a favourable idea of the taste and resources of the former possessors. We rambled up and down there, and enjoyed many parts of this beautifully situated building, which lies on the outskirts of the magnificent plain of Alsace at the foot of the Vosges.

After enjoying our visit to this ecclesiastical outpost of royal power, and disporting ourselves in its precincts, we arrived early next morning before a triumph of engineering skill, which most fitly forms the entrance into a mighty kingdom. Illumined by the beams of the rising sun, the famous Zabern Pass, a work representing incredible labour, rose before us. A road, built serpent-wise over the most fearful crags, and wide enough for three wagons abreast, leads uphill so gently, that the ascent is scarcely perceptible. The firm, smooth surface of the road, the raised side-walk on either hand for foot-passengers, the stone gutters to lead off the mountain-water, all are as neat as they are artistic and durable, and are a real pleasure to the eye. This brings one gradually to Pfalzburg, a modern fortification. It lies upon a fair-sized hill; the defence works present quite an elegant appearance, built, as they are, on blackish rocks, and of the same kind of stone, whilst the joints indicated in white mortar show exactly the size of the square stones, and are a striking proof of good workmanship. We found the place itself, as is proper for a fortress, regular, and built in stone, and the church in good taste. As we wandered through the streets—it was nine o'clock on Sunday morning—we heard music; they were already waltzing in the tavern, amusing themselves to their hearts' content, and just as the inhabitants did not let themselves be disturbed in their pleasures by the great scarcity, nor even by the threatened famine, so our youthful cheerfulness was not in the least damped when the baker on the road refused us bread, and directed us to the inn, where, at any rate, we were allowed to consume it on the spot.

And now we were glad to ride down the Zabern Pass and gaze at this architectural wonder a second time, enjoying, too, once more the delightful view over Alsace. We soon reached Buchsweiler, where friend Weyland had made every preparation to receive us. The conditions of life in a small town are well suited to a fresh and youthful mind;

family ties are closer and more evident; domestic life invites us pleasantly to share its modest activities, ranging from light official duties to town business, from agriculture to gardening; sociability is essential, and the stranger can lead a pleasant existence in such a limited circle, unless in some way he comes into contact with the disputes of the inhabitants, which in small places such as these are necessarily more obtrusive. This little town was the capital of the county of Hanau-Lichtenberg, belonging to the Landgrave of Darmstadt, under French sovereignty. Owing to its being the seat of government and administration, the place was an important centre of a very fine and desirable principality. We quite forgot the uneven streets and the irregular architecture of the place when we went out to look at the old castle and the gardens, excellently laid out on the hillside. Numerous little woods, a preserve for tame and wild pheasants, and the relics of many similar devices for sport, showed how pleasant this little princely Residence must once have been.

Yet all these views were surpassed by the prospect which met the eye from the neighbouring Baschberg.* It was like gazing over Paradise. This mountain, entirely composed of different kinds of shells, drew my attention for the first time to such documents of past ages; I had never before seen them in so great a mass. Yet the eager eye soon turned exclusively to the landscape. You are standing on the last mountain promontory looking into Germany; to the north lies a fruitful plain, interspersed with woods, and bounded by a stern chain of mountains stretching westward towards Zabern, where the episcopal palace and the abbey of St. John, lying a league beyond it, are plainly visible. Thence the eye follows the line of the Vosges mountains as they fade away in the distance towards the south. Turning to the north-east, you see the castle of Lichtenberg upon a rock, and towards the south-east the eye has the boundless plain of Alsace in view, as it gradually stretches away from sight in the misty landscape, until at last the Suabian mountains melt away like shadows on the horizon.

Even in my restricted wanderings through the world, I

* This is now called Bastberg. The country described here has acquired an additional interest from the Franco-German War of 1870-71.

had remarked how important it is in travelling to learn the course of the streams, and to ask, even with regard to the smallest brook, in what direction it is running. It is possible by this means to obtain a general idea of the river-system of any country in which one may be travelling, a conception of the relative elevations and depressions of the ground, and these leading lines, helpful both to eye and memory, give the best assistance in solving geological and political puzzles. As I gazed my fill, I took a solemn farewell of my beloved Alsace, as the next morning we meant to turn our steps towards Lorraine.

The evening passed away in friendly conversation, by which we tried to cheer ourselves in a joyless present, by the memories of a happier past. Here, as in the whole of this small province, the name of the last Count Reinhard von Hanau was held in especial veneration; the whole of his career bore witness to his fine intellect and great abilities, and he has left behind him many fitting memorials to his worth. Such men have the advantage of being twofold benefactors: by enhancing the happiness of their own generation, and by inspiring and sustaining in future ages the enthusiasm and courage of later times.

As we turned north-westward into the mountains, passed by Lutzstein, an old mountain tower in a hilly country, and descended into the region of the Saar and the Moselle, the heavens began to lower, as if to bring home to us more fully the wildness of the rugged western country. In the valley of the Saar, the first place we came to was the little town of Bockenheim, and opposite to it Neusaarwerden, well-built, with a country-seat. Here the valley is bordered on both sides by mountains which might be called melancholy but for the endless succession of meadows and fields, called the Huhnau, stretching away from their foot as far as Saarlbe, and beyond it, further than the eye can reach. The great buildings, once belonging to the stables of the Duke of Lorraine, here attract the eye; they are at present used as a dairy, and are well adapted to the purpose by their situation. We passed through Saargemünd to Saarbrück, which with its palace forms a bright spot in a land of rocks and forests. The small hilly town, which owes much to the late prince, makes a pleasing impression at first sight,

as the houses are all painted a greyish white, and their varying heights produce a pleasing irregularity. In the middle of a beautiful square, surrounded by handsome buildings, stands the Lutheran church, small, but in proportion to the whole.* The front of the castle is on the same level with the town; the back, on the contrary, on a steep, rocky declivity. This has not only been laid out in terraces, to afford easy access to the valley, but an oblong garden has been formed below, by first turning off the stream on one side, and cutting away the rock on the other, and then filling up the whole space with earth and planting it.● This undertaking fell in the epoch when they used to consult architects about the laying out of gardens, just as at present they call in the aid of the landscape-painter's art. The whole arrangement of the castle, costly and charming, rich and ornamental, spoke of a pleasure-loving owner, such as the deceased prince had been; the present owner was not at home. President von Günderode received us most civilly, and entertained us for three days better than we had a right to expect. I made use of the various acquaintances we formed to gain a good deal of information. The life of the former prince, rich in pleasure of all kinds, gave us material enough for conversation, and so did the various expedients he had adopted to develop the natural resources of his land. This was my first real initiation into that interest in mountain countries, and that love for agricultural and technical investigations, which have occupied so great a part of my life. We heard of rich coal-pits at Dutweil, of iron and alum works, and even of a burning mountain, and we set out to see these wonders at close quarters.

Our road now lay through woody mountains, which must of necessity seem wild and dreary to the inhabitant of a rich and fertile land, and can only attract him by the hidden riches of its soil. Here we came across two types of machinery, one simple, the other complex, within a short distance of each other; namely, a scythe-smithy and an example of cable-traction. If the former pleases because it takes the place of hand-labour, we cannot sufficiently admire the other, for its workings are far more organic as it were, and seem almost endowed with sense and consciousness. In the alum-works we made accurate inquiries as to the production

and purifying of this highly useful material, and when we asked the use of great heaps of a white greasy, spongy, earthy substance which we saw lying about, the labourers answered, smiling, that it was the scum thrown up by the boiling alum, and that Herr Stauf had it collected, as he hoped perhaps to turn it to some profit. "Is Herr Stauf still alive?" exclaimed my companion in surprise. They answered in the affirmative, and assured us that our route would not take us far from his lonely dwelling.

Our road now led us upwards along the conduits of the alum-water, and near the principal workings called the *Landgrube*, from which comes the famous Dutweil coal. This coal, when dry, has the colour of dark blue steel, and at every movement the most beautiful succession of rainbow tints plays over its surface. The dark openings of the coal-mines, however, did not attract us as they might have done, as we could see their contents lying in profusion all around us. We now reached the open troughs, in which the calcined alum schists are steeped in ley, and soon after, a strange occurrence surprised us, though we had been forewarned. We entered a chasm and found ourselves in the region of the burning mountain. A strong smell of sulphur surrounded us; one side of the gorge was almost red-hot, covered with reddish stone burnt white; thick fumes arose from the crevices, and we felt the heat of the ground through the thick soles of our boots. It is not known how this place became ignited, but this accidental advantage is of the greatest help in the manufacture of alum, since the alum-schists which form the surface of the mountain lie there ready calcined to hand, and merely need to be dipped at once. The whole chasm had been formed by the gradual removal and using up of the calcined schists. We climbed out of this ravine, and were on the top of the mountain. The ground above and on both sides of the gorge was encircled by a lovely beech-wood. Many trees were already withered, some were beginning to die, while their neighbours, still fresh and green, felt no forebodings of that fierce heat which was drawing nearer and nearer and threatening their roots as well.

Steam issued from some openings in the ground, others had already ceased to smoke, and so this fire had smouldered

on for ten years in the old disused pits and shafts with which the mountain is undermined. It may, too, have penetrated through various crevices to new coal-beds : for, some hundred paces further in the wood, evident indications had been found of abundant coal-seams ; the miners had attempted to work them, but had not excavated far before they were overwhelmed and scattered by an outburst of the dense smoke. The opening was filled up again, yet we found the place still smoking as we passed it on our way to the residence of our hermit chemist. It lies buried amid woods and mountains and amongst pleasant winding valleys ; the soil round about is black and coal-like, and, indeed, coal-seams frequently come to the surface. A coal philosopher—*philosophus per ignem*, as they used to say—could scarcely have settled himself more suitably.

We came to a small and by no means inconvenient house, and found Herr Stauf, who immediately recognized my friend, and received him with lamentations over the new government. We judged from what he said, that the alum-works, like so many other well-meant institutions, either from external or perhaps internal causes, did not pay expenses, and heard many complaints of a similar nature. He belonged to the chemists of those days, who, with a strong appreciation of the possible applications of natural products, yet took delight in abstruse investigations of trifles and unimportant details, and, through lack of knowledge, failed in the practical skill by which alone economic and mercantile profit can be made. Thus the advantages which he promised himself from the scum we had seen were remote indeed, and all he could show us as the outcome of his labours on the burning mountain was a cake of sal-ammoniac.

Eager and glad to pour his complaints into a human ear, the lean, decrepit little man, with a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other, and with loose stockings which he kept pulling up in vain, dragged himself to the top of the mountain where the resin-house stands, which he had built himself, and was now sadly compelled to watch falling into ruin. We here were shown a connected row of furnaces, where coal was to be cleansed of sulphur, and made fit for use in iron-works ; but at the same time they proposed to

turn the oil and resin to account; and what is more, they would not even lose the soot; and thus everything failed, through the mistake of having too many irons in the fire at once. During the lifetime of the former prince, the business had been carried on as a hobby, with the hope of future gain; now the demand was for immediate profit, and this did not appear.

Leaving our adept to his solitude, we hastened on—for it was getting late—to the glass-house in Friedrichstal, and on our way fell in with one of the most remarkable and wonderful manifestations of human ingenuity.

But one or two pleasant adventures, and some surprising fireworks at night-fall, not far from Neukirch, amused us youngsters almost more than any of these important experiences. For, just as a few nights before, on the banks of the Saar, shining clouds of glow-worms had hovered round us, between rock and thicket, so now the flying sparks from the forges sent up a bright shower of fireworks in our direction. We passed, in the depth of night, the smelting-houses in the bottom of the valley, and were delighted with the strange half-gloom of these wooden huts, but dimly lighted through the small opening in the glowing furnace. The noise of the water, and of the bellows driven by it, the fearful whizzing and shrieking of the blast of air which, as it pours raging into the smelted ore, stuns the ears and confuses the senses, drove us away at last, and we found quarters at Neukirch, which lies on the mountain-slope.

But, in spite of all the varied experiences and fatigues of the day, I could find no rest here. I left my friend to a happy sleep, and climbed up to the shooting-box. It looks out far over mountain and wood, whose outlines alone were visible against the clear night-sky, whilst their flanks and under depths remained impenetrable to my sight. The well-preserved building was as empty as it was lonely; no inmate, no huntsman to be found. I sat before the great glass doors upon the steps which run round the whole terrace. Here, surrounded by mountains, looking down on the dark, wooded soil, which seemed darker still in contrast with the clear horizon of a summer night, the glowing starry vault above me, I sat for a long time alone on the deserted spot, and thought I never had felt such solitude. How

pleasant was my surprise at hearing the distant sound of a couple of hunting-horns, which suddenly stirred the peaceful air with a fragrant breath. And this recalled to me the image of that fair being which had been driven into the background by the varied interests of these travelling days ; it now seemed to stand more clearly before me, and drove me back to my quarters again, where I made hasty preparations to set off as early as possible.

We did not make the same good use of our return journey. • We hurried through Zweibrücken, though the beauty of its remarkable castle might well have deserved our attention, merely casting a glance at the great, simple edifice, on the extensive esplanades, planted with rows of lime-trees, and so well adapted for the training of race-horses, at the commodious stables, and at the dwelling-houses which the prince had built for sale by auction. All this, as well as the costume and manners of the inhabitants, especially of the girls and married women, told of intercourse with the foreigner, and especially pointed to connection with Paris, whose influence had long made itself felt in all provinces across the Rhine. We also visited the ducal cellars, situated outside the city, extensive, and furnished with large, well-made vats. As we pushed on, the country was not unlike that in the neighbourhood of Saarbrück. Amongst wild, uncultivated mountains lay a few scattered villages in a country where you cease to look for cornfields. We climbed up, along the Hornbach, to Bitsch, which lies at the important point where the waters divide, and fall, part into the Saar, part into the Rhine. It was the Rhine watershed that was soon to attract us. Yet we could not leave the little city of Bitsch unnoticed, as it clings picturesquely to the mountain side, nor the fortress which surmounts it. This is partly built on the rocks, and partly hewn out of them. The subterranean chambers are particularly wonderful. These are not only spacious enough to shelter large numbers of men and cattle, but one even lights upon large vaults for the drilling of troops, a mill, a chapel, and everything else that could be required when it was not safe to live above-ground.

We next followed the streams in their downward course through Bärenthal. The dense forests on both sides of the

valley remain unexploited by the hand of man. Here trunks of trees lie rotting on each other by thousands, and countless saplings spring up from their mouldering progenitors. As we walked through these woods some chance companions let fall the name of von Dieterich, a name which we had already often heard honourably mentioned in these parts. The activity and cleverness of this man, his wealth, and the uses to which he applied it, all seemed in harmony. He might justly take delight in the acquisitions which he owed to his labours, and enjoy the profits which he rendered secure. The more I saw of the world, the more pleasure I took, not only in names of world-wide reputation, but in those held in special reverence and love in local districts. So it did not take me long to learn, by a few questions, that it was von Dieterich who had been the first to learn how to make successful use of the mountain treasures, iron, coal, and wood, and had so worked his way gradually to considerable wealth.

Niederbrunn, which we now reached, was a fresh proof of this. He had purchased this little place from the Count of Leiningen and other part-proprietors, to erect important iron-works in the district.

Here from the baths, founded by the Romans in by-gone ages, was wafted to me the spirit of ancient days; and their venerable relics, in fragments of bas-reliefs and inscriptions, capitals and shafts, peeped strangely out at me, from farm-houses, amidst household lumber and furniture.

On our way up to the adjacent Wasenburg, I also paid my homage to a well-preserved inscription, a vow of gratitude to Mercury, engraved in the great mass of rock which forms the base of the castle on one side. The fortress itself lies on the last mountain, on the road from Bitsch towards Germany. It is the ruin of a German castle built upon Roman remains. From the tower the whole of Alsace lay once more before us, and the conspicuous minster-spire was the landmark which drew our eyes to Strasburg. But in front stretched the great forest of Hagenau, the towers of the town topping it from behind. I felt an attraction to the spot. We rode through Reichshof, where von Dieterich had built an imposing castle, and then from the hills near Niedermoder, we watched the pleasant course of the little river Moder,

flowing by the forest of Hagenau. At this point I left my friend to pay a ridiculous visit to a coal-mine, a visit which, at Dutweil, might have been of some serious interest, and I then rode through Hagenau, on the direct road—to which my feelings called me—to my beloved Sesenheim.

For none of these views, whether of wild mountain regions, or of cheerful, fruitful, joyous lands, could rivet my mind's eye, which was fixed on another and more pleasing object. And how much lovelier the road seemed than it had done on my outward journey, for every step brought me again into the neighbourhood of a lady to whom I was heartily devoted, and who deserved my respect no less than my love. But before I take my friends with me to her simple country dwelling, I must be allowed to mention a circumstance which contributed much to quicken and strengthen my feeling for her, and the satisfaction which it afforded me.

How ignorant I must have been of modern literature, may be gathered from the mode of life which I led at Frankfort, and from the studies to which I had devoted myself; and my residence in Strasburg had been of no advantage to me in this respect. But when Herder came, he not only helped us by his wide knowledge, but also by showing us many of the most recent publications. Among these he particularly praised to us the *Vicar of Wakefield* as an excellent work, and insisted on introducing us himself to the German translation by reading it aloud to us.

His method of reading was quite unique; anyone who has heard him preach will have some idea of it. His delivery, whatever the subject, this romance included, was perfectly grave and simple, entirely removed from any attempt at dramatic imitation; he even avoided that variety which is not only permitted, but even required, in rendering an epic—a slight change of tone when different persons speak, by which what everyone says is brought into relief, and the actor is distinguished from the narrator. Without being monotonous, Herder let everything proceed in the same tone, just as if nothing was present before him, but all was merely historical; as if the shadows of these poetic figures did not act and live before him, but only glided

gently by. Yet this style of readings from his lips had an infinite charm ; for, as he was extremely susceptible, and knew how to appreciate a work of the kind in all its aspects, he was able to reproduce the merits of the whole all the more clearly, as one was not disturbed by the sharp enunciation of details, nor prevented from grasping the total impression which the whole was meant to produce.

A Protestant country clergyman is, perhaps, the most beautiful subject for a modern idyll ; he stands, like Melchizedek, for priest and king in one. With the most innocent state which can be imagined on earth, that of the husbandman, he is usually connected by similarity of occupation, as well as by similar family relationships ; he is a father, the head of a family, a tiller of the soil, and thus in every respect a member of the community. And his higher calling rests upon this pure, beautiful, earthly basis ; to him it is given to guide men through life, to care for their spiritual education, to bless them at all the turning-points of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them, and, if consolation is not sufficient for the present need, to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man, with upright human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by these qualities raised above the common herd, from which one can expect neither righteousness nor constancy ; grant him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which can be even passionate, since it neglects no opportunity of doing good,—and his endowments will be complete. But at the same time add the necessary limitation of circumstance that he may not only have to move in a narrow sphere, but may even be transferred to a narrower ; endue him with good-nature, placability, resolution, and every other praiseworthy attribute that springs from firmness of character, and beyond all this a cheerful spirit of compliance, and a smiling indulgence for his own failings and those of others,—and you will have drawn a fairly accurate picture of the worthy Vicar of Wakefield.

The delineation of this character as his life goes on in the midst of joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story, due to the combination of the natural with the

marvellous and the unexpected, make this novel one of the best which has ever been written ; it has, moreover, the great advantage of being perfectly moral, nay, in the best sense, Christian—for it represents the reward of good will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an implicit confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil ; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by a greatness of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, which helps to make this little book as full of wisdom as it is of charm. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has without question great insight into the strength and weakness of the moral world ; but at the same time he can thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and be duly appreciative of the advantages which his country and his nationality afford him. The family, which he minutely pictures for us, can barely lay claim to the ordinary comforts of the middle classes, and yet comes into contact with the highest rank ; its narrow circle, which is to contract still further, touches the outskirts of the great world through the natural course of social life ; this little skiff floats on the agitated waves of English society, and for weal or woe it must expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

I may suppose that my readers know this work, and have it in their minds ; and if there is anyone to whom the name is new, or who is induced by my words to read it again, I am sure I shall have earned their gratitude. For the sake of the former, I would merely say in passing, that the vicar's wife is of that good, busy sort, who will not allow herself and her family to want for anything, but who is also for that very reason somewhat proud of herself and of them. There are two daughters,—Olivia, handsome and concerned with outward shows, Sophia, charming and more serious-minded ; nor will I omit to mention the blunt, industrious son Moses, always eager to follow in his father's steps.

If Herder could be accused of any fault in his reading aloud, it was impatience ; he could not wait until his hearer had properly digested a certain part of the narrative, so as to be able to judge of it correctly ; hurrying on, he wanted to see immediate effects, and yet was generally displeased with their manifestation. He blamed the excess of feeling which

I showed at every step. I felt like a man, and like a young man; it all seemed living, true, and present to me. He only valued the literary form, but saw clearly that I was absorbed by the story, and this annoyed him. Peglow's observations, which were not the most refined, were still worse received; but he was especially angry at our want of perception in not noticing the use our author made of contrasts, and in allowing ourselves to be moved and carried away by them without remarking the recurring artifice. He could not forgive us for not seeing at once, or at least suspecting from the very beginning, that Burchell himself is the lord of whom he is speaking when he all but discloses his identity by passing in his narrative from the third to the first person; and when, finally, we rejoiced like children at the discovery and the consequent transformation of the poor needy wanderer into a rich and powerful lord, he immediately recalled the passage, which, in accordance with the author's own design, we had overlooked, and read us a powerful lecture on our stupidity. It will be seen from this that he regarded the book merely as a work of art, and required us to do the same, though we were still in that condition when it is perfectly allowable to let works of art affect us as though they were simply natural products.

I did not let myself be at all disturbed by Herder's invectives; for, fortunately or unfortunately, it is the lot of the young that, when once anything has produced an impression on them, this impression must become a part of themselves, either for good or for evil. The above work had produced a great effect on me, for which I could not account, but it was true that I felt in harmony with that stoical frame of mind which rises above every circumstance, above fortune and misfortune, good and evil, life and death, and thus enters into possession of an ideal world. I could not, indeed, become conscious of this until later; at the moment, however, it occupied a great part of my thoughts; but I could never have dreamed that I should be so soon transported from this world of fiction into its living counterpart.

My fellow-boarder, Weyland, would from time to time enliven his quiet, laborious life by visiting his friends and relatives in the country (for he was a native of Alsace), and did me many a good turn on my little excursions, by

introducing me to various places and families, sometimes in person, sometimes by letters of introduction. He had often spoken to me of a country clergyman who lived near Drusenheim, six leagues from Strasburg, in possession of a good living, an intelligent wife, and attractive daughters. He always spoke warmly of the hospitality and charming character of this family. This was more than sufficient to attract a young knight who had already accustomed himself to spend all his leisure days and hours on horseback and in the open air. So we decided to take this excursion, and my friend had to promise that when he introduced me he would say neither good nor ill of me, would treat me with perfect indifference, and allow me to make my appearance somewhat poorly and negligently, if not meanly, attired. He consented in the hope of some amusement.

It is a pardonable whim in men of consequence occasionally to conceal their external advantages, so as to allow their own inner human nature free scope. That is why there is always something so attractive in the incognito of princes, and the adventures which result from it; they appear as disguised divinities, who are entitled to place a double value on all the good offices shown to them as individuals, and are in such a position that they can either make light of what is disagreeable or avoid it. That Jupiter should be well pleased in his incognito with Philemon and Baucis, and Henry the Fourth with his peasants after a day's hunting, is quite in the course of nature, and we approve it; but that a young man of no importance or reputation should take it into his head to amuse himself by assuming an incognito, might be construed by many as an unpardonable piece of arrogance. Yet since it is not here a question of the praise or blame attaching to such thoughts and actions, but rather of their actual occurrence, we will on this occasion, for the sake of our own amusement, pardon the youngster his self-conceit; and the more so, as I must here allege, that from youth upwards, a love of disguising myself had been implanted in me by my stern father himself.

On this occasion, partly by cast-off clothes of my own, partly by borrowed garments and by the way of dressing my hair, I had, if not disfigured myself, yet at least made myself look so odd, that my friend could not help laughing as we

went, especially as I knew how to imitate to perfection the bearing and gestures of the clumsy horsemen, generally known as "Latin riders." The fine road, the splendid weather and the near neighbourhood of the Rhine, put us in the best of humours. At Drusenheim we stopped a moment, he to make himself spruce, and I to rehearse my part, from which I was afraid I might now and then lapse. The country here has the characteristics of all the open, level parts of Alsace. We rode by a pleasant footpath through the meadows, soon reached Sesenheim, left our horses at the tavern, and walked leisurely towards the parsonage. "Do not be taken aback," said Weyland, showing me the house from a distance, "because it looks like a miserable old farm-house, it is all the younger inside." We stepped into the court-yard; the look of the whole delighted me: for it had exactly that charm which we call picturesqueness, and which had so enthralled me in Dutch art. The effect which time exercises on all human handiwork was plainly visible. House, barn, and stable were just at that point of dilapidation where, indecisive and doubtful between preserving and rebuilding, the owner often neglects the one without being able to accomplish the other.

As in the village, so in the court-yard, all was quiet and deserted. We found the father, a retiring yet friendly little man, quite alone, for the family were in the fields. He bade us welcome, and offered us some refreshment, which we declined. My friend hurried away to look after the ladies, and I remained alone with our host. "You are perhaps surprised," said he, "to find me in such poor quarters in a wealthy village, and with a lucrative living; but," he continued, "it all comes from irresolution. It has been promised me long ago by the parish, and even by persons in authority, that the house shall be rebuilt; many plans have been already drawn up, examined and altered, none of them entirely rejected, and none carried into execution. This has gone on so many years, that I scarcely know how to control my impatience." I made him an answer such as I thought likely to sustain his hopes, and to encourage him to push the matter on more vigorously. He then proceeded to describe most confidentially the personages on whom such things depended, and though he was no great delineator of character,

I could easily understand how the whole business had come to be delayed. The tone of friendly intimacy in the man was characteristic; he talked to me as if he had known me for ten years, while there was nothing in his look from which I could have suspected that he was directing any attention to me. At last my friend came in with the mother. She seemed to look at me with quite different eyes. Her countenance was regular, and intelligent in expression; she must have been beautiful in her youth. Her figure was tall and spare, but not more so than became her years, and when seen from behind, she still looked youthful and attractive. The elder daughter then came bounding in; she inquired after Frederica, just as both the others had also done. The father assured them that he had not seen her since the three of them had gone out together. His daughter went out again to look for her sister; the mother brought us some refreshment, and Weyland continued his conversation with the husband and wife, which turned entirely on common acquaintances and experiences; for it is usual, when friends meet after some length of time, for them to ask and receive information on the whole circle of their acquaintanceship. I listened, and learned what I might expect from these new connections.

The elder daughter came hastily back into the room, uneasy at not having found her sister. They were anxious about her, and blamed her for one bad habit and another; only the father said, with calm composure, "Let her alone; she will come back all right." At this instant she actually appeared at the door; and then indeed a lovely star arose in this rural firmament. Both daughters still wore German dress, as it was then called, and this almost obsolete national costume became Frederica particularly well. A short, white, full skirt, with a flounce, not too long to reveal the neatest little feet and ankles; a tight white bodice and a black taffeta apron,—thus she stood on the boundary between town and peasant girl. Slender and light, she tripped along with buoyant step, and her neck seemed almost too delicate to bear the weight of the thick, fair plaits on the neat little head. The look of her merry, cheerful blue eyes was frank and free, and her pretty turned-up nose peered as freely into the air as if there could

be no care in the world ; her straw hat hung on her arm, and thus, at the first glance, I had the delight of seeing and appreciating her at once in her full grace and loveliness.

I now began to act my character in moderation, half ashamed of playing a joke on such good people. I had plenty of time to observe them well : for the girls continued the previous conversation, and that with animation and humour. All neighbours and relations were again discussed, and there seemed, to my imagination, such a swarm of uncles and aunts and cousins, comers and goers, god-parents and guests, that I felt transported into the liveliest of worlds. All the members of the family had addressed a few words to me, the mother looked at me every time she came in or went out, but Frederica was the first to enter into conversation with me, asking me, as I took up and glanced through some music that was lying about, if I played too ? When I told her I did, she asked me to play something ; but the father would not allow this, for he maintained that it was proper that the guest should be first entertained with some music or song.

She played several things with some skill, and in the usual country style, and on a harpsichord, too, that the schoolmaster should have tuned long ago, if he had only had time. She was next to sing a song, one in a tender, melancholy strain, and here she failed. She rose and said, smiling, or rather with that look of happy serenity which was a characteristic of her face, " If I sing badly, I cannot lay the blame on the harpsichord or the schoolmaster ; but let us go out of doors ; then you shall hear my Alsatian and Swiss songs ; they sound much better."

During supper-time, an idea which had already struck me, filled my mind to such a degree, that I grew meditative and silent, though the sprightliness of the elder sister, and the charm of the younger, roused me repeatedly from my reveries. My astonishment at finding myself actually transported into the very midst of the Wakefield family was beyond all expression. " The father, indeed, could not be compared with that excellent man ; but where will you find his like ? On the other hand, all the dignity there peculiar to the husband, here appeared in the wife. To see her was to reverence and fear her. She bore the traces of a

wise upbringing in her quiet, easy, cheerful, and engaging manner.

If the elder daughter had not Olivia's far-famed beauty, yet she was well made, lively, and rather impetuous; she seemed full of activity, and lent a helping hand to her mother in all things. But it was by no means difficult to put Frederica in the place of Primrose's Sophia; for little is said of the latter, but it is only taken for granted that she is sweetly lovable; and this girl was really so. Now as like occupations and like conditions, wherever they occur, produce similar, if not the same effects, so here too many things were talked about, and many things happened, which had already taken place in the Wakefield family. But when at last a younger son, long announced and impatiently expected by the father, sprang into the room, and boldly sat himself down by us, taking but little notice of the guests, I could scarcely help exclaiming, "And Moses too!"

The conversation at table gave us further insight into this country and family circle, for their talk turned on various droll incidents which had happened at different times. Frederica, who sat by me, took the opportunity to describe to me different localities in the neighbourhood which it was worth while to visit. As one story always calls forth another, I was better able to join in the conversation, with several anecdotes of my own, and as, in addition, there was no stint of good country wine, I stood in danger of forgetting my rôle: my more prudent friend, seeing this, took advantage of the beautiful moonlight, and proposed a walk, to everyone's satisfaction. He gave his arm to the elder, I to the younger, and thus we went through the broad meadows, paying more attention to the heavens above us than to the earth, stretching away in the darkness at our feet. But Frederica's talk savoured little of moonlight; the clearness of her words turned night into day, and there was nothing in what she said to indicate or excite feeling, except that her conversation included me more than it had done, since she described to me her own position, as well as the neighbourhood and her acquaintances, in the light in which I should probably become acquainted with them; for she hoped, she added, I would prove no exception, but would

visit them again, as all strangers gladly did who had once been to see them.

It was very pleasant to me to listen in silence to the description she gave of the little world in which she moved, and of the persons whom she particularly valued. The picture of her life which I gained from her words was at once so clear and so attractive that it produced a marvellous effect on me; for I felt both a deep regret that I had not lived with her sooner, and at the same time a positively painful feeling of envy towards all who had hitherto had the good fortune to be near her. I followed closely, as if I had a right to do so, all her descriptions of men, whether under the names of neighbours, cousins, or god-parents, and my conjectures inclined now this way and now that; but how could I discover anything in my complete ignorance of all the circumstances? At last she became more and more talkative, and I more and more silent. It was so pleasant to listen to her, and as I could only hear her voice, while her face, as well as the rest of the world, floated dimly in the twilight, it seemed to me as if I saw into her heart, which could not but be pure, since it could open out to me with such unconstrained directness.

When my companion retired with me to the guest-chamber, which was prepared for us, he at once, with self-complacency, broke out into exclamations of amusement, and took great credit to himself for having surprised me so much with this counterpart of the Primrose family. I chimed in with his humour and expressed my gratitude. "Upon my word," he cried, the story is quite complete. The two families may very well be compared, and the gentleman in disguise here may assume the honour of passing for Mr. Burchell; moreover, since scoundrels are not so necessary in common life as in novels, I will for this time undertake the rôle of the nephew, and behave myself better than he did." However, I immediately changed this conversation, pleasant though it might be to me, and asked him, first, to tell on his honour, if he really had not betrayed me? His hearty disavowal quite convinced me. They had indeed inquired, he said, after the merry, boon companion who boarded at the same house with him in Strasburg, and of whom they had heard all sorts of marvellous nonsense.

I now passed on to other questions: Had she ever been in love? Was she now in love? Was she engaged? He replied to all in the negative. "Really," I replied, "such natural cheerfulness is inconceivable to me. Had she loved and lost, and again recovered herself, or had she been betrothed,—in both these cases I could account for it."

Thus we chatted together far into the night, and I was awake again at dawn. My desire to see her once more seemed irresistible; but while I dressed, I was horrified at the disgraceful wardrobe I had so wantonly selected. Each article of clothing I put on made me seem more despicable in my own eyes; for everything had been selected to produce this effect. My hair I might perhaps have set to rights; but when at last I struggled into the worn-out, borrowed grey coat, and saw what a ridiculous appearance the shortness of the sleeves gave me, I fell into despair, all the more as, in the small looking-glass, I could see myself only piecemeal, and each part looked more ridiculous than the other.

During this process my friend awoke, and with the satisfaction of a good conscience, and in pleasurable anticipation of the coming day, beamed at me from under the quilted silk of our counterpane. I had long been envying him his fine clothes, as they hung over the chair, and had he been of my size, I would have carried them off before his eyes, changed my dress outside, and hurrying into the garden, left my accursed husk for him; he would have been good-humoured enough to get into my clothes, and thus the tale would have come to a merry ending early in the morning. But that was not now to be thought of, nor did there seem to be any other feasible solution. To reappear before Frederica in the figure which my friend could fittingly describe as that of an industrious and gifted but poor student of theology,—before Frederica, who the evening before had spoken so kindly to my disguised self,—that was altogether impossible. There I stood, vexed and thoughtful, summoning all my powers of invention; but they deserted me! However, when my friend, luxuriously stretched upon his pillows, after fixing his eyes upon me for a while, burst suddenly into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "No! there's no denying it, you look disgraceful!" I replied impetuously,

"And I know what I will do. Good-bye, and make my excuses!" "Are you mad?" he cried, springing out of bed and trying to detain me. But I was already out of the door, down the stairs, out of the house and yard, and off to the inn; in an instant my horse was saddled, and I rushed off mad with vexation, galloping towards Drusenheim, then through it, and on beyond.

As I now thought myself safe, I rode more slowly, and then began to feel how infinitely against my will it was to go away. But I resigned myself to my fate, called up the memory of last night's walk with perfect calm, and cherished the secret hope of seeing her soon again. But this quiet resignation soon changed into impatience again: I now determined to ride rapidly to the town, change my dress, and take a good, fresh horse, for then, so my passion led me to believe, I could at all events return by dinner-time, or, which was more probable, by dessert, or even towards evening, and entreat my forgiveness.

I was just about to put spurs to my horse to execute this plan, when another, and, as seemed to me, a very happy idea passed through my mind. In the inn at Drusenheim, the day before, I had noticed a son of the landlord very neatly dressed, and had seen him again early this morning, busy with his farm-work, as he greeted me from his courtyard. He was of my figure, and had for the moment even reminded me of myself. I waited for no second thoughts. I had hardly turned my horse round, when I was back in Drusenheim; I took him to the stables, and in a few words put my proposal before the fellow, namely, that he should lend me his clothes, as I had a merry jest on hand at Sesenheim. Before I had finished my sentence he agreed with enthusiasm, delighted that I should wish to make some sport for the young ladies; they were, he said, such delightful girls, especially Miss Riekchen,* and the parents, too, liked things to go merrily and brightly at all times. He considered me attentively, and as from my appearance he might well take me for a poor starveling, he said, "If you want to get into favour, this is the right way." In the meanwhile we had been getting on fast with our change of dress, though, as a matter of fact, he was making a poor

* Abbreviation for *Frederica*.—*Trans.*

bargain in trusting his holiday clothes to me on the strength of mine; but he was honest-hearted, and, moreover, had my horse in his stable. I was soon sufficiently presentable, put on a consequential air, while my friend apparently gazed off his counterpart with complacency. "Done, Sir Brother!" said he, giving me his hand, which I shook heartily, "don't come too near my girl; she might make a mistake!"

My hair, now restored to its full growth, he easily parted in imitation of his, and looking at him, several times it occurred to me that it would be a good jest to blacken my eyebrows with a burnt cork, and bring them nearer together in imitation of his, in order to make myself externally a "*Räzel*,"* to correspond to the riddle of my behaviour. "Now, have you no business at the parsonage," I said, as he handed me his be-ribboned hat, "so that I might announce myself there quite naturally?" "Certainly," he replied, "but then you will have to wait two hours. A woman has been confined in our house; I will offer to carry the cake to the parson's wife,† and you can take it over. Pride must pay its penalty, and so must a joke." I resolved to wait, but these two hours seemed unending, and I was dying of impatience when the third hour had come and gone before the cake came out of the oven. At last I got it quite hot, and hastened away with my credentials, the sun shining brightly on me, and escorted some way by my counterpart, who promised to come after me in the evening and bring me my clothes. But this I firmly declined, and stipulated that I should bring his garments back myself.

I had not ridden far with my present, which I carried in a neatly-knotted napkin, when, in the distance, I saw my friend coming towards me with the two ladies. My heart beat more uneasily than it should have done under such a coat. I stood still, took breath, and tried to consider how I should begin; and now I first remarked that the disposition of the ground was very much in my favour; for they were walking on the other side of the brook, and this, together with the strips of meadow through which it ran,

* There is here a pun on *Ratsel* (riddle) and *Räzel*, see p. 320.

† The general custom of the country villages in Protestant Germany on such interesting occasions.—*American Note*.

kept the two footpaths pretty far apart. When they were just opposite to me, Frederica, who had already seen me a long way off, cried, "George, what are you bringing there?" I had enough sense to take off my hat and cover my face with it, while I held the cake in its napkin well up in front of me. "A christening cake!" she cried; "how is your sister?" "Quite well,"* said I, trying to talk in a strange dialect, if not exactly in Alsatian. "Take it to the house!" said the elder sister, "and if you do not find my mother, give it to the maid; but wait for us, we shall soon be back,—do you hear?" I hurried on in the happy hope that, as the beginning had been so lucky, all the rest would follow suit, and soon reached the parsonage. There was no one to be found in house or kitchen; not wanting to disturb the old gentleman, whom I supposed busy in the study, I sat down on the bench before the door, the cake beside me, and covered my face with my hat.

I can rarely remember feeling a pleasanter sensation. To sit once more on this threshold, which, a short time before, I had crossed stumbling in despair; to have already seen her once more, to have heard her dear voice again so soon after my grief had pictured a long separation, to be expecting her every moment and to await a discovery at which my heart throbbed, but which was, in this ambiguous case, a discovery without shame; for this was, to begin with, a merrier prank than any of those they had laughed at so much yesterday. Love and necessity are the best of masters; they were both acting in concert here, and their pupil was not unworthy of them.

But the maid came stepping out of the barn. "Well! did the cakes turn out all right?" she cried to me; "how is your sister?" "All right," I said, and pointed to the cake without looking up. She took up the napkin, muttering, "Now, what's the matter with you again to-day? Has Barbchen† been kind to someone else again? But you should not make us pay the penalty. A pretty couple you will make if you carry on so!" Her loud voice called the pastor to the window to ask what was the matter. She pointed him out to me; I stood up and turned towards

* In the original his answer is "Guet," for "Gut."—*Trans.*

† Diminutive of *Barbara*.—*Trans.*

him ; but still kept my hat over my face. He spoke a few kind words to me, and asked me to stop a while, so I turned towards the garden, and was just going in, when the pastor's wife called to me as she went through the yard gate. I availed myself of the fact that the sun was shining straight in my eyes to keep on sheltering behind my hat, and gave her a loutish scrape ; but she passed on into the house, telling me not to go before I had eaten something. I now walked up and down the garden ; everything had hitherto been most successful, yet I breathed hard and fast as I realized that the young people must soon be back again. But the mother came up to me most unexpectedly, and was just going to ask me a question, when she looked me in the face, and seeing what I could conceal no longer, the words stuck in her throat. " I look for George," she said, after a pause, " and whom do I find ? Is it you, young gentleman ? How many shapes have you, then ? " " In earnest only one," I replied ; " in jest as many as you like." " I will not spoil the jest," she smiled ; " go out behind the garden into the meadow until it strikes twelve, then come back, when you will find I have started the fun." I did as she told me ; but as I was going along the meadows, beyond the hedges of the village gardens, some country people came towards me on the footpath, and put me in some embarrassment. I turned aside into a little wood, on the top of a hill near by, intending to hide myself there till the appointed time. Yet what was my astonishment when I entered it ; for there before me was a neat little clearing, with benches, each of which afforded a charming view of the countryside. First the village and the steeple, then Drusenheim, and behind it the woody islands of the Rhine ; in the opposite direction the Vosges mountains, and last the Strasburg minster. All these shining pictures were set in leafy frames, so that it would be hard to imagine anything brighter or more delightful. I sat down on one of the benches, and noticed on the largest tree an oblong little board with the inscription, " Frederica's Rest." It never occurred to me that I might have come to disturb this rest ; for a budding passion has this lovely characteristic, that, as it is unconscious of its origin, so it has no conception of an end, and, being itself full of joy and gladness, can

have no presentiment that it may also be the cause of grief.

I had scarcely had time to look about me and was losing myself in sweet reveries, when I heard somebody coming ; it was Frederica herself. "George, what are you doing here ?" she cried from a distance. "Not George !" I cried, running towards her, "but one who craves forgiveness of you a thousand times." She looked at me in astonishment, but soon collected herself, and said, fetching a deep breath, "You horrid man, how you frighten me !" "The first disguise has led me into a second," I exclaimed ; "the former would have been unpardonable had I had any idea whom I was going to see ; but this one you will certainly forgive, for it is the garb of those whom you always treat with kindness." Her pale cheeks had flushed a lovely rosy red. "You shall not be worse off than George, at any rate ! But let us sit down ! I confess the fright you gave me has made me shaky." I sat down beside her, in great agitation. "We know everything already, as far as what happened this morning, from your friend," she said, "now tell me the rest." She did not need to ask me twice, for I described to her my horror at the figure I cut yesterday, and my rushing from the house, so comically, that she burst into hearty, rippling laughter ; then I went on to what followed, with all modesty indeed, yet with sufficient passion for my words to pass for a declaration of love under the guise of a story. At last I sealed my joy at finding her again, by a kiss upon her hand, which she let lie in mine. If she had provided all the conversation during last night's moonlight walk, I now, on my part, richly repaid the debt. The pleasure of seeing her again, and being able to say to her all that I had kept back yesterday, was so great that, in my eloquence, I did not notice how thoughtful and silent she had grown. She drew several deep breaths, and over and over again I begged her pardon for the fright I had given her. How long we may have sat there, I have no idea ; but suddenly we heard some one call "Riekchen, Riekchen." It was her sister's voice. "Now we shall have sport," she said, restored to perfect cheerfulness ; "she is coming on my side," she added, bending so as to half conceal me ; "turn away, so that she may not recognize you at once." The sister came

towards us, but not alone; Weyland was with her, and both, when they saw us, stood still, as if petrified.

The sight of flames bursting fiercely from a peaceful roof, or the meeting of a monster whose deformity is at the same time revolting and terrifying, would not strike us with such fierce horror as that which seizes us when, unexpectedly, we see with our own eyes what we should have believed morally impossible. "How is this?" cried the elder, with all the haste of one in terror. "How is this? you and George, hand-in-hand! What am I to understand by this?" "Dear sister," Frederica hesitatingly replied, "poor fellow,—he is begging something of me; he has something to beg of you too, but you must forgive him beforehand." "I do not understand—I cannot understand—" said her sister, shaking her head and looking at Weyland, who, with his usual calm, stood looking on in silence. Frederica rose and drew me after her. "No hesitating!" she cried, "but pardon given as soon as asked!" "Now do!" I said, stepping nearer to her; "I have need of pardon!" She drew back with a loud shriek, and covered with blushes; then she threw herself on the grass, laughing immoderately, and as though she would never stop. Weyland smiled, well pleased. "You are a splendid fellow," he said, and shook me by the hand. He was not usually demonstrative, but his handshake had something hearty and enlivening about it; yet he was sparing of this also.

When we had recovered and collected ourselves a little, we set out to return to the village. On the way I learned how this singular meeting had taken place. Frederica had separated from the other two to rest in her little nook for a moment before dinner, and when the other two returned to the house, the mother had sent them to call Frederica as quickly as possible, because dinner was ready.

The elder sister showed the most extravagant delight, and when she learned that the mother had already discovered the secret, she exclaimed, "Now we have still to play the trick on my father, my brother, the man-servant, and the maid." When we reached the garden-hedge, Frederica insisted upon going first into the house with my friend. The maid was busy in the kitchen-garden, and Olivia (for so the elder sister shall be called in these pages)

called out to her, "Stop; I have something* to tell you!" She left me standing by the hedge, and went to the maid. I saw they were speaking very earnestly. Olivia pretended to her that George had quarrelled with Barbara, and was now anxious to marry her. The girl was by no means displeased; I was now called up, and was to confirm what had been said. The pretty, plump lass cast down her eyes, and kept them so until I had got quite close to her. But when, suddenly, she saw a strange face, she too gave vent to a loud scream and ran away. Olivia bade me run after her and hold her fast, so that she should not get into the house and make a noise; while she herself meant to go in and see what her father was doing. On the way Olivia met the servant-boy, who was in love with the maid; in the mean time I had hurried after the girl, and held her fast. "Just think! what good luck!" cried Olivia; "it's all over with Barbara, and George is to marry Liese." "I have expected that long enough," said the good fellow, and stood nursing his vexation.

I had given the maid to understand that all we had to do was to deceive the father. We went up to the lad, who turned and tried to get away; but Liese brought him back, and he, too, when undeceived, gave vent to the most extraordinary contortions. We went together to the house. The table was laid, and the father already in the room. Olivia, keeping me behind her, stepped to the threshold, and said, "Father, have you any objection to George's dining with us to-day? but you must let him keep his hat on." "Oh, very well!" said the old gentleman, "but why such an unusual thing? Has he hurt himself?" She dragged me forward as I was with my hat on. "No!" she said, leading me into the room, "but he has a bird-cage under it, and the birds might fly out and make a dreadful fuss; for they are all loose." The father was amused at the joke, without precisely knowing what it meant. This instant she took off my hat, scraped and bowed and made me do the same. The old man looked at me and recognized me, but without losing his clerical self-possession. "Fie, fie, Sir Candidate!" he exclaimed, raising a threatening finger at me; "you have changed saddles very quickly, and in the course of a night I have lost an assistant, who only yesterday promised

me so faithfully that he would often take my pulpit for me on week-days." He then laughed heartily, bade me welcome, and we sat down to table. Moses came in much later; for, being the youngest and most spoilt, he had got into the habit of not hearing the dinner-bell. Besides, he took little notice of the company, not even when he contradicted them. To make more sure of him, they had put me, not between the sisters, but at the end of the table, where George often used to sit. As he came in at the door behind me, he gave me a hearty clap on the shoulder, and said, "Good appetite, George!" "Many thanks, squire!" I replied. The strange voice and the strange face startled him. "Well, don't you think," cried Olivia, "that he looks very like his brother?" "Yes, from behind," replied Moses, who managed to recover his composure immediately, "everyone does." He did not look at me again, but gave himself up with zeal to devouring the courses, to make up for lost time. Then he was pleased to go out, as he often did, and busied himself in the yard or garden. At dessert the real George came in, and helped to make matters still more lively. They began to banter him on his jealousy, and blamed him for making another rival of me; but he was modest and clever enough to get out of his difficulties, and, in a half-confused manner, succeeded in mixing up himself, his sweetheart, his counterpart, and the young ladies with each other, to such a degree, that at last nobody could tell about whom he was talking, and they were only too glad to leave him to consume a glass of wine and a bit of his own cake in peace.

At table there was some talk of going for a walk; but the suggestion did not appeal much to me in my peasant's clothes. However, the ladies, early that very morning, when they learned who had run away in such a desperate hurry, had remembered that a fine hunting-coat belonging to a cousin of theirs, who sometimes wore it when he was visiting there, was hanging in the clothes-press. But I declined it, joking to all appearance, yet in reality from a feeling of vanity, not wishing to spoil, by impersonating the cousin, the good impression I had made as the peasant. The father had gone to take his afternoon-nap; the mother, as usual, was busy with her housekeeping. But my friend

proposed that I should tell them some story, and I immediately consented. We went into a spacious arbour, and I gave them a tale which I have since worked out in writing under the title of *The New Melusina*.^{*} It bears about the same relation to *The New Paris* as the youth bears to the boy, and I would insert it here, were I not afraid of injuring, by odd whims of fancy, the atmosphere of rural truth and simplicity with which we were then so pleasantly surrounded. I will merely say that I succeeded in gaining the true reward of all such inventors and narrators, which is to awaken curiosity, to fix the attention, to provoke over-hasty solutions of impenetrable riddles, to baffle expectations, to bewilder by heaping wonder upon wonder, to arouse sympathy and fear, to cause suspense, to stir and at the same time satisfy the feelings by an ingenious transition from apparent earnest to merry jest, and finally to leave the imagination materials for fresh conceptions, and the mind subjects for further thought.

Should anyone hereafter read this tale in print, and doubt whether it could have produced such an effect, let him remember that, properly speaking, man is only called upon to produce an impression in the present. Writing, is an abuse of language, reading to oneself is a pitiful substitute for speech. Man influences his fellows as much as he can by his personality, and youth responds most readily to youth, and it is here we find the purest influences. It is these which quicken the world, and will not let it perish either morally or physically. I had inherited from my father a certain didactic readiness of speech; from my mother the faculty of representing, clearly and forcibly, everything that the imagination can produce or grasp, of giving freshness to known stories, of inventing and relating others, and even of inventing fresh incidents in the course of my narrative. My father's gift was for the most part calculated to annoy my company; for who likes to listen to the opinions and sentiments of another, especially a youth, whose judgment, from defective experience, always seems inadequate? My mother, on the contrary, had thoroughly equipped me for social intercourse. The baldest tale has in itself a charm for the imagination, and the understanding is grateful for the most meagre substance.

^{*} This is introduced in *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*.—*Trans.*

By such narratives, which cost me nothing, I made myself beloved by children, excited and delighted my young friends, and attracted the attention of older persons. • But in society, such as we commonly find it, I was soon obliged to stop these practices, and have thereby lost only too much of the enjoyment of life, and of scope for the development of my mental faculties. Nevertheless, both these inherited gifts accompanied me through life, united with a third, the necessity, that is, of expressing myself by similes and figures of speech. Because of these peculiarities, which Doctor Gall discovered in me by his acute and ingenious theories, he assured me that I was, properly speaking, born to be a popular orator. I was not a little alarmed at this disclosure; for had it been well founded, I should have been obliged to find some other, and therefore mistaken, vocation, since our nation affords no scope for oratory.

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